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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

The Far East

A DRASTIC overhaul has long been due in Asia, where the various strands of our policy, instead of being twisted into a strong rope, have become dangerously snarled. It is essential for us to differentiate and coördinate those policies which we channel through the United Nations, those which we handle outside of the United Nations but in regional association with other states, and those which we handle on our own.

In Korea, the Russians have confronted us with the makings of a Kuomintang-Communist situation with variations. As in China, they base their policy on confidence in a pro-Russian regime which will, they think, be able to make headway against an American-backed regime. They have begun to withdraw their troops, and will complete their evacuation by January, thus timing the crisis for the new Administration in Washington.

In a civil war the North Koreans would probably, like the Chinese Communists, be able to supply themselves in the main from their American-armed opponents. Most Koreans with combat experience against the Japanese are in the Russian-trained forces. In the South, where it is no secret that we supported the Syngman Rhee government only with many misgivings, the armed forces have attained merely a police level of training, not a military level. We are in fact backing a regime which is not nearly the going concern that the Kuomintang was in China in 1945, when Japan fell.

Our policy in Korea, moreover, is at variance with our policy in China. We make no gestures toward the United Nations in supporting the Kuomintang; but at least this government is not of our manufacture, and our support of it goes back before the

crisis with Russia, and therefore, though involved in this crisis, is also independent of it.

In South Korea, on the other hand, the government has no relation to anything except the crisis with Russia; it was put together by us, admittedly as a makeshift, as part of the policy of stopping the spread of Russian influence through Asia. Yet in this case we are endeavoring to use the United Nations as a buttress for our support of the Syngman Rhee regime.

The Kremlin, scoring a strong propaganda point by announcing the withdrawal of Russian troops from North Korea, challenges us to do as much in South Korea. Our riposte is that the presence of troops is only "one aspect" of the problem of the future status of Korea, which must be decided not bilaterally by us and Russia, but by the United Nations. If civil war breaks out after the Russians have gone and while we remain, we shall have difficulty in getting from the United Nations a form of mandate for intervention which will satisfy the public opinion of the world.

Japan: workshop of Asia

Next door to both China and Korea, in Japan, we operate on a wholly different footing. Here the United Nations has no standing. The allies who helped us defeat Japan do have a standing, both in the Far Eastern Commission in Washington and in the Allied Council in Tokyo; but it is an ineffective standing. All real power, both to execute policy and to make policy (by "interpreting" directives from the Far Eastern Commission), is concentrated in the hands of General MacArthur, as our proconsul. Our position in Japan is immensely strong, both in military occupation and in the control of an



The Atlantic Report *on the Far East*



administration which, in return for our support, is much more eager to oblige than the administration of either Greece or China. Here also, however, there are decisions which will have to be made not by General MacArthur but at the level of the White House and the Capitol.

Chief among these are the decisions affecting long-range policy without which we cannot integrate Japan, as the "workshop of Asia," with the economic hinterland in Korea, China, and South-east Asia which Japan no longer controls. We face difficulties, in working out any such integration, which have not yet been fully realized by either the political planners, the strategic planners, or the economic planners. For nowhere in Japan's old imperial hinterland is our strength so deeply rooted or so evenly developed as the strength that Japan itself was once able to bring to bear.

Throughout this area where Japan could proceed directly from decision to execution, we must advance by a three-stage procedure. First we must make policy decisions — and these have not been thought out nearly far enough ahead. Then we must negotiate political agreements — and for these the machinery, in many countries, is woefully shaky. Only then can we come to economic implementation — and for this, in many cases, we cannot use the old Japanese connections and do not have an experienced personnel of our own.

Anyone seen any Japanese democracy?

The Japanese themselves, sensing that we have not planned with certainty and in detail the deployment of our future policy, and seeing no logical cohesion between our plans for Japan, so far as they have been announced, and our plans elsewhere in Asia, have put in only halfhearted licks on the "spiritual revolution" which General MacArthur has proclaimed on their behalf.

After three years of American occupation, there is no Japanese democracy which has any survival value of its own. In both parliamentary procedure and administration the new leadership, freely and democratically elected, drags its feet and looks over its shoulder, waiting at every step to be prodded by SCAP; and it is already riddled with financial scandals.

With democracy lackadaisical, the Russians work like beavers to foster not simply Communism, but the class-consciousness of the trade-union members and the feeling of class solidarity among workers. The tactics of the Japanese Communists are not

winning victories, but they are gradually hammering a sharp political cutting edge onto the "straight" trade-unionism which we would prefer. There is a real danger that the ideology cultivated by Russian propaganda may in the long run naturalize itself and come to seem more genuinely Japanese than the somewhat perfunctory democratic observances thus far cultivated by SCAP.

No coördination

In colonial Asia we have been operating on assumptions, and under forms of political association, which differ from those governing our procedure in China, Korea, or Japan. At the topmost level of policy planning in Washington there has been a failure to coördinate what we do in South-east Asia, and why we do it, with what we do and why we do it in either China, Japan, or Korea.

American policy in Southeast Asia is primarily governed not by direct involvement, as in Japan, nor by moves to align the United Nations on the American side against Russia, as in China. The basic association is outside of the United Nations, with those Marshall Plan countries of Western Europe that have colonial interests.

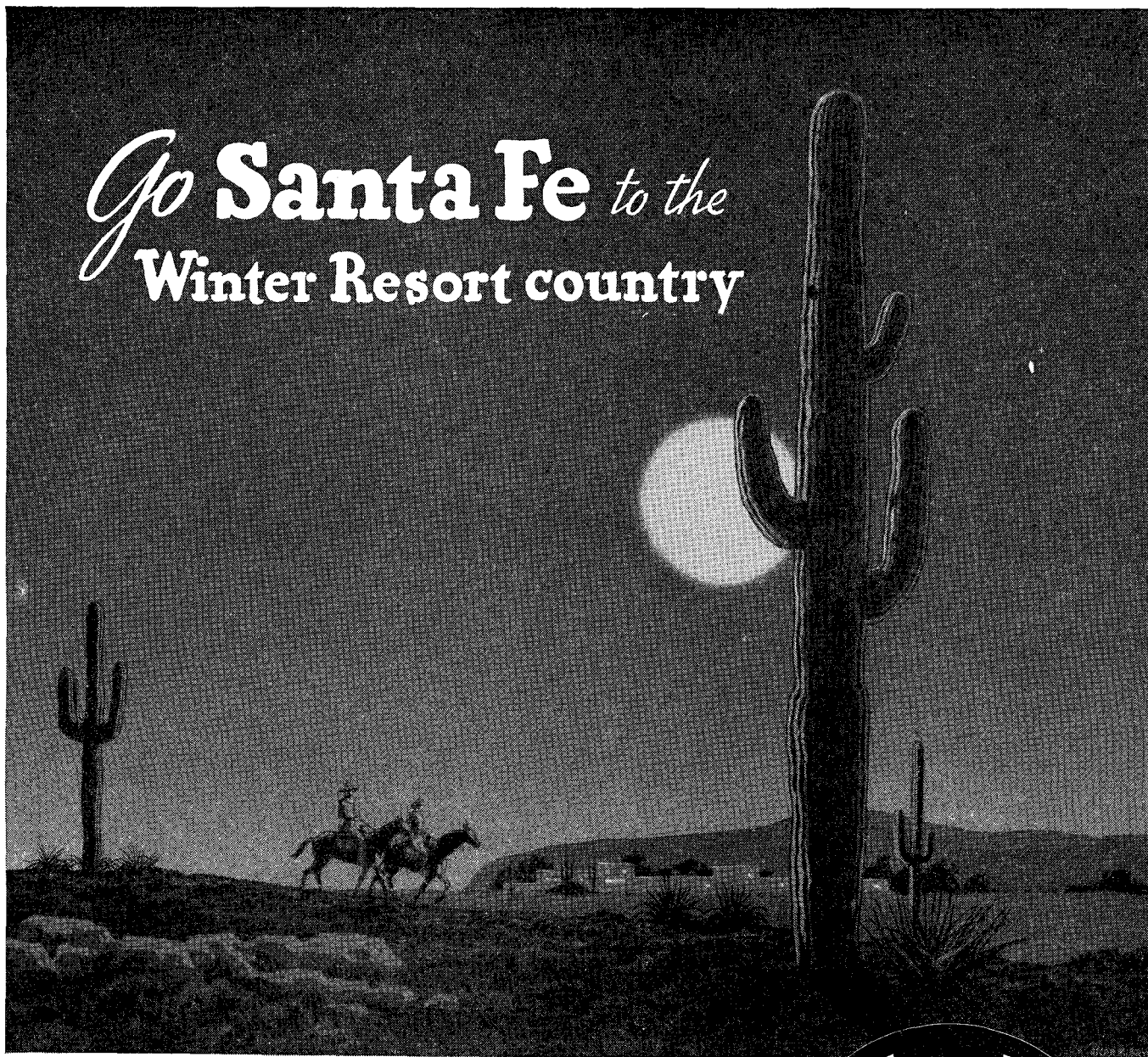
The Marshall Plan itself is outside of the United Nations; and Indo-China, Indonesia, and Malaya mean raw materials and dollar income for France, Holland, and Britain if they can be subdued, while on the other hand the attempt to subdue them is one of the most serious drains on American aid to Western Europe.

It is therefore not surprising that there is a growing conviction in Southeast Asia that the United Nations Good Offices Committee in Indonesia, participated in by the United States, Australia, and Belgium — a country sympathetic to Holland because of its own vast colonial interests in the Congo — is a device for preventing more effective action by the United Nations, rather than one for increasing its authority.

Indonesia: key to the Southeast

Indonesia is now the key country in Southeast Asia. The different strands of American interest there have not yet been coördinated, but they must be if American policy is to be made effective. It is urgently necessary — in order to protect a flank vulnerable to propaganda — to clarify the relationship between our position as a member of the United Nations and of the Good Offices Committee, and our position as an interested party, because of our support for Holland through the Marshall Plan.

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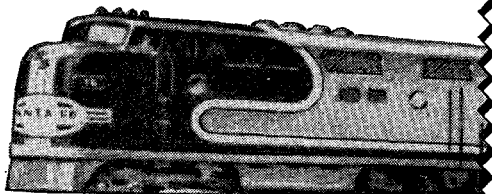
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Indonesia is also a key country because the interplay of nationalist politics there has become much more complicated than in Indo-China, Malaya, or even Burma. Finally, Indonesia is of unique importance in Asia as a country where the Communist movement is led by an exile who has returned from Russia since the war, and who, because he has returned so recently, indisputably represents the spread of the Cominform pattern to Asia.

Indonesia is different in this respect from Korea, where the Communist regime was installed under Russian military occupation, and from Indo-China, where the Communist leader, Ho Chi Minh, resembles Tito of Yugoslavia in having begun to operate during the war and in having built his own political and military prestige from the ground up without Russian aid.

What kind of Communists?

There is no problem more difficult than the analysis of the true relationships between Russian Communism which operates at home in Russia, Cominform Communism which operates outside of Russia but in more than one country at a time, and the kind of national Communism which operates primarily or exclusively in its own country.

Ideas now widely current both among people in Washington and among people who hope to get to Washington may hinder clear thinking and a fresh approach to these problems. The most prevalent of these ideas has been succinctly expressed by Commander W. T. Greenhalgh of the Industrial College of the Armed Forces at Washington, who has been quoted in the press as follows:—

"As soon as the American policy of containment began to stop Communist penetration in Europe, the Soviet Union took advantage of our concentration upon Europe and our comparative neglect of the Orient by expanding its Far Eastern activities."

This analysis contains the kind of mistake that a boxer makes when he thinks that his opponent is shifting his weight to his left foot in order to hit with his right hand, when in fact he is about to come down on his right

foot and throw a left hook. It is not Russia's attention that switches back and forth between Europe and Asia, but ours. And while in some instances, as in Korea, it may be a Russian move that draws our attention back to Asia, in other countries there are men of political thought and action who are quite capable of timing their own moves.

A check on the calendar shows that in China major Communist thrusts have been made, not necessarily when the Russians were checked or stopped in Europe, but simply when the concentration of our efforts on Europe would make it difficult for us to act vigorously on new decisions in China. Comparable moves can be studied elsewhere in Asia.

What makes the situation in China precarious, and the success of our support for the Kuomintang government doubtful, is not the "tragic neglect" of which Thomas E. Dewey accused the Truman administration during the campaign, but the fact that the Russians have for three years been able to neglect the Chinese Communists with impunity.

If the Communists owed their successes to handouts from Russia as handsome as those we have given Nanking, our problem would be serious. But Washington has been able to identify virtually no aid since the Russians turned over dumps of Japanese arms three years ago. The Chinese Communists have been winning on their own, and that makes the situation much more serious.

Political maturity in Asia

We are now contending, in fact, with a rapidly increasing political proficiency all over Asia. The nationalist who is fighting against odds, whether he is a Communist or not, has learned that if he heightens the crisis at the moment when the friends of the country he is fighting have their hands free, he will bring trouble down on his own head. At such times, therefore, he stays on the defensive; but when the situation elsewhere is such that the country against which he is fighting will find it difficult to get supplies or reinforcements in a hurry, he jumps to the offensive and hits hard. We overestimate the Russians, and underestimate Asia, if we attribute the whole strategy of timing to the Moscow high command.



The United Nations

THE Palais de Chaillot looks out across the Seine, past the Eiffel Tower and the Champ de Mars towards Montparnasse. To the east is the dome of Les Invalides, and far beyond, the towers of Notre Dame. A visitor standing on the broad stone terrace of the Palais can see most of Paris stretched out before him — Paris with its tree-lined streets and parks, its spires and domes and towers, its river, golden in the light of an autumn sun.

For delegates to the third session of the United Nations General Assembly it was a far cry from the old bombsight factory at Lake Success and the recovered swampland of Flushing Meadow. The magnificence of the modern Palais seemed more in keeping with the splendid aims of the Charter. But some remarked that the Passy Wing, in which the committee to discuss atomic energy met, was once the Musée de l'Homme, which set forth graphically man's long progress from primeval slime to Hiroshima.

Paris this autumn was a restless, disturbed, bewildered, frightened city. The steep spiral of inflation, which a weak coalition government had been powerless to check, found its natural response in a wave of strikes under CGT (Confédération Générale du Travail) leadership. Headlines in the Paris press reflected graver concern with *les conflits sociaux* than with the proceedings of the United Nations. And in the cafés and on the streets the name De Gaulle took on more ominous meaning.

But the uneasiness in Paris had deeper undertones of fear than could be accounted for by economic and political instability. For Paris is not only the capital of France: it is the capital of Western Europe. When the United Nations moved from Lake Success to Paris it moved closer to Berlin, closer to the line of the Elbe. And if there was far less panicky war talk than in the American press, there was a more basic fear of the great power that stretched out beyond the Elbe.

"We're afraid of you."

Delegates to gatherings of the United Nations have become hardened to the propaganda battle that characterizes the general debate. No one was

surprised when Mr. Vishinsky of the Soviet Union opened up with a slashing attack on all aspects of American foreign policy, and Mr. Bevin, always a good rough-and-tumble fighter, retaliated with equally powerful blows.

But it was the speech of Belgium's Prime Minister, Paul-Henri Spaak, that set the theme of this Assembly. In frank, untrammelled language, Spaak stated the case for the West. The Western nations believe in their democracy, in the principles of freedom of speech, of association, of conscience. To defend that democracy they signed the Brussels pact establishing the Western Union. Then, pushing aside his notes and turning to where the Russians were sitting, Spaak said: "The delegation of the U.S.S.R. must not seek complicated explanations of our policy. I will say, in terms which perhaps are cool ones, in terms which I believe that the small nations alone can employ, what is the basis of our policy. It is fear; the fear of you, the fear of your government, the fear of your policy."

Tracing the territorial gains of the Soviet Union since the beginning of the war, he charged: "Your foreign policy is now more audacious and more ambitious than the foreign policy of the Tsars themselves." He attacked the Russians for their sabotage of the United Nations: "Through the policy you have pursued you are forbidding us to seek our security and our salvation within the framework of this organization and making us seek it within the framework of a regional arrangement."

Spaak ended with an appeal to the Soviet leaders to translate into action their oft-proclaimed devotion to the Charter and give their help in getting the United Nations off to a new start. He concluded: "It is not too late. But it is time."

Bombs and armies

Atomic energy control, the first main item on the agenda, came to the Assembly because, after nearly three years of work, the Atomic Energy Commission had reached a dead end. The nine-nation majority on the Commission had agreed on a plan for atomic control — a plan embracing full international operation of all installations producing



The Atlantic Report on the United Nations



nuclear fuel. The Soviet Union and the Soviet Ukraine had rejected the plan as a disguised attempt at world domination by American capitalism, as a violation of national sovereignty guaranteed under the Charter. They proposed, instead, first the outlawing of the bomb and the destruction of existing stockpiles, and only then a loose system of international inspection.

General Andrew McNaughton of Canada in the opening debate moved a resolution calling for Assembly approval of the majority atomic reports. Mr. Vishinsky, after launching the familiar Soviet attack against the "American plan," countered with a compromise resolution: two conventions should be signed and implemented simultaneously — one abolishing the bomb, the other establishing a control system.

At the outset, the Vishinsky proposal raised hopes that the Soviet position was moderating. But later speeches from the Russian and Ukrainian delegates showed that, on the crucial question of control, there had been no essential shift in position.

It was not surprising that the Western delegates were not seriously impressed by the olive branch Mr. Vishinsky brandished in his fist. What was finally adopted was a resolution approving the Commission's majority reports and asking that it continue its work while the five permanent members, plus Canada, try to work out a basis for political agreement.

Mr. Vishinsky's disarmament proposal was very precise. In addition to abolition of the atomic bomb, it recommended as a first step "the reduction by one-third during one year of all present land, naval, and air forces." Mr. Vishinsky would give no promises that he was prepared to link his scheme with an *effective* system of inspection. Instead, anticipating Western skepticism, he lashed out at the Western leaders for their bad faith. The terms of the disarmament plan had a nostalgic flavor of Litvinov, but the accent was pure Vishinsky.

These two key debates showed the utter impossibility of creating at this time a universal system of collective security, a world pool of power against any would-be aggressor.

The small nations plead for unity

In the Palais de Chaillot the smaller nations particularly were unhappy about the implied abandonment of the more inclusive aims of the United Nations. The newly elected President of the Assem-

bly, Herbert Vere Evatt of Australia, protested that regional agreements could be no substitute for a strong United Nations. Regional pacts might act as useful barricades against sudden attack: they were no defense against atomic war. Arms reduction without proper inspection might be absurd, but the arms race pointed to only one ultimate end. So in plenary session, committees, and subcommittees the small nations took up the plea to the powers: Compose your differences, find a compromise, pool your strength behind the United Nations.

The Berlin case, brought to the Security Council with all the stagecraft of a big-time drama, seemed for a while to give the smaller powers their wedge. For when the case was opened, and a silent but very much present Mr. Vishinsky had adjusted his earphones and spread out a copy of *Le Populaire* before him, the Big Three spokesmen presented their charges against the Soviet Union with no suggestion as to how the Council could act to end the blockade.

The "Neutral Six" on the Council consulted together, agreed in general that the blockade was a threat to the peace, but felt, nevertheless, a responsibility to act as mediators. Dr. Juan Atilio Bramuglia of Argentina, Acting President of the Security Council, was commissioned to consult with Mr. Vishinsky and the Big Three complainants.

The result was a resolution putting no blame on the Soviet Union and proposing a carefully dated timetable for negotiations. Representing the unanimous agreement of the Six Neutrals and the Big Three from the West, and reasonable in its recommendations, the resolution appeared to be one that it would be difficult for Mr. Vishinsky to turn down. But the Soviet veto thwarted the small nations in their attempt to open the road to peace.

Palestine

One issue to come before the Assembly drew other than usual lines of division. That issue was Palestine. When the Assembly opened, the United Nations pale blue flag was at half mast. The murder of the UN mediator, Count Bernadotte, had roused more intense feelings among delegates than any other international happening since the organization was founded. For Count Bernadotte carried the confidence and respect of the great majority of the Assembly. Rightly or wrongly it was believed that if there was to be any settlement of this issue which had plagued the Middle East for more than a quarter of a century, Bernadotte would give the fairest counsel.

His murder by terrorists brought a quick, bitter resentment, part of which was, perhaps unjustly, directed against the new provisional government of Israel that had failed to provide adequate protection. Had the Palestine case come at the top of the agenda, as originally planned, instead of in the fifth week of the session, there is little doubt that Bernadotte's recommendations would have been acted on with little alteration. As it was, resentment had cooled down, other issues had loomed in more serious proportions, and both Arabs and Jews had strengthened their bargaining positions.

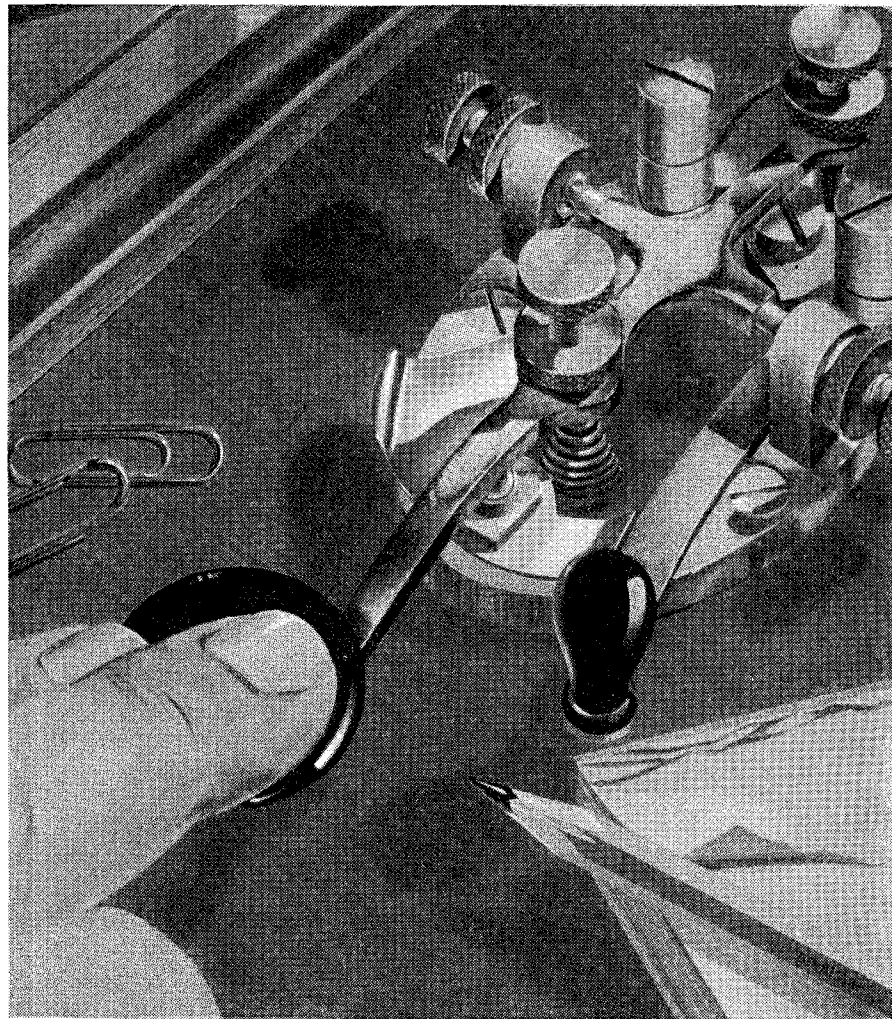
Two factors operated against a viable settlement. In the first place, after recognizing the existence of Israel as a historical fact in any Palestine solution, Bernadotte had proposed trading Galilee to the Jews for the Negeb to the Arabs. The Israeli, in fairly firm military possession of Galilee and in recent fighting having established strong positions in the Negeb, felt strategically safe in sitting tight. Moreover, having built up the Jewish population in Jerusalem, they were less favorably disposed towards internationalization of that city as Bernadotte had proposed.

The Arabs, on the other hand, having been defeated in the field and having lost out in their campaign against partition, had built up new support within the United Nations. Early voting in the Assembly showed the emergence of an alliance between the strong Latin American bloc and the Arab nations.

The cycle of fear

What this Assembly has been powerless to find is the means of cutting the vicious cycle of fear. For policies founded on fear do little to lessen fear, and offer few prospects of peace. The "inner security system" that is obviously well advanced provides no real security. The peoples of Western Europe, faced now by threat of Russian invasion, do not relish the prospect of "atomic liberation."

Voices are beginning to be heard that plead for the lives of peoples rather than for the rights of governments and nations — voices demanding that war be eliminated rather than controlled. Echoing Spaak they say: "It is not too late. But it *is* time."



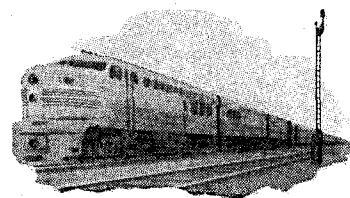
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THE ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

At the war's end the *Atlantic* believed that a special incentive should be held out to short-story writers, both to those who were coming out of uniform and to those of older years who were then finding the freedom and the impulse to write. In January, 1946, we began to publish in each issue what we called *Atlantic* "Firsts" — short stories by unestablished writers making their first appearance in our pages. We announced that these stories would be paid for at our top fee, and that special prizes would be awarded at the end of each six months for those two stories which, in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors, were of special distinction.

Over the months we have published 45 *Atlantic* "Firsts," including the work of Tom Heggen, Cord Meyer, Jr., Alan Marcus, Godfrey Blunden, and John Mayo Goss. Nine *Atlantic* "Firsts" have been reprinted in the O. Henry Memorial collections, edited by Herschel Brickell. Seven *Atlantic* "Firsts" have appeared in *The Best American Short Stories*, edited by Martha Foley. More than a dozen novels by these same authors have been printed or are now in press.

The Awards, now on an annual basis, will continue through 1948. Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run from 2000 to 20,000 words. The words "*Atlantic First*" should appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

July — December, 1948

First Prize of \$750 awarded to

CARL MOON

for his story "The Victory" in the December issue

Second Prize of \$250 awarded to

JAMES BINNEY

for his story "Night Without Stars" in the September issue



Atomic Energy

Nor only in the United States but in more than a score of other nations, the by-products of the fission of the uranium atom are finding wide application in basic science, in medicine, in industry, and in agriculture. The United States Atomic Energy Commission now offers in its catalogue and price list — like so many auto accessories — more than a hundred radioisotopes.

As a specific example of the production of radioisotopes (atoms of elements made artificially radioactive) that is possible today, the nuclear reactor at the Commission's installation at Oak Ridge, Tennessee, can in a few weeks produce more than 200 millicuries of Carbon 14. This is a carbon atom which does not occur in nature, and which is chemically identical with natural carbon atoms but differs from them by a greater atomic weight and by the emission of radiation. It is a "tagged atom," whose presence in the starch of a potato, the steel of a locomotive wheel, or the tissue of human liver is readily detected.

At an operating cost of roughly \$10,000, the Oak Ridge pile has in a short time supplied millions of times more of this radioisotope than was previously available. Since the life processes — the photosynthesis whereby green plants use energy from the sun to form the foodstuffs on which all other life depends, and the metabolism whereby foodstuffs are made to give energy to man — center in the carbon atom, the availability of tagged carbon atoms to investigators is of great significance.

The Carbon 14 story is only one of many in the record. During the first two years of the Commission's isotope program, 3136 shipments of radioisotopes were sent to investigators in the United States alone. Moreover, there were 362 shipments of stable isotopes — the rare individualized atoms occurring in nature but distinguished from their more numerous brothers by differences in atomic weight. In addition, nearly 200 shipments of radioisotopes were made to investigators in qualifying nations outside the United States.

These figures should be set against the fact that a scant five years ago these tools of research were so

few, so costly, and so difficult of access as to be comparable to radium itself.

The shipments of radioisotopes to investigators in the United States have been employed in more than a thousand research undertakings. Forty per cent are used in medical research and therapy, particularly the study of cancer. Industrial research — studies of plastics, rubber and steel technology, and metallurgy — and agricultural research — fundamental investigations of animal metabolism as well as of fertilizers — utilize another large share of the total.

The catalogue from which investigators order the radioisotopes is a fascinating document. Properly qualified, one may select such items as Chlorine 36 or Technetium 99, with a half-life of one million years, or Samarium 155 or Tellurium 131, half-life twenty-five minutes. It should be stressed, however, that this is no simple mail-order transaction in which any casual bargain-hunter may participate. Radioisotopes are potentially very dangerous affairs, and they are made available to individuals only through institutions possessing the personnel and equipment necessary to assure that they will be handled usefully and safely.

Shortage of atomic scientists

The principal limit on scientific and medical work with radioisotopes today is the drastically small number of people qualified to use them. Throughout the scientific world there is a severe shortage of such people, as might be expected in view of the fact that the radioisotopes, multiplying the researcher's power of perception by as much as a million times, demand that he master new skills in order to use them effectively.

The Atomic Energy Commission is moving to overcome this shortage of qualified manpower at home. New research fellowships in the physical, biological, and agricultural sciences have been announced which bring to a total of 206 the number of graduate students at work during the present academic year in the Commission-financed educational program. At all three of the Commission's national laboratories — Argonne in Chicago, Brook-



The Atlantic Report on Atomic Energy



haven on Long Island, and Oak Ridge — educational programs in nuclear physics are being pushed. Fifty-eight associated educational institutions are sharing in this work.

The hazard of abuse

But there is a sharp and hazardous counter-current to all this progress. Chairman Lilienthal of the Commission, in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, put it in these direct terms: "It is the increasing unwillingness of specially qualified (and badly needed) scientists, engineers, and management experts to engage in work for the Government of the United States." He declared this to be a threat to the success of the atomic energy enterprise.

Such an enterprise, said Mr. Lilienthal, must go ahead with greater and greater momentum "or it goes to pot"; it cannot stand still. Maintenance of our leadership depends on knowing more and more, knowing it fast, and knowing it first, he explained. That demands the abilities of the most highly qualified people in the country. The risk of undeserved injury to a man's good name, professional standing, and peace of mind has made public employment, "in a very real sense, a hazardous occupation."

The effective answers to this problem are reassertion of basic confidence in the common sense of the American public and press, full development of reasonable procedures to detect the disloyal and untrustworthy few without pillorying the decent many, and faith that democracy is worth more than the price sometimes exacted of those who, entering government service, risk the hazard of abuse.

Loyalty and security

The Commission's course in dealing with questions of loyalty and security Mr. Lilienthal described as based on two premises. The first is recognition that in the present world situation "there are some people who just have no business in the atomic energy program." The Commission investigates thoroughly its employees who have access to restricted data.

The second premise is the belief that security problems can be reasonably handled in a fashion which gives a considerable measure of protection to the individual and at the same time protects the national security. A person whose loyalty, character, and associations have been questioned is given by the Commission the fullest possible statement

concerning unfavorable information about him, and careful provision is made for hearings and for appeal from adverse decisions. No procedure can give absolute assurance against unfair attack, Mr. Lilienthal believes. The assurance of fairness will rest on the basic good judgment and conscience of the American people. The risk that they may occasionally be slow to act is part of the price paid for the benefits of a free society; and seen in perspective, it is not too high a price.

Atomic plants and the unions

Another phase of the problem is reflected in the recent action of the Commission in directing that recognition be withheld from two CIO affiliates: the United Public Workers of America, which the University of Chicago was instructed to continue to refrain from recognizing at the Argonne National Laboratory, and the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, which the General Electric Company was directed not to recognize at the new Knolls II Atomic Power Laboratory in Schenectady, New York.

In each case, the action was based on failure of the officers of the union to comply with the requirement of the Labor Management Relations Act that they file affidavits that they are not members of the Communist Party or affiliated with it; and on information, much of which is of open public record, concerning alleged Communist affiliation or association of officers of the union.

The loyalty of individual members of the unions was not called in question in the Commission's action. Such individuals, like the thousands of other workers employed on restricted atomic energy work, are required to furnish detailed personal information including their affiliations, and are subject to investigation by the FBI and to determination by the Commission that their engaging in the work will not endanger the common defense and security.

Union officers, in the Commission's view, should be as clear of suspicion as the individual members of their unions. The seriousness with which the situation is regarded may be gauged by placing these rigorously direct interventions in the perspective of the Commission's hands-off position during the threatened strike at the Oak Ridge X-10 plant last spring.

Governor Dewey on atomic energy

These and related considerations give useful background for appraisal of the remarks of Thomas

E. Dewey in a campaign speech at Phoenix, Arizona. Governor Dewey declared his complete allegiance to the proposition that this country's full control of atomic weapons should be assiduously maintained until other nations are prepared to act in good faith to establish effective means of international control.

He went on to say that "the genius that split the atom was not furnished by Government. The technological knowledge, skill and know-how which built the vast plants for the production of the atom bomb and which produced it were not furnished by Government, either. These triumphs were a triumph for our American system, our American way of life — for our belief in what man can do if he is free to tackle his job without fetters or fears and unhampered by the dead hand of political authority." Readers familiar with the Smyth Report may conceivably differ with the Governor as to the hampering effect of the government's allegedly "dead hand" between 1939 and 1945.

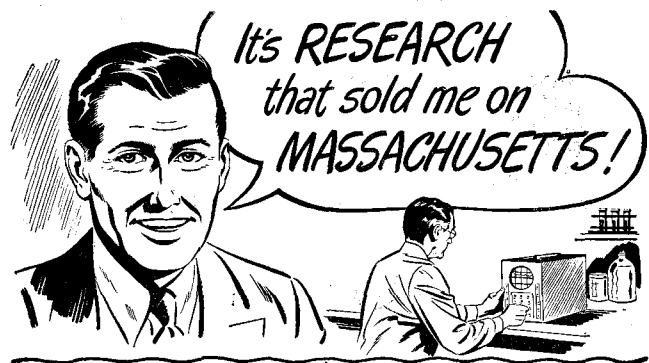
Developing his views on the relation of government to atomic energy, he pointed out that "today nearly every aspect of atomic work in our country is, by law, a Government monopoly." So far as it is necessary to safeguard and develop the military uses of the secret, he said, the monopoly must be maintained.

"But with this precaution for our security," he continued, "it is perfectly clear that atomic progress cannot continue to be left exclusively to the Government. . . . I propose that we protect this weapon of our defense with every means, and that we develop it further with every means. And then I propose that we go on from there and give American initiative and skill a chance to turn this power to productive and peaceful account."

The firm hand of government

Objectively considered in the light of the record, this does not wash very well. Many of the data are shaky, many of the innovations anticipated. The present government monopoly, in the words of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946, has as a principal objective "strengthening free competition in private enterprise." Of some 65,000 citizens working in the atomic energy enterprise, 5000 are employed by the government, 60,000 by industrial and other contractors. Of the latter, many are under normal collective bargaining procedures.

In the language of the "Report on the International Control of Atomic Energy" submitted to the Secretary of State in March, 1946, and of fundamental importance to this nation's proposals for control placed before the United Nations, "the development of atomic energy for peaceful purposes and the development of atomic energy for bombs are in much of their course interchangeable and interdependent." The hand of Government must be at the ultimate controls of this undertaking. That it has been light, effective, yet firm when necessary, is clear from the record.



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Austria

THE Allied Control Council building, with the four flags of the occupying authorities flying over the main entrance, stands in the center of Vienna. The four main hotels of the city belong one each to the French, the Russians, the Americans, and the British. How do the Austrians get along with the Russians? How, indeed, do the Austrians get along with the Americans, the British, the French?

In 1943, from Moscow, the Allied powers told the world of their intention to see Austria re-established as an independent state with political and economic security. In 1945, Russian forces liberated the country and, without consulting their allies, set up, under Dr. Karl Renner, an Austrian government. Then came the agreed four-power occupation; and in June, 1946, a new control agreement contained a pledge that all four would "assist the Austrian Government to re-create a sound and democratic national life based on stable economic and financial conditions."

Austria would be treated as a liberated country, her only "punishment" being a subjection to certain controls reserved to the occupying powers under the agreement. These controls would give the Allied powers a voice in Austrian affairs and a responsibility for the political and economic reconstruction of the country. Otherwise, the Austrian government would have full authority to run the state. As soon as possible, a treaty would be signed and the Austrians would be left, it was hoped, in peace.

Such, then, was the general shape of an ideal plan made at a time when there were hopes of a continuing Allied unity. In practice these dreams, though they have not turned into the nightmare of a Berlin, are of the kind that come between sleeping and waking. They are the pulling out from a long sleep, the effort needed to wake, and the lying still while plans are made for the arrival of a new day.

Inside the Allied Council building, meetings take place regularly in a friendly atmosphere. The chairmanship passes by monthly rotation from one power to another. Outside, the International Sector quadripartite police car, driven by a national

of the chairman of the month, is a familiar sight. There are heated arguments between the Allies in the streets; there are frequent "incidents" at the various zonal frontiers. Nevertheless, the machinery works.

The three Western powers are consistently trying to give over more and more control to the Austrian government and to plan economic reconstruction measures for the country as a whole. Except in matters which suit their purpose, such as currency reform, the Russians are doing all they can to be obstructive. It is a familiar pattern.

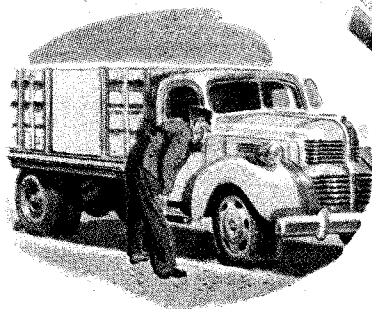
The East-West intercourse

The division of Austria into four zones interferes with the free flow of goods and services between the eastern and western sections of the country and is generally discouraging to over-all economic planning. Some of the most important resources and enterprises in eastern Austria cannot be counted as coming within the Austrian economy. The Russians claim these properties as German assets under the Potsdam Agreement and have brought a large number of them into a big industrial corporation under their aegis (Administration of Soviet Controlled Industries in Austria).

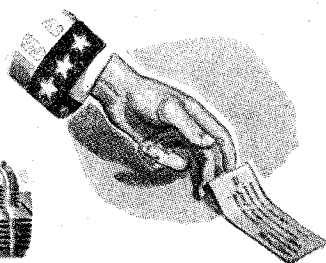
Of these the most important is oil. All of Austria's very large resources of production and refining are in Russian hands. The Russians claim to give the Austrians their due, but actually they have not done so. Next comes food. The Austrians would eat better if the Russians allowed releases from their zone into the western zones.

The Russians have a strangle hold on Austrian communications. Shortly after the war ended, the occupying armies, for security reasons, had to take over communications; and agreements were made prohibiting international communications and centralizing control in Vienna. As in so many other instances, the Western powers now find themselves bound to agreements, made in good faith, which have turned out to be handicaps.

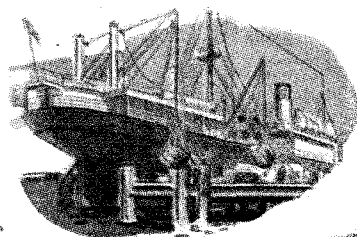
Telephone and telegraph communications still do not exist between Austria and Germany. There is



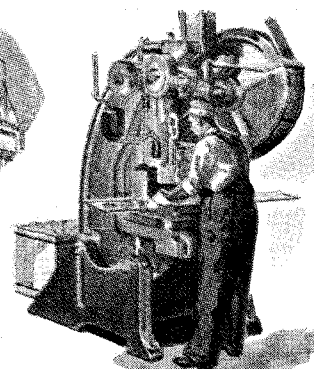
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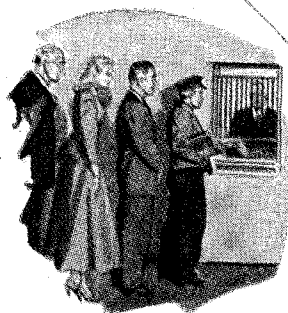
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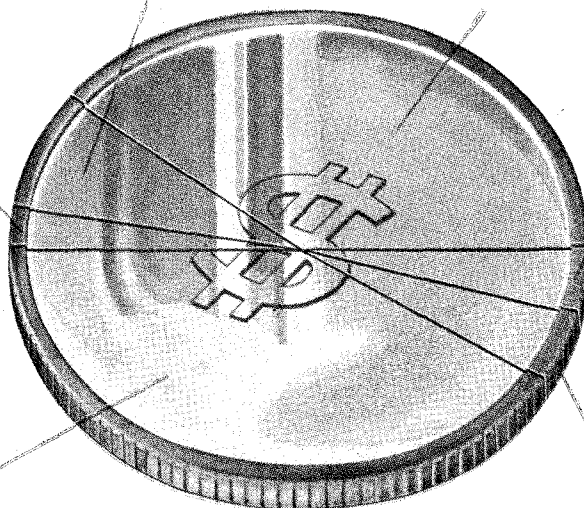
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HOW TO DIVIDE UP A DOLLAR

... the American Way

It may interest you to know the mistaken notions most folks have about the profits of American companies.

They tell interviewers that they *think* such companies are entitled to make 12 to 15 cents on every dollar of income, as a fair return. Yet, they add, it's their guess that manufacturers *actually do* make about 25 cents!

The facts are that in normal years American companies average about *nine cents* profit per income dollar.

Take Aluminum Company of America in 1947, for example. Out of each dollar received last year by Alcoa and its subsidiaries, the net profit amounted to *less than eight*

cents. We show above where the rest of that dollar went. Nearly half of it in wages, salaries, and employee benefits, to Alcoaans. Almost another half for materials and services we bought. Over six and a half cents for taxes.

The dollars-and-cents story of Aluminum Company of America represents the kind of facts you'll get from any typical American enterprise. Facts that show a fair return for a good product.

Within the heart of America are those who would like to confuse and mislead you. It pays to ask straight questions, where you can get straight answers.



Aluminum Company of America



Has the high cost of living

sent your table costs sky high, too?

We're just as troubled as you are about high prices. They mean that fewer people can buy. And that's not good for *anyone*.

In our business we fight this trend by doing all we can to keep prices *down* and quality *up*. Key men from all our companies meet at a round table once each month. Aided by National Dairy research, they seek ways to bring you *top quality* at *lowest possible price*.

Here are some figures which show how milk prices compare with food prices, from 1939 to 1948:

Increase in cost of food . . . 116%
Increase in cost of fluid milk . . 78%

Notice that milk has not increased nearly so much as the average of other foods. Our profit from all of our milk divisions averaged less than ½ cent per quart of milk sold in 1947—far less than the public thinks business makes—and much less than the average profit in all industries.

Milk, nature's most nearly perfect food, gives you more for your money than anything else you can eat. We make sure that milk—and cheese, butter, ice cream, and other products made from milk—are nourishing, flavorful, and pure. And we see to it that these fine foods *reach the largest possible*

number of people, at the lowest possible prices.

An impartial national survey shows that most Americans consider 10%-15% on sales a fair profit for business. Compared to this, the average profit in the food industry is less than 5%. And National Dairy's profit in its milk divisions in 1947 was less than 2%.

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PRODUCTS CORPORATION**





The Atlantic Report on Austria



full censorship over international telephone and telegraph messages. The Russians can — and do — summarily terminate wire communications between their zone and the rest of Austria. The construction of new lines can be done only with Allied (read Soviet) approval. The use of circuits by private subscribers, and even the Austrian police, is subject to Allied (Soviet) approval. The use of wire circuits from Vienna by the Western powers depends upon Soviet approval. All international mail to and from Vienna is censored and the Russians maintain major unilateral censorship installations in the city.

The Western powers would like a flat turn-over to the Austrian government of all communications except those needed for military purposes. The Russian aim is to restrict to a minimum the intercourse with Western Europe and to censor such communications as they are not able to stop.

Going my way?

Another problem is the grimly long list of Russian abductions, one of the worst of which occurred in June, when Chief Inspector Anton Marek, a senior official of the Ministry of the Interior and only two ranks below the level of Minister, was kidnaped by the Russian secret police. Western proposals that arrests of Austrian officials should become the responsibility of the Ministry of the Interior, who would hold the accused until the Allied powers could act on their cases, meet with the blank refusal of the Soviet authorities. They would agree, they say, if the Allied Council could be allowed full control over all Austrian federal officials.

There cannot be much love lost between the Austrians and the Russians. Apart from everything else, it is a bitter thing for a cultured people to be overrun by an uncultured people. It is said that Generalissimo Stalin's greatest mistake has been to let the Russians see Europe and Europe see the Russians. As far as all four powers are concerned, a local saying of the Austrians best sums up their feelings: "The Russians rape, the French seduce, the Americans buy, and the British marry."

Against such a background Dr. Karl Renner and his government are maintaining a clean record of internal stability, resistance to Communism, support of democratic reconstruction, and devotion to national independence.

There are two main political parties in Austria which divide power almost equally between them. Both the People's Party, largely Catholic, and the Socialist Party have deep roots and their dominance

could be shaken only by the blast of a sharp deterioration in the economic situation. The Communist Party is small and has no significant effect on the policies of the government.

Belonging to one or the other of the two parties, the members of the government stand fearless against Russian pressure, and despite the ten-year gap in administrative experience they are doing a fine job of putting their country on its feet.

The men responsible

The President, Dr. Renner, was leader of the Peace Delegation at St. Germain in 1919 and can look back on a long life of public service. He is a wise man, straightforward, and given to saying what he means. Oskar Helmer, the Minister for Internal Affairs, was hunted by the Gestapo from 1938 onwards; and while fighting was going on near Vienna, he was building up a government for Lower Austria. He, too, has the courage of his convictions.

Leopold Figl, the Chancellor, is only forty-six. He is a descendant of one of the oldest peasant families in Austria and can claim to have held land there since 1573. For five and a half years during the war he was dragged from one concentration camp to another. Dr. Adolph Schärf, the Vice-Chancellor, and Dr. Peter Krauland, the Minister of Reconstruction and Economic Planning, were also imprisoned at various times.

Youngest is the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Karl Gruber, who was born thirty-nine years ago in Tyrol. During the war he did some remarkable work for the Allies in Germany and founded resistance groups which spread to Austria. In the spring of 1945 he took charge of this work in Tyrol. He has great personal courage and ability. These men are representative of the leaders of a country whose existence as an independent state is an essential element of European stability.

The turn for the better

Because of war and occupation — which, especially in the Russian zone, means a continuing heavy drain on the country's resources — the level of Austrian agriculture and industry is low. These economic conditions have caused unrest and discontent among the people, a situation which the Communists have not failed to use for attacks on the government. On the other side of the picture, the Federation of Trade-Unions, representing the 1,120,000 organized workers in Austria, has stood firm behind the government.



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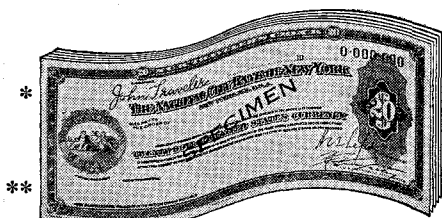
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Everyday living conditions have taken a turn for the better. The daily ration has gone up from 1700 calories in November, 1947, to 2200 calories. Farm produce is piled high and sells at reasonable prices in the market places. The currency has been stabilized; houses are being rebuilt and historic monuments restored.

Austrians yodel again

The ebullient spirits of the Austrians have always found expression in singing and dancing. Skiing in winter and swimming in summer are part of daily life. Now, they can do them on fuller stomachs. Austrians realize, however, that just as the world-famous Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra and Vienna State Opera must work hard to reach their pre-war standard, so the Austrian people must do their part to put their country on a sound economic basis. They cannot rely forever on foreign aid.

Because the re-establishment of the tourist trade is vitally important to Austria, refurbishing is going on all over the western part of the country. By next spring towns and villages will once again show gaily painted houses garlanded with flowers.

Imports of food and livestock amount to 12 per cent more than they did before the war. To reduce these and make way for the purchase of badly needed raw materials, domestic deliveries must increase. One of the country's most important economic tasks, therefore, is to restore its agricultural production and ensure that the full amount consistent with the producers' legitimate needs is delivered by the farmers.

Austria's natural resources include iron and other mineral ore deposits, valuable petroleum, large timber and water-power reserves. These are supported by coal imports, which are financed largely from foreign assistance and stand now at the high level of 400,000 tons of hard coal equivalent a month. As a result, heavy industry production is about 20 per cent above what it was in 1937. The lighter industries still have very far to go to do as well. Hydroelectric power capacity at present is 35 per cent greater than it was in 1937.

Exports and barter

Austrian exports are going up steadily but with a corresponding increase

in imports. Switzerland is buying more, but trade with Germany and Poland, except for coal imports, is far below the pre-war level.

Trade with the Soviet-controlled countries is lower than pre-war, though this is less apparent in the case of imports, which, during the first six months of 1948, amounted to 30 per cent of all Austrian commercial imports as against 40 per cent in 1937.

This was due to large imports of coal from Poland and Czechoslovakia against hard dollars. Exports have dropped from 33 per cent to 19 per cent. But the over-all pattern of Austrian exports has not changed much: the percentage of exports of finished items in 1948 was 70, compared with 65 per cent in 1937.

The dollar shortage and the weak bargaining position of a small country have forced Austria into bilateral trading. She has no fewer than fourteen trade agreements. Two (with Bulgaria and Italy) are based on barter only, two (with Switzerland and Bizonia) on bilateral clearing.

The rest (with Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Holland, Hungary, Norway, Sweden, Turkey, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and eventually, when the recently initialed agreement becomes effective, Yugoslavia) are mixed, allowing for both barter and clearing. A certain shift from bilateral to multilateral trade is expected under ECA auspices among the member countries.

Settle the treaty

Considering the present international trade situation, Austria's foreign trade is moving the right way. But Austria must have enough foreign help to permit the import of the materials and equipment she so urgently needs. Given it, she should be in a position to export surpluses of electric power, petroleum products, iron and steel products, textiles, paper, and chemicals.

A peace treaty for Austria would strengthen the government's hand by removing the economic burden and political interference of occupation. Then Austria could become an independent nation not relying on foreign aid, and with an acceptable standard of living.

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Production: Since 1910 we have more than doubled the output each of us produces for every hour we work.

Income: Since 1910 we have increased our annual income from less than \$2400 per household to about \$4000 (in dollars of the same purchasing power.)

Work Hours: Yet, since 1910 we have cut 18 hours from our average workweek—equivalent to two present average work-days.

HOW have we succeeded in achieving all this? Through the American kind of

teamwork! And what is *teamwork*?

American teamwork is management that pays reasonable wages and takes fair profits—that provides the best machines, tools, materials and working conditions it possibly can—that seeks new methods, new markets, new ideas; that bargains freely and fairly with its employees.

Our teamwork is labor that produces as efficiently and as much as it can—that realizes its standard of living ultimately depends upon how much America produces—that expects better wages as it helps increase that production.

Teamwork is simply working together to turn out more goods in fewer man-hours—making things at lower costs and paying higher wages to the people who make them and selling them at lower prices to the people who use them.

What we've already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we can do. It's just a start toward a goal we are all striving to reach: better housing, clothing, food, health, education, with ever greater opportunities for individual development. Sure, our American System has its faults. We all know that. We still have sharp ups and downs in prices and jobs. We'll have to change that—and we will!

It will continue to take *teamwork*, but if we work together, there's no limit on what we can *share together* of even greater things.

What we have already accomplished is just a foretaste of what we can do—if we continue to *work together!*



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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

I Personally —

SIR:

I found Bergen Evans's "Grand Tour — Nonstop!" in the September *Atlantic* the most hilarious piece of reading I have encountered this year. From my experience as a member of a conducted tour taken this summer, I noted several points of similarity between Mr. Evans's trip and ours, although I must say that the latter has come a long way from the former.

GENEVIEVE DAMKROGER
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR:

Our own "Train to Moose Factory" on August 5 was so close in incident to John J. Rowlands's (August *Atlantic*) that it might have been the same trip, though there were some interesting variations — such as a papoose on a board, and Indian boys pointing out their huskies to us as we passed their village.

Like Mr. Rowlands, we too were very late arriving at Moosenee. This year for the first time, the Ontario Northland Railroad has comfortable dormitory cabins, with a dining cabin and lounge, for a limited number of guests, at Moosenee. We went to Moose Factory, took a ride on a freight plane over Hannah Bay and Rupert's House (the oldest Hudson's Bay post) and had a grand time — very cold most of the time. There was one wonderful night of northern lights.

Picture my delight to open my September *Atlantic* this morning and see another Rowlands story about Hudson Bay.

MRS. RAYMOND H. MCGRAW
Freeport, Penn.

SIR:

I read the first installment of "No Place to Hide" by David Bradley (October *Atlantic*) with great pleasure, but on page 28 the author refers to BPM-5's. I am sure he means PBM-5's. The author also refers to these same airplanes as being "old." I believe the PBM-5's are the newest flying boats the Navy has. In fact, a number of people are quite proud of them.

I just want to help make an excellent story technically perfect.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS, JR.
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

When Leon Edel wrote "The James Revival" for your September issue he was unfortunately unaware that Simon Nowell-Smith's book *The Legend of the Master* is also published in this country.

James cultists who read Mr. Edel's article will feel they *must* read the Nowell-Smith book. There will be much unhappiness among them, and unless you correct this little omission from your Books and Men section they will write to all the booksellers in England, and the booksellers in England will all refer them back to Scribner's in New York. Please spare the worshipers of Henry James this terrible experience.

WALLACE W. FAIR
San Antonio, Tex.

SIR:

The wonders of Soviet science will never cease. Mikhail Koriakov, in "Tolstoy in Soviet Hands" (October *Atlantic*), reports that on the Tolstoy farm 17 acres were planted with

35,000 apple trees. Apples should be planted 40 feet apart each way, some varieties 30 feet. Let's take the lesser figure. Multiply 30 feet by 30 feet. Answer: 900 square feet. Divide into 43,560 square feet in an acre. Answer: 48.4 trees per acre. Times 17 acres — 822.8 trees, not 35,000.

DAVID B. GREENBERG
Hopewell Junction, N.Y.

SIR:

I am perfectly enthralled with the short article entitled "Dominica," by Eleanor Early, in the October *Atlantic*. I am a poor traveler myself, but how I should love to go to Dominica!

In fact, all your pieces in Accent on Living this month are fascinating.

In these days when travel is prohibitively costly, one can make interesting voyages vicariously. I hope that Eleanor Early will take us on more trips in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MONNA MOORE
Auburndale, Mass.

SIR:

In "English Traits" (August *Atlantic*) Henry Steele Commager writes: "Those who speak in the House of Commons are still required to wear a hat." It is true that hats are still worn by members of the House, but Mr. Commager mistakes the particular occasion for the general practice.

The Standing Orders of the House prescribe the exception when a member addresses it covered and seated. In a marginal note it is described as "Mode of raising point of order during Division," and the order — No. 136 in the 1919 edition before me —

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF
CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
AND MARCH 3, 1933**

*of The Atlantic Monthly
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.
for October 1st, 1948*

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher and editor are:

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Editor, Edward A. Weeks, Jr., 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

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*DONALD B. SNYDER,
(Signature of publisher)*

*Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of
September 1948.*

[SEAL] Erwin C. Thiessen, Notary Public
(My commission expires February 2, 1950)

reads: "Whilst a division is proceeding a member may speak on a point of order arising out of or during the division but if he does so he must speak sitting and covered." On all other occasions the member addressing the House stands bareheaded.

The exception which is referred to has provoked many incidents of members made to look ridiculous by a tiny headgear or by one, borrowed for the occasion of course, so much too large that it blankets the wearer.

EDGAR G. GATES
Manchester, England

SIR:

Julius Sumner Miller, whose letter you published in Atlantic Repartee in your September issue, is correct in what he says about mirages. And I am in complete disagreement with your comments printed below that letter.

Along the coasts of our Eastern provinces, where in summer there is often an extreme contrast between thermal conditions over the land and those over the cold ocean waters, the most startling mirages and distortions are frequently seen. Their aspect will not be materially changed by viewing them through a telescope, binoculars, or camera lenses, nor are they at all likely to disappear. On the contrary, it has often been my experience that the magnification of a lens sometimes tends to increase the exaggeration. Only last week I had an opportunity of examining a section of the Churchill River estuary's north bank through a pair of high-power glasses. This section was detached and sitting in the sky a short distance above the horizon, and though shimmering a good deal some of its details could be recognized.

There are few areas where any more weird effects of this kind can be observed than in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Ships, islands, parts of the coast, can be seen at times as if suspended in the sky, with no visible means of support between them and the horizon below. This is often accompanied by a peculiar distention of the objects upwards, so that they appear several times taller than normal.

Sometimes this sort of thing is apt to spring itself on the unsuspecting sailor at night and give him a nasty shock. I remember the Officer of the Watch, in a ship approaching Belle Isle Strait from the Gulf, once making a drastic change of course in the

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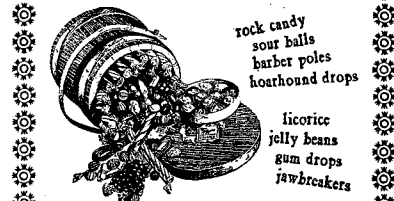
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middle of a dark night, to avoid what he took to be a fishing vessel close ahead that had suddenly put on its light. It turned out that this was really from a navigational aid on shore some twenty-two miles away. In due course it disappeared, to be followed shortly by the appearance at a lower elevation of the loom — or glow of the beam above the observer's horizon — and then by the sight of the actual light itself. What he had first seen was in effect a mirage.

ANTHONY F. PICKARD

*Lt. Comdr., Royal Canadian Navy
Halifax, N.S.*

SIR:

Like Rollo Walter Brown, I am a former student of George Lyman Kittredge. I should like to add a story to those in Mr. Brown's discerning portrait, "Kitty" of Harvard" (October *Atlantic*). I have never seen the story in print and I can vouch for its not being among the Kittredge apocrypha because I happened to be present when the incident occurred.

In the previous lecture "Kitty" had delivered his regular warning against the impolite who blundered into the lecture hall with their hats still on. While the Harvard Hall bell was ringing, he strode up and down with eyes fixed on the platform. He gave the impression of being unaware of the melling students moving somewhat noisily towards their seats. I suppose there were few, especially after the engraved incident of the last meeting, who were not watching the spare, handsome figure — with some apprehension.

Suddenly the keen blue eyes, which had ostensibly been concentrating on the boards, were fixed in a basilisk stare. Practically every eye in the room shifted at once to the spot on which the stare was fixed. There, to the horror of all, stood a student dressed in a preposterously outlandish costume. To the waist he was clothed fastidiously in full evening dress. On his legs was a pair of the filthiest blue overalls ever seen outside a boiler room. But on his head was planted a silk hat! Every semblance of noise ceased almost instantly. It was as if a Brobdingnagian had drawn in his breath, as all reacted simultaneously.

The unfortunate victim was of course a Dickey initiate, the club members in the course having decided that the most punishing ex-

perience possible would be to suffer the wrath of Kittredge. Everybody waited breathless for the winged red lightning to strike. Suddenly the angry blue eyes changed expression, and to the surprise of all came a hearty guffaw. In theatre or out there has never been a better example of comic relief; the whole room burst into laughter, and during the uproar the culprit escaped.

"Gentlemen," "Kitty" said, "anyone who can make me laugh nowadays deserves our gratitude. Furthermore, that young man acted his part excellently. He was supposed to look like a fool, and I've never seen a person look more like a fool in my life. Last time we were discussing the heath scene and Lear's encroaching madness . . ."

Off the record, I don't for a moment agree with Mr. Brown's dichotomy. There were no two Kittredges. He was canny enough to recognize that what was sauce for the undergraduate was not sauce for the graduate student. It was all a part of his pedagogy.

ROBERT R. CAWLEY
Princeton, N.J.

SIR:

The Atlantic Portrait of George Lyman Kittredge was excellent. We need the "twenty-century outlook" that "Kitty" imparted, and we need professors like him.

I think your magazine could substantially contribute even more to our culture and knowledge by incorporating a section dealing with literary scholarship. I do not refer to the kind of criticism that one is apt to find in the pedantic professors' trade journals. I am thinking in terms of a continuing selection of essays that would range throughout the scope of literature, in the light of modern scholarship.

A section like this would be far more valuable than the ridiculous and lighthearted attack on the fraternity system which appeared in the October Accent on Living.

STUART B. MILLER, JR.
Pelham Manor, N.Y.

SIR:

The piece on fraternities struck me as a gem, the definitive work on the subject. Nothing more needs to be said about them in the foreseeable future.

WILLIAM M. PINKERTON
Cambridge, Mass.

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membership reflects the whole range of American business. Almost 70 per cent employ between 10 and 250 persons each. Over 46 per cent have between 10 and 100 people each. More than a fourth employ 50 or fewer workers each. At the other extreme, 2 per cent employ as many as 5,000 people or more.

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On three different occasions the Editor of the Atlantic has had the opportunity of living with and observing the British people. In 1922-23, as the holder of the Fiske Fellowship he did graduate work at Trinity College, Cambridge. His next trip was in the summer of 1943, when Italy was collapsing and when the British were at last beginning to see light at the far end of the tunnel. And this autumn he went to England again to visit Atlantic authors and to take note of what has happened to a hard-pressed country as it climbs the long hill of recovery.

EDITOR IN LONDON

by EDWARD WEEKS

IN THE SUMMER of 1923 I came down to London from Cambridge with my year of graduate study behind me and my money spent. I had two pounds ten left, and since this was insufficient for a passage home, I "went on the beach," in the cellar of the American Consulate. Choice among my companions were two A.B.'s who had been arrested in the act of trying to push over one of the massive lions at the base of Nelson's monument. They had passed some nights in the jug; their ship had sailed without them and now, like myself, they were looking for passage on whatever boat was in need of extra hands.

For eight days we sat together in that cellar. My dwindling shillings paid for our ale and cheese at lunch, and while we waited we compared notes about the lions, Piccadilly, British music halls, and the surprising efficiency of an English bobby when aroused. Then the S.S. *President Polk* docked in London river; we signed up and were on our way.

That was a quarter of a century ago, and those lions so relaxed and beautiful in the London sun still keep watch on Trafalgar Square unmoved by drunken sailors, the American Army, and the German bombs. Seeing them again on my first day in London this autumn made me feel younger.

I was on my way to the Treasury for an eleven o'clock appointment. But the taxi driver had solemnly assured me that he couldn't possibly deliver me to the door, and now as we passed the

lions and pointed toward Whitehall I saw why. The street was packed solid, the people overflowed the curb, and a cleared lane was kept open only by the civil pressure of many police. "Officer," I said to the nearest, "I'm due at the Treasury for an eleven o'clock appointment, and I don't see how I am going to snake through this crowd without your help."

"Whoever gave you that appointment must have forgotten what morning this is," said the bobby, "but come on, I'll give you escort." And with that he began breasting his way through the pack.

It was a slow, good-natured passage, past the Admiralty, past the Horse Guards, and so on to the Treasury where I thanked him and turned to mount the steps. Just as I reached the top step I heard that rising respectful murmur and the hand-clapping of an English crowd, and there jingling into view came the Royal Coach — the King and Queen guarded by the Household cavalry returning from the opening of Parliament. From the Treasury's step, hat in hand, I marked the wonderful precision of the coal-black horses, the medieval color of the horsemen — those in front in scarlet tunics, silver breastplates, and gleaming helmets with white horsehair plumes; those in the rear in tunics of light blue and with them the officer carrying the Royal Mace. "They're really putting on the dog again," I thought.

There had been nothing like this during the war

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years when the openings of Parliament were held in secret. But now London was seeing itself again.

British men are the best dressed in the world, or were until the war. But I remember, when I was here in 1943, being struck by the almost universal shabbiness of those not in uniform. Many civilians had lost their entire wardrobes when their houses went down in the Blitz, and the visitor simply accepted their patched, darned garments. I remember wondering at the time whether this would make Londoners less conscious of class distinctions.

But now I noticed that striped pants and dark coats, black hats, the slender furred umbrella, and even an occasional high silk hat had returned to the City. The clerks were very stiff-collared. Somehow the uniform of banking has been restored; somehow the Cavendish at lunch hour looks like Michael Arlen; somehow evening dress is again compulsory for anyone wishing to dance at the Savoy.

In this there may be some deception. On my first visit to Liverpool Street station, the largest advertisement which caught my eye was a huge poster of an immaculate Englishman, gray top hat, morning coat, striped pants, gloves and cane, and beneath the picture in big letters the words: "Morning Coats for hire." Men who haven't coupons or money enough left to replenish their clothing have no choice but to rent. Even the House of Lords, I was told, no longer have enough robes to go round: on formal occasions they too must hire or borrow their magnificent finery.

2

AN AMERICAN in London instinctively heads for Grosvenor Square, which has become an American island in the midst of this British metropolis. There is a nice story going back to one of the early conferences between Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill. It was after dinner and the Big Three were sitting relaxed with just the interpreters to relay their postprandial thoughts. Stalin suddenly brought up the subject of territorial aspirations.

"Territorial aspirations?" said the President turning on his charm. "Territorial aspirations? Well, you will have to ask our friend over there on the sofa. We in America have no territorial aspirations."

"Territorial aspirations?" grunted Mr. Churchill, hitching himself up. "Territorial aspirations?" Grunt. "All we want to get back is Grosvenor Square."

But what London is getting back is London, more than even the Londoners themselves realize. A church like St. Mary le Strand, which was a hollow, blackened shell when last I saw it, now has a roof, a steeple refaced, and a congregation. Everywhere, as I rode in those shiny hatbox taxis, I noted two things so suggestive of recovery: the wooden ribs which are being replaced over the naves and

aisles of the old Wren churches, and the miles of metal tubing — miles of slender tubes about three times the thickness of a golf club — with which London is raising its office buildings, its Westminster mansions, its clubs, and its shops. The scaffolding looks frail, but it seems to bear a prodigious weight, a practical symbol of what we and the British are trying to do to repair the edifice of civilization.

This year a beginning has been made to reimburse those whose homes and property were demolished in the Blitz; a first payment of forty million pounds was authorized, the funds going primarily to those whose buildings could be restored at not too exorbitant a cost. A householder in Mayfair who had the top of his house damaged and was willing to take in another family if the upper stories were repaired would stand a better chance of receiving aid than his neighbor whose home had been riven clean through. The choice was left to the local boards in each community, and it was one more exasperating case of priorities which naturally led to grumbling.

The large-scale blueprints for the replanning of London exhibited by the London County Council when I was last here have had to be shelved for a variety of reasons, chief of them scarcity of manpower and building materials. But Britain is rehousing at a rate of twenty thousand family units a month, a rate which should see the nation roofed in ten years. At that point the prefabricated cheese-boxes will be just about ready to collapse. So will ours.

Meantime London is regaining touch by touch a brightness and beauty which, while it will never relieve the sorrow of old Jolyon, does show to the visitor a marked improvement over 1943. I noticed how many of the sooty stone buildings had had their faces washed, so that their parapets and pinnacles now had a frosty whiteness. The soft red bricks of St. James's Palace are being pointed and the oriel window repainted. Buckingham Palace has had its west wing restored; the Georgian beauty of Bedford Square, which came through without a scratch, has now been freshened by the pastel shades of the fan doorways and the trim. Paint has come back to Bond Street and Fleet Street, and when you lunch at the fashionable Greek restaurant, The White Tower, you will find that the façade really is white. And the food delicious.

Of course it is unfair to judge the English diet by what a visitor is served in an expensive restaurant in summer. But in quality and quantity the English food is far better than the best I had there during the war. The omnipresent chicken is tender, no longer a hard-run grandmother. The fish — turbot, plaice, and sole — is plentiful and well cooked. At a luncheon in the private dining room of the London *Economist* I had a fillet of sole that would make your mouth water. Potatoes, fresh

beans, and fruit tart are as good as ever, and if you are in the country your host's eggs make the breakfast traditional. That's the bright side.

But the meat ration is pitiful: two tiny lamb chops and a bit of bully beef are the usual seven-day ration for a British adult. Plainly it is not enough — not enough to give the adult worker the reserve strength he needs.

Of all British needs, that of manpower is the most exacting. Roughly speaking there are twenty million male workers in the islands. Two million of the twenty are swallowed up in the bureaucracy if you include the local and governmental officials, a bureaucracy twice as large as existed before the war (and so is ours). Add to these two million the 800,000 young vigorous men in the armed forces. That leaves a balance of 17,200,000 who are making the country go, and they are not enough.

I had a deep night's sleep in Cambridge after my flight across the Atlantic, and as I was driven to the station early Monday morning, coming up to meet us swung a battalion of the Afrika Korps, tanned, sturdy, singing men.

"Ex-prisoners," said my host, "working on the land. They stayed on voluntarily and we jolly well need them."

I found that there were thirty thousand such who had volunteered to remain in Britain. Only a drop in the bucket compared with the 180,000 Poles who now cluster, many of them, around Edinburgh. All told, Britain has taken in more aliens since 1938 than the rest of the world combined. I believe the number more than offsets the number of young men who are emigrating.

3

WE IN the United States will not reach our peak load of wounded and sick, victims of the Second World War, until the 1970's. The same is true of Britain and it explains why the building of hospitals was given top priority. Then came the schools; then the housing units; and then, as with us, the rapid erection of those "cheesebox prefabs" (ceiling price \$6300) for the married veterans.

Just as the immediate need was given precedence over the restoration of a Wren church, so the up-building of Britain's war children has had to take precedence over the care of the old. There is a very special ration for infants; but Britons over seventy, the autumn of whose lives is so much more severe than ever they expected, only get an extra ration of tea.

During the war I was told that the youngsters showed the strain of the Blitz and the monotony of a war diet rather less than the elders. Now three years later I was curious to see if this was really so. From the best evidence I could find, the British war babies, ages one to five, are as healthy a crop as the country has ever produced — a fact at-

tributable to the special rations of milk, eggs, orange juice, and sugar which were reserved for this group alone.

But of the children in the middle distance the same is not true. For when they came off the special rations they went onto a diet with more starch and less meat than good bone building requires. An English friend of mine who married an American wife and whose son had spent three years on our side during the war told me that he had gone swimming with his boy at camp this summer and that the difference between his deep-chested youngster and the other string beans in that twelve-year age group hit him with a pang. They were so lean, so ribby and narrow-chested, he said. Well, I was a string bean for my first seventeen years and it took the war rations of the French Army to fill me out. It is not easy to generalize about children in any community — certainly those I saw cycling into Cambridge on Market Day with their scarlet cheeks and flaxen hair were a fine sight. Their country life would give them pounds advantage over Cockneys of the same age. But was their coloring deceptive? Has their predominantly starchy diet made them soft as some English mothers fear? And will the string-bean boys fill out and mature into the firm lean men their fathers were? Those are questions of the future.

I should suppose that every American boy from ten to twelve eats his weight in candy every year. That is something no British child has even been able to dream of for nearly a decade. The scarcity of sugar and butter and chocolate means that these middle-distance kids have never had that well-greased inner surfeit which is a commonplace with us. I have sampled their hot meal at school and I have tasted the macaroni, the cooked tomatoes or Brussels sprouts, the jelly roll (jelly razor-thin) or the fruit compote (fruit boiled without sugar) which is so often their dessert, and I tell you they'd trade the whole of it for an American chocolate bar.

Does this hunger make for selfishness and for thieving? I asked. One Monday morning I went down to Toynbee Hall to see how London handles its delinquents. There are six Juvenile Courts holding every Monday in London, and it might be added that the Justices of the Peace in all these Courts are men and women working without pay.

In Toynbee Hall, three Justices — two men and a woman — sat at the head of the room. On their right were the parole officers, on the left the representatives of the London school and the box in which the police testified. Then up before these Justices came the London children who had got into trouble: the dead-end kids, the willful girls, the adolescent who wouldn't work, the toughs who had beaten up a bobby.

Our Court was presided over by Mr. Basil Henriques, and it was an education in justice to hear him question and charge these young offenders. In

trooped a gang of nine boys, some defiant, some hangdog. They had broken into a chocolate factory on a Saturday afternoon. Three of them had climbed a twelve-foot roof, dropped into the factory through a broken window, and handed out three large cartons of chocolate to their accomplices. John Anderson, the leader of the gang, was eleven; the youngest conspirator was his young brother aged seven.

Now the Magistrate began speaking to them, his eyes moving from boy to boy. "You knew that chocolate was rationed, didn't you? You were taking away from other people what you knew was a ration. Did it strike you as a mean and wrong thing to do? [Nods.] Suppose you hadn't been caught; would you have thought it wrong? [Not so sure.] England today is a very great team, a team made up of all its citizens, but you weren't playing for that team, were you? Didn't you know that this was wrong?" He paused and now all nine heads nodded.

So the Magistrate spoke to them and you could see the words sink in, you could hear the snuffle of shame, see the tears in the eyes. Then the sentence was imposed. Each boy (which means of course each parent) was fined ten shillings, except for John Anderson, the ringleader. When the others were dismissed he stood alone, his mother behind him. This was a second offense for John. His father was serving a jail sentence for robbery and now the boy was up, and what was more, he was teaching his little brother the old game.

As Mr. Henriques spoke to that boy and that mother the courtroom was still with emotion. "Is this the way to help her," he asked, "you, the eldest, when you know the difficulty she is in?" John was weeping and repentant as he stumbled out of the room; whether the psychiatrist at the Remand Home can straighten him out remains to be seen.

To the boy who had repeatedly broken his probation and run out on his jobs, Mr. Henriques said, "Why did you take that week off? What do you do instead of work?" And to the mother who had kept the loafer in cash his rebuke was sterner still. To another boy, already slippery in entering homes, he said, "I don't think you take this seriously, breaking into other people's homes. We do. Everybody sees things and wants things these days but that is not the way we live. We want you to think this over at the Remand Home and then come back to speak with us next week."

It was, I repeat, an education in justice to watch these magistrates in their smaller, only slightly softer replica of a London Court as they struggled to restore the morale and integrity of young England. This was essentially a problem of want. What these kids wanted was more food, better companionship. They wanted to be taught a trade in a school without bars. They wanted to be followed up by someone more affectionate and per-

sistent than a hard-driven parole officer. And to meet these wants, London has been devising a new recovery program for boys and girls demoralized by violence.

4

SOME of the differences between the British traits and ours will always touch the American mind with a smile. English coffee still tastes as if it were made out of old Plantagenet coffins, and even if there were no shortage of frigidaire the English would still prefer to serve their cocktails without ice. At public functions my English friends introduce me to their friends in an incoherent mumble (or no names are exchanged) and I wish I knew when they wanted to shake hands. I never can tell.

But there are other differences, the result of the deep social changes now in process, which might be remarked by a friendly visitor in the hope of our arriving at a better understanding. These are differences in feeling, in psychology, and so I state them tentatively — never as a solid generalization.

I felt a hypersensitivity on the part of the British in regard to American methods of production and American competition. Trace some of this, of course, to a natural resentment at our capture of some of their markets, and more of it to the natural humiliation of a proud people now in debt. But the thing goes deeper and needs the firm workable compromise of the best minds on both sides. Much of the British plant is old and decrepit. (The story of that obsolescence as it exists in certain vulnerable industries has been unsparingly told by William F. Yelverton and George Terborgh, American economists, in a pamphlet, *Technological Stagnation in Great Britain*). But owners and management have been content to work the plant at the old capacity, and labor to man it at what sometimes seems to us a spiritlessly low man-hour production.

We like our form of stimulated economy — the new tooling and the new methods — which we think the British could adapt to the decided increase of their production. With their mechanized equipment British farmers are now working with a technical proficiency which in yield would put many American farmers to shame. But the question is, will British management swallow some of its ancient distrust of American methods; and more important still, will British labor tune up, speed up its production even if it means the partial surrender of prerogatives hard won in earlier days? Such things would certainly be done under the emergency of war.

And if they be not done, how can Britain avoid the unfortunate American accusation that she is "dragging her heels"? Before we bear down on that point, make allowance for a diet which does not build up as much surplus energy as we have on our side of the water. Make allowance that the British have come a long way in their recovery since 1946

— further I think than they themselves realize — and that they will go further still if they have our active encouragement rather than our nagging impatience. Make allowance for the dismay with which good men, from Sir Stafford Cripps down, wrestle month in, month out, to balance the books against debt. The British problem, as Sir Stafford said at Margate, is the problem of the Gap — the gap between what Britishers can sell abroad as exports of manufactures and what Britishers *must* import as food and shelter for their bodies and as raw material for their factories. Britain's exports have increased close to 50 per cent since 1938. Her people have narrowed the gap and, given peace, believe they can close it completely.

And finally, make full allowance for Russia's obstruction of the Marshall Plan. I was having tea one sunny afternoon on the Embankment, surrounded by British families with their children, when suddenly I heard down river the sound of powerful motors — and in a split second, jet pursuit planes in tight formation were overhead. There were fifteen in the first flight, Vampires which had recently flown the Atlantic; then came the American Shooting Stars; then three groups of Meteors; then heavy bombers. "Look," cried a boy at the next table, "here come the Americans!" and he pointed to the Superforts, high over the Thames. In the center of the procession was one lone Hurricane, in remembrance of the aircraft which fought and won the Battle of Britain.

This was the Anniversary and it was with a touch of sadness that one gazed up at the new air armada at a time when London is still only a third recovered from her wounds.

The cost of rearmament forced on both the British and ourselves by the blockade of Berlin is an embarrassment, a monkey wrench tossed into the works of the ECA as the Russians well know. At the September meeting of the Trades Union Congress, the thing that struck every observer was the implacable hostility of the Labor Party to the minority of Communists in the unions. There was a rising tide of resentment at having to stand at Moscow's back door, cap in hand, in futility. I don't say that the politicians or the people are determined to go to war, but I do say that they have made up their minds to rearm.

I heard a remark attributed to Mr. Churchill which made me grin. "I think," said The Old Man, "that Mr. Stalin believes — and he is quite right in believing — that Britain and America will behave like perfect gentlemen to the end." Pause. "Whereas, were I in office, he would not be so sure."

The Russians believe that they can strain our economy to the breaking point with provocations short of war. I who am an optimist believe differently. I believe that we have time in which to repair the Atlantic Community. I believe that Britain must rearm just as we must at home and that

the cost of that rearmament cannot come out of the funds she is receiving under the Marshall aid. There will need to be a new form of Lend-Lease, with Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and ourselves chipping in. For whether we like it or not, we are all in this boat, this Atlantic Community, together.

Midway in his autobiography, which I have enjoyed editing, Sir Osbert Sitwell in 1946 wrote me an observation which I shall long remember. He said, "I find it a heart-breaking time at the moment: a people with no future throwing away their past. But when things look like that it generally means the English are, contrary to what appears possible, going to do something big. So I continue to hope. I'm a confirmed lover of lost causes. I begin to love all the people and things against which I've railed and roared for thirty years; such as Churchill, the Empire and the military circles."

"A people with no future throwing away their past" — measured by money alone the words have an ominous ring. For the British are living on capital. Couples in retirement are spending what savings remain to see them through; the middle-aged are spending on their children the money they can't leave; money is moving from the banks into the land, into dairy or farming combines, some of it into the sterling area abroad.

Works of art have a rising value and are bought; the few manufactured luxuries are at extravagant prices and are sold. I heard of a man who bought a Bentley (secondhand) for \$5000; two weeks later gasoline went on ration again and all he could do was to stroke it in its garage; two weeks after that he was offered \$10,000 for the same car. What good are savings when the pound is going down? I felt in some Conservatives a quiet desperation about this; among some Laborites a tacit approval of the splurge. You wonder whether the change of which this is a symptom can truly arrive at an economic balance in a country with so little natural wealth and so great a dependence on processing. As their spending and our aid diminish, will Britain have to lower its standard of living again or are they really "going to do something big"?

These are a valiant, decent people. They have imposed upon themselves a set of iron rules which I doubt that any other nation would accept with such little cheating. The once wealthy are living on capital; the wage earner, with a higher salary than ever in his life, at the end of the week has pathetically little to show for it. For it must be remembered that with our dollars under the Marshall aid we have also exported inflation to our friends. If cash is no incentive to these people, then character is; and I think it is the staying power of the British character which makes them determined to close the gap. England has always been the anvil on which men have hammered out the freedom and the economy of Western Europe. So it is today. Watch it.



Director of the Metropolitan Museum, FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR has worked for twelve years on his rich and fascinating history of art-collecting, 'The Taste of Angels.' While Director of the Worcester Art Museum, he was for two years Regional Director of the Federal Art Projects in the New England states. He is therefore not unmindful of artists' needs and aspirations. But he insists on judging their works by the same high standards which have governed the art of the past. "We cannot have," he says, "a double standard — a gold standard reserved for the Old Masters and a blocked currency or scrip for a national art of the present."

MODERN ART AND THE DIGNITY OF MAN

by FRANCIS HENRY TAYLOR

I

THE modern movement is not a theory; it is a condition. It is a condition arising out of a series of historic facts and consequences which center on the dignity of man — his position in the universe, his search for truth, and his constant desire to render truth in sensible form so that other men may grasp its meaning and its beauty.

Even to attempt to associate truth with beauty brings down the horror and contempt of the intelligentsia today. Art for them has ceased to have any moral or religious significance; they have divorced it from the area of common human experience and made it a form of private communication — when it communicates at all — whereby abstract associations of form and color convey intimacies scarcely less cryptic than those revealed on the psychoanalyst's couch. The innocent layman, visiting the national exhibitions, may be forgiven for suspecting that the chief purpose of American art is to illustrate the Kinsey Report. Instead of soaring like an eagle through the heavens as did his ancestors and looking down triumphantly upon the world beneath, the contemporary artist has been reduced to the status of a flat-chested pelican, strutting upon the intellectual wastelands and beaches, content to take whatever nourishment he can from his own too meager breast.

Yet, were he still an eagle, the world unrolled before the artist's view could scarcely give him inspiration or encouragement. In a brilliant inquiry into the nature of *Decadence*, the popular English philosopher, C. E. M. Joad, has summarized before the jury of public opinion the true indictment of our times: —

[Ours is] an age which has no fundamental beliefs or convictions and, in particular, no beliefs in regard

to the existence of an order of reality other than that which we can see and touch. It is an age which, having no religion, does not believe in God. Hence, it cannot write about Him as Milton did, make music about Him as Bach did or, like the cathedral makers of the early Middle Ages, build beautiful structures in His honour. Moreover, since it is an age whose mind has been largely formed by science, and which believes, therefore, only in the existence of what it can see and touch, and of things which are of the same kind as those which it can see and touch, it does not believe in the existence of beauty as an immaterial form which can manifest itself in man's handiwork and touch with surprise of its sudden glory his structures of sound and paint and brick. It does not aspire to make such structures. Finally, it is an age which does not believe in the dignity of man and does not seek, therefore, to assign him his place and prescribe for him his purpose in the developing scheme of a purposeful universe. In so far as it considers man at all, it thinks of him after the mode that science has made fashionable; he is an accident of evolution, a complex of reflexes, a puppet twitched into love or war by the showman in his unconscious who pulls the strings, or, as the behaviourists would have us believe, a by-product of chemical and physiological processes, pursuing his course across a fundamentally alien and brutal environment and doomed ultimately to finish his pointless journey with as little significance as in the person of the amoeba his ancestors once began it.

As a consequence the artist has become the favorite whipping boy. Since he is supposed to be the custodian of that ineffable thing called beauty, he is blamed if he does not jealously conserve it without change, and equally blamed if he tries to place it within the context of the world in which he lives. He is condemned for being the cause, but never forgiven that he is merely the effect. If he

has ceased to be a spiritual leader, it is only because he has no Gospel to impart. The reserves of self-sufficiency are drying up; his day-to-day existence is controlled by a cruel and inexorable determinism which leaves little room for the exercise of his own free will and even less for the will of God.

Having accepted modern art as something which, while they never understood it, they nevertheless vaguely approved, the public have begun to wonder whether they are not "being had." They are accustomed to daily accounts of world crisis in the press and radio. These are the stuff of which ordinary experiences are made, and in so far as the artist deals with them objectively the public is willing to admit the latter's right to express his opinion and even to find, if he can, some beauty in them. But where they part is in the realm of the subjective: interpretation, representation or non-representation as the case may be, the psychology of color and the myriad emotional and intellectual connotations with which every contemporary work is filled. The public, after trying patiently to understand, has at last rebelled.

Among the many straws in the wind was the manifesto issued by the Institute of Modern Art in Boston changing its name to Institute of Contemporary Art "because 'Modern Art,' an innocent phrase, denoting simply the art of our times, came to signify for millions something unintelligible, even meaningless. . . . 'Modern Art' describes a style which has become both dated and academic." As Degas remarked about a Bouguereau nude, "*N'ayez pas peur; cela se dégonfle.*"

This manifesto was not an isolated shot. Ortega y Gasset, the celebrated author of *The Revolt of the Masses*, had predicted a quarter century ago that the new style was condemned to sterility. Now published in English as *The Dehumanization of Art*, his essay confirms once more that the modernists, by their insistence on avoiding living forms and by their dependence upon the ironical and the inconsequential, have "changed the position of the work of art in the hierarchy of human interests and activities."

To humiliate and patronize the masses with an art which can be deciphered only by an intellectual elite — the fashionably initiated — must inevitably arouse a people's antagonism and their indignation. "Through its mere presence," he says, "the art of the young compels the average citizen to realize that he is just this — the average citizen, a creature incapable of receiving the sacrament of art, blind and deaf to pure beauty. . . . But such a thing cannot be done after a hundred years of adulation of the masses and apotheosis of the people. Accustomed to ruling supreme, the masses feel that the new art, which is the art of a privileged aristocracy of the finer senses, endangers their rights as men."

Finally, pursuing its efforts to find a common denominator of American taste, *Life* called in June

a Round Table Conference to inquire "into the value, standards, morals and true historical position of modern art." The question it proposed was: "*Is modern art, considered as a whole and definitions aside, a good or bad thing?*"

For the better part of three days museum officials, critics, and writers from both sides of the Atlantic sat in an atmosphere of klieg lights and candid cameras borrowed from Lake Success and pondered on the ultimate. The techniques and the results were largely those of the United Nations; evasion of issues, brilliant scoring on peripheral discussions. Everyone waited for the veto but Molotov did not appear. As was to be expected, the elephants of the art world had labored and produced a mouse.

2

THE issue for our generation is not so much one of principle as it is one of the degree of communicability versus incommunicability. And, while no sensible person would wish to turn back the clock, there are many who might wish to read its face without having to take its works apart.

The question is no longer one of technique or taste but revolves about the problem of reality. The "absolutes" which so disturbed the scholastics of the Middle Ages have been resurrected as fighting words. Obscured by the conquest of material existence in the nineteenth century, philosophy has again reappeared as the champion of those new freedoms of conscience and opinion which have resulted in the liberation of the individual. Having become his own center of activity, generating energy with a rapidity such as the Western world has never known, man has misinterpreted his own researches into the modern world of science as the answer to ultimate cause and purpose. He has become, indeed, the arbiter of his own fate but he has not yet learned that the cosmic is distinguished from the comic by only a single consonant.

The artist has been the victim of similar pressures and obsessions. During the past hundred years he has moved slowly from decorative arrangements of optical impressions to what Stephan Bourgeois has called so aptly "the creative expression of the mind's dynamic perception." Reality of the mind has been substituted for the time-honored absolute of reality of the eye. The transition was made possible by the invention of photography which demonstrated the difference between optical seeing, or observation of what is true to nature, and mental perception — that is, "the difference between reality as the eye sees it and the world of action as the mind perceives it."

We are confronted, therefore, with a conflict between two venerable truths inherited from the Renaissance, two types of reality: the one (dependent upon the concept of time and space) pre-

sents the picture of the world within the traditional limits of visual experience, and the other presents it from the point of view of personal emotion. Each of these truths is equally valid and equally circumscribed. Neither one attempts a teleological explanation of the universe. Man is the pivot about which the world revolves and he is absolved of any responsibility for its conduct.

More recently another reality has suggested itself to the artist — time is conceived as a type of fourth dimension projecting itself through space. Its impact has been a by-product of Einstein's theory of relativity and of the investigations in nuclear physics. Time and space are shown to be no longer absolute. But even more, radar, television, and the rapid time-destroying projection of an airplane through space, in which we move from continent to continent as quickly as a telegram, have conditioned popular thinking. We are forced to bow before the "dynamism of change." Art therefore might conceivably become the illustration of energy rather than the illustration of form; the artist is thus presented with another reality or absolute as potential as electricity or atomic power.

Energy, then, whether it be physical or mathematical, biological or metaphysical, has suddenly presented a new Reef of Norman's Woe upon which the *Hesperus* of accumulated aesthetic knowledge and experience inherited from antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance has been wrecked. The survivors are struggling to a sandy and uncertain shore which is constantly receding with each new movement and artistic current.

The history of art is a visual record of the philosophical concepts which have engrossed creative thinkers of each age. In their works they leave behind them both the history of their personal reactions and an accurate barometric reading of their intellectual climate. Recognition is instantaneous and universal. It does not require any act of intuition or special gifts of birth or education to experience it. Anyone who looks at a picture, a statue, or the architecture of a building learns instinctively and immediately something of the world which produced it. What will the art of today tell the spectator of tomorrow? In the sense that it announces the sterility and the intellectual vacuum of twentieth-century America or Europe, it will have at least that questionable validity; it will be recognized as the product of its time.

If we accept the definition of art as the rendering of truth in sensible form, and truth as the interpretation of human experience, it is obvious that a work of art is essentially communicative. It must mean something to someone other than the person who created it — in fact, and more important still, it can mean the same thing or several different things to a number of persons. But meaning it must have. Not until the second quarter of the twentieth century was the essential communicabil-

ity of art ever denied. Communication has been common to all the great racial traditions and, once established, can take any variety of expression. It is unlimited in content or subject matter, free to adopt any style or technique. The one and only quality denied to a work of art throughout the ages is privacy. Unless participation is allowed the spectator, it becomes a hopeless riddle and ceases to be any work of art at all.

3

If the artist is obligated to communicate his meaning, the public in return should bear in mind that they are no less obligated to make an effort to understand what the artist is attempting to say to them. The message of art is not necessarily a simple message or an easy one; and it is quite legitimate that a painting or a statue may be meaningless to persons at one level of education and yet be clear and explicit to those of another level who are particularly trained to understand it. The same layman who takes offense at an abstract picture in an exhibition, into which the artist has put years of self-discipline in logical and orderly arrangement of abstract or theoretical ideas, will accept without question the right of a university or a research foundation to publish abstruse mathematical conclusions and equations which, as an untrained person, he can never hope to comprehend. In the sciences, then, in the social sciences, and in the humanities there is a general acceptance of the fact that certain studies are reserved for the higher intellect. Unfortunately this is not true in the arts.

It is, however, this very appeal to the higher intellect in the early works of such masters as Picasso, Braque, Matisse, and Paul Klee which has had such influence on the present generation. For the art of the past fifty years has been more an art of cerebration than one of reflective and constructive thought. Absorption in technical experiment and the influence of psychiatric and physical investigation have completely engrossed the larger and more experimental minds. What started in Picasso to be a revelation and, indeed, a revaluation of the art of seeing has come through excessive introspection and cynicism to be a terrible disservice to younger artists who lack his extraordinary talents and mercurial virtuosity. Whether or not one likes the message these larger talents are communicating, whether one thinks them good or evil, or prophetic of destruction or nihilistic in their purpose, one must nevertheless admit that they do at least communicate a message of importance to the present day.

That this message is more often than not a message of propaganda for some popular and current ideology is of course one of the fundamental dangers inherent in the modern movement. But Picasso, even when he is most socially destructive, is free

from the charge of producing something meaningless or utterly private in its concept. As the storm center of the contemporary movement, he has become the symbol in the public mind of what is good or bad in modern art. Yet few of the visitors to an exhibition who are not trained in the history of design realize the fundamental significance of his contribution to the thought of our time.

One has but to trace the growth of Picasso, in the recent avalanche of publications devoted to his art, to recognize his almost unearthly power. However, only the specialist will recognize in his recent work "the most brilliant, the most deadly parody of art ever created by man or devil." "Picasso," an English critic, Michael Ayrton, has said, "has sucked the history of painting dry and built a monument with its bones . . . his work is a superlative paraphrase of art." Everything which he has produced has been in effect a criticism of some previous style or attitude of man towards art. He has "fed upon art and is therefore a vampire of art," more concerned with the analysis and dissection of an idea or vision than with its realization. Leaping from style to style—from archaic Greek to Romanesque and back again to Oceania—he has carried art criticism to a pinnacle never before known and in so doing has disturbed profoundly those talents less nimble-witted than himself.

Picasso is at once the giant paradox and the towering genius of our day who has captured our imagination by exploiting the manic depression which has carried our generation through two world wars and is hurling us along the road to world revolution. He has caught our suicidal despair and laughed at it hysterically. Only history can determine whether Picasso, like the skeleton at the feast, is the last flowering of a civilization whose collapse amuses him, or whether there is latent in his extraordinary mobility of line and color the prophecy of a new world which is to come.

If Picasso with his uncommon gifts has shown at every turn his utter contempt for the dignity of man, one can scarcely expect much more from those lesser luminaries on both sides of the Atlantic who slavishly follow in his footsteps. Whereas it is clear that Picasso is always completely master of himself, and knows to a carefully calculated nicety what he is doing, the imitators are capable of producing only the empty forms but not the content. Much that has become unintelligible in contemporary art to the spectator is incommunicable solely because the artist-imitator himself has failed to comprehend the meaning of forms and techniques which he has borrowed from the master. We are confronted therefore with second-rate minds mouthing second-hand ideas. The modern movement has become a vast public *monte di pietà* in which the golden balls of Medici patronage are being exchanged for pawn tickets of dubious redemption. The pseudo scientists and psychiatrists of Greenwich Village have

had to find an outlet either in the non-objective plagiarism of machine design or in the diverting and pornographic possibilities of Dr. Freud.

4

THE stalemate which now exists between the objective and the subjective attitudes is nothing new in history. A parallel perplexity harassed the Graeco-Roman world at the period of its decay.

Greek art followed very much the pattern of Greek science. With the dawn of formal religion there was a conscious dissociation of the material from the spiritual. A polytheistic system was developed which soon became so complicated that a priesthood was essential to regulate the various deities' powers and influences, to separate the sacred from the profane, the human from the semihuman, and to establish the personality of heroes, gods, and mortals. Simultaneously with the groping towards this organized religious belief, there arose what today we would call the heresy of pure scientific thought, as expressed by Thales, Democritus, and Anaxagoras. But even the Greeks were overwhelmed with the exclusiveness of science. In opposition to the atomic theories of Democritus a dualism was admitted which allowed for the independent existence of free will and for the tradition of a god made in the image of man. Thanks to Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, there developed an intellectual way of life which was to be handed on to Christianity as a code of ethics and a basis for the estimate of spiritual values.

One of the principal vehicles for transmitting this human knowledge and experience was the concept of the academy which for so long directed the course of creative art. The academic ideal, leaving aside for the moment the connotations of system and authority which it engendered, was merely the effort to translate into terms of art and architecture the clarity and rational element in Greek thought, to return to the principles and examples of Hellenic form, to recapture its purity, and to show the relation of these later works of man to the accepted beliefs of the day. It suppressed passion and, as it progressed through the centuries, it restricted the inventiveness of human will and individual discovery. It became the "ideal of the ideal," a fundamental discipline for arriving at a perfection which, if not necessarily original, was acceptable according to clearly established rules of taste—rules predicated in their turn upon the logical sequences of Greek science and philosophy. Since, however, it chose to impose its will, the academy passed from the objective attitude of man-made determinism to the totalitarian concept. This totalitarian concept has been revived in the present day in the even more fanatical Academy of the Left.

There are essential differences between a sculpture of the Age of Pericles and a more modern

work. The classical approach is instinctively and fundamentally intellectual. The Greek artist, like the scientist and philosopher, placed the emphasis on clarity and ignored what was outside of human experience. A relief from the Parthenon frieze, for example, expressed a generality of concept, never a specific experience. The background of the relief is neutral and indefinite; the scene or event portrayed is not restricted to the limitations of time or space; environment is seldom if ever indicated before the time of Scopas and Praxiteles in the fourth century, and then only in the general sense of "house" or "forest," not Dr. Johnson's house or the Forest of Arden. The human figure in the beginning is subject to the severest discipline of symmetry, of formal composition; portraiture, until the Asiatic influences brought in by Alexander's conquests, was virtually unknown. Then and only then did subjectivism creep in; the Pergamene and Alexandrian Schools introduced the sense of pain and immediate sensation from specific circumstance, such as we see in the *Laocoön*. But by that time the classic world was breaking up. Mithraism and Christianity brought with them the concept which was to engulf the medieval world — the idea of sin and its forgiveness through the practice of faith. The Greek ideal of clarity was to yield to another equally compelling ideal of mystical reality.

5

THE Gothic Madonna on the other hand reveals the differences of philosophical approach between the two civilizations. Whereas the classic statue expresses an idealism which renders truth, empirical and amoral truth, into a memory picture of an idea, freed from the limitations of setting, abstract and intellectual, the Madonna conversely uses these same technical means in making a statement of quite another kind. The representation is of Mary and Jesus; this immediately puts the statue in a tight compartment of time and space. Automatically both artist and spectator are called upon to contemplate a relation between two individuals who at the same time are both human and divine — the Blessed Virgin and the Son of God. Even the event is brought within a given limit of time and place — Bethlehem, during the infant years of the first Christian century.

Herein lies the difference between Greek idealism and the intuitive realism which appeals so much more to the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon temperament. It is the complete negation of the academic point of view, which was, of course, a perversion of the classical ideal; the Madonna is the attempt to render truth not through a generality, but truth as it is vested in the particular, conditioned by circumstance. But more important than any of these elements is the sense of the infinite which pervades the whole of Gothic art and lies at the

bottom of the new medieval style in architecture.

The Gothic cathedral is the epitome of the interest in the new realism. Human interest, pathos, and individual memories replace the familiar generalities and concepts of the Graeco-Roman world. Sculpture abandons its static calm, is frankly episodic, and becomes more animated and less remote from life. Color is employed to enhance the mystical effect and is intimately interwoven with the symbolism of religion. But it is above all in the philosophy of space in architecture that one observes the greatest change. Whereas the Greek sought to avoid the indefinite, and composed with clearly established forms, the medieval architect, wishing to express the mysteries of infinity, composed with segments of enclosed space, untenanted and majestic. "Solution of form in space," Charles R. Morey has insisted, "is the Gothic builder's purpose, to unite the material with the divine after the manner of the Christian mystic. Isolation of form from space was what the Greek was after, instinctively excluding from his concepts that which could not be defined."

If the Gothic cathedral on the one hand symbolized the variety and individuality of Christian existence, it did so nonetheless according to a strict discipline and formula. In its very construction, where each detail played its specific purpose in expressing the glory of God, it became the synthesis of Christian dogma and belief. It was the concrete embodiment of the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas — but it was also a synthesis predicated on the leadership of the Church. This in turn was doomed to break down in the later Middle Ages before the emergence of Renaissance man. Here at last was an individual who breathed the air of freedom, who could draw upon any source, pagan or Christian, for his subject matter, and who could give unlimited expression to fantasy and invention. The Christian unity of the Middle Ages was broken, and the artist was to enjoy a momentary liberty before bowing once again to the academic classical ideal.

The Renaissance was nothing more or less than the rediscovery of man by man. He revealed himself to himself as a thinking animal, a creature of free will to whom the act of voluntary choice and selection of ideas and tastes were a new adventure not known to Western Europe since the fall of Rome. But the political misfortunes which darkened Europe in the sixteenth century put an end to the playful independence of Renaissance man. To be sure, he had come into his own, his stature was everywhere reflected in the monuments he created — ostensibly for the glory of God but essentially to magnify his own importance. The climax was reached in the Golden Age of the Papacy when the temporal magnificence of God's Vicar all but snuffed out the sacred flame which had been handed down from early Christianity. Italy was invaded by Charles V, the city republics of the Middle Ages

were reduced to bondage, and the religious community was torn asunder by the conflict between Protestant Reform and Catholic Reaction.

From these calamities emerged a graver, more sober attitude towards art. In their anxiety men turned once again to the experience of classical antiquity, but in their return to the past they lost themselves within it. Beauty was divorced from truth, and art became theory instead of practice. The academic point of view was not so much the triumph of mind over matter as it was the complete triumph of tradition over human will.

6

JOHN DONNE, preaching before King Charles I at St. Paul's on Christmas Day, 1625, asked the question:—

What eye can fixe itself upon East and West at once? And he must see more than East and West that sees God, for God spreads infinitely beyond both: God alone is all; not only all that is but all that is not, all that might be if he would have it be. God is too large, too immense, and then man is too narrow, too little to be considered; for who can fixe his eye upon an Atome; and he must see a lesse thing than an Atome, that sees man for man is nothing."

Pascal echoed the same refrain: "What is man in nature? A nothing in infinity, an everything in regard to nothing, a middle point between everything and nothing."

It did not require a stock pile of Uranium 235 to convince the poet, the philosopher, and the prelate of the seventeenth century that, although the atom had not yet been split, fission had already taken place in man. The separation of the soul from the intellect could lead, they held, only to inevitable disaster. The atomic age had begun not with Hiroshima or Nagasaki but with Democritus and the earliest physicists of Greece. The medieval synthesis had been exploded, voyages of exploration on land and sea had produced new worlds to conquer. The Reformation as well as the Counter-Reformation of the Jesuits had concerned itself with the problem of the individual and his conscience — that spark of God within him — and its relation to the constantly expanding, yet at the same time increasingly particularized, scientific universe.

While Colbert and Lebrun, building upon the intellectual ground plan of Richelieu, were erecting the structure of the academies of art, the spirit of authoritarianism began to infect mathematics and astronomy, the natural philosophies, and the realm of metaphysics. There was a constant pressure to reduce all natural phenomena to natural law. What law you accepted depended entirely upon which side of the angels you wished to stand — to the right with Descartes, who reconciled the order and rhythm of the universe with the idea of a

supreme being capable of revealing himself according to the beliefs of the Catholic Church; or, at the other extreme, with the mechanists who refused to concede the existence of any reality which was not predetermined by reason or the senses.

But in both camps the chief concern was always with infinity, which H. T. Pledge considers one of the "few genuine elements which we derived from the 'barbarians' rather than from the Greeks. The infinities," he adds, "though not the pessimism of the Eastern religions, had been preserved by Christianity. For the step-by-step communion with the infinite by a series of sacraments, science had substituted the step-by-step communion with it by a series of hypotheses and experiments. But the infinity remains."

The artist of the Baroque and Rococo, protected by a hard enamel of convention, seldom penetrated the inner recesses of science or philosophy. Only in the *trompe-l'œil* decoration for a ceiling where cloud-enveloped *putti*, foreshortened and provocative, are casting slings and arrows at outrageous fortune, do we see him struggling with the doctrinal disputes of the day. Yet in the *atelier* as in the observatory it was the fashion to pursue the answer to ultimate causes in the heavens. Whereas in science the contribution of the individual was subordinated to the progress of a group of like-minded seekers after truth who moved inexorably toward the common goal, the artist on the other hand was more subjective and responded to the inner compulsions of his own creative genius. "Even without Copernicus," says Pelseneer, "we should have had the Copernican system; it simply would have had another name. Not so with Bach; without him we would not have had his concertos."

Reality, then, whether it was the subjective mystical reality of El Greco or the objective realism of Vermeer, was the preoccupation of the artists. But it was the intensity of the human element in a picture which alone could make it rise above the literal and factual representation of the little masters. In Rembrandt, possibly, is the full realization of that belief accepted by scientists today that "reality must have something of a mental nature."

Metaphysical anxiety and restlessness, so characteristic of the seventeenth century and its art, was followed by the frankly skeptical inconsequence of the eighteenth. Elegance and form were more important than the content. The modern age had yet to await the full expression of its absolute materialism in the doctrine of determinism. This was announced in 1812 by Laplace: "We should envisage," he wrote, "the present state of the universe as the effect of its previous state and the cause of the state that is to follow."

Laplace had simply stated the credo of the nineteenth century. Unlike Luther, he had nailed the articles of his belief upon the closed and bolted

door of human experience. The world of the future was to be predetermined, reasonable and rigidly *a priori*. If there was any room at all for the Christian God, he was to be tolerated merely as a genial judge and counselor in a juvenile court of moral delinquents. The new God was the God of Science from whose mechanistic and determinist conclusions there was no turning. Voltaire had already pointed to the sterility of the mechanistic view when he wrote to La Villevieille, "*Les athées n'ont jamais répondu à cette difficulté qu'une horloge prouve un horloger* — The atheists have never explained the difficult fact that a clock presupposes a clock maker."

7

MAN and artist have become the victims of the scientific world they have created, and in their common fear for the future have lost contact with one another. The crisis in the arts is nothing more or less than the crisis of the human race. How far, one may ask, can the artist be held responsible for the society of which he is the product? How far can the *Zeitgeist* be laid at his doorstep? Are we to assume that he has sold his birthright for a mess of psychic and mechanistic pottage? No, nor can we lay the blame for unintelligibility upon the failure of the artist to continue the traditions of craftsmanship of the old masters. As Toynbee has observed: —

The prevailing tendency to abandon our artistic traditions is not the result of technical incompetence; it is the deliberate abandonment of a style which is losing its appeal to a rising generation because this generation is ceasing to cultivate its aesthetic sensibilities on the traditional Western lines. We have willfully cast out of our souls the great masters who have been the familiar spirits of our forefathers; and while we have been wrapped in self-complacent admiration of the spiritual vacuum that we have created, a Tropical African spirit in music and dancing and statuary has made an unholy alliance with a pseudo-Byzantine spirit in painting and bas-reliefs, and has entered in to dwell in a house which it found swept and garnished. The decline is not technical in origin but spiritual. In repudiating our own Western tradition of art and thereby reducing our faculties to a state of inanition and sterility in which they seize upon the exotic and primitive art of Dahomey and Benin as though this were manna in the wilderness, we are confessing before all men that we have forfeited our spiritual birthright. Our abandonment of our traditional artistic technique is manifestly the consequence of some kind of spiritual breakdown in our Western Civilization; and the cause of this break-

down evidently cannot be found in a phenomenon which is one of its results.

Joad would be inclined to feel that our current plight comes from the fact that man has misread his position in the universe. Puffed up with pride as the arbiter of his fate and fortune, conscious of his omniscience and superior sensibility, he tends to regard his own romantic experience as an end in itself; the satisfaction of individual desires and the enlargement of emotional experience become the standard of value. This then is the burden of Joad's inquiry into decadence. "The Gods take their revenge against man's impertinence. He is cast down and through suffering made to realize his true nature. In the chaos and confusion he recognizes the need for a higher reality than his own." It is the recurrent theme of the Greek tragedies in which "*hubris* or arrogance, attempting to be the *até* or lord of the universe, is overtaken by *nemesis*." Benito Mussolini and Adolf Hitler have proved quite recently the timelessness of the argument.

How, then, the reader may well ask, is the artist to proceed in the intellectual and moral vacuum of the present day? Each artist of good will and personal integrity must work this problem out for himself. First of all he must be willing to communicate his meaning to others in terms of universal human experience. He must resist propaganda of both the Right and the Left as rigidly as he must reject fashion and intellectual snobbery; for propaganda in paint or plaster, even when presented under capitalistic auspices, is no less persuasive than the written word. He must recognize that he shares the responsibilities of citizenship equally with the writer or the politician.

Only this year the pages of the *Atlantic* have called for "Freedom of the Brush." No intelligent person would seek to deny the innate and inalienable right of the artist to do and think as he pleases. He cannot and should not be restricted or enjoined. But as a citizen the time has come for him to choose whether he is for civilization or whether he is against it, whether he believes in the freedom of individual conscience or whether he is ready to accept whatever propaganda is fed to him with a spoon. Only by his complete freedom of creation can the integrity of art be kept alive.

But that, on the other hand, is no reason why the public should be dragooned to admire and to applaud what they cannot understand. If the public must respect the artist's freedom of creation, then in the same way the latter must acknowledge the public's freedom of acceptance or rejection. Any other concept is academic and totalitarian.

Secret

How long will the government of the United States fail to express to the American people and to the rest of the world a firm policy on the atomic bomb? And how can this policy be formed without giving the public far more information about the great decisions which must be made? President of Dewey and Almy Chemical Company and past president of the American Chemical Society, BRADLEY DEWEY directed our wartime rubber program. He served also as chairman of the Guided Missiles Committee of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and as a civilian member of their Evaluation Board for the atomic bomb tests at Bikini.

HIGH POLICY AND THE ATOMIC BOMB

by BRADLEY DEWEY

1

IF the United States is forced into another war, will we use our atomic weapons, and to what extent will they help to restore peace?

There is no clear, no authoritative answer to these questions. Three years and more have passed since the first atomic bomb was launched against Hiroshima; yet the United States has no high policy — that is, no publicly proclaimed and endorsed policy — covering its use of atomic energy in war.

Information has been sleeping in the White House, gathering dust there for many months — information which is vital to the development of an atomic weapon policy and its acceptance by the American people. I refer to the final report of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Evaluation Board, whose official responsibility it was to assemble and digest facts before, during, and after the atomic bomb tests at Bikini Atoll in July and August, 1946. The report of the Board, with such deletions as military security may require, should have been published long since. Much of it was written for the American people and their Congress, and they should have it.

My aim here is to review the reasons which occur to me why a clear-cut, understandable atomic weapon policy would benefit our own country, our sister countries of this hemisphere, and the rest of the world.

I have short patience with those timorous folk who fear that frank discussion of atomic weapon policy would change the national character of the American people and that we should forthwith desert our traditional way of peace. The world of thinking men knows that the United States seeks no war, and knows too that we will strive for peace despite any provocation. Public knowledge of what atomic weapons can do will not alter our fundamental love of peace or decrease our wholesome distrust of those who seem to threaten it.

But no man — certainly no lover of peace — dares overlook the fact that the possibility of war

exists if there are national leaders willing to sacrifice the lives of their own people to force their ideologies on other countries.

In view of Europe's tangled affairs today, no one can be sure that we shall not be compelled to face the issue of war, to protect either ourselves or the lives of people elsewhere for whom we have accepted responsibility.

As the whole world was told, the purpose of exploding two atomic bombs at Bikini was to provide a wide variety of data on large-scale nuclear fission. There were hundreds of military and civilian experts among the 42,000 men required for Operation Crossroads, whose duty it was to collect these myriad data which in due course became the top-secret report of the Crossroads Historian.

It is somewhat less well known, but still a published fact, that those who planned the Bikini bomb tests provided, with the knowledge of the White House and of Congressional leaders, for an entirely separate and independent group of civilians and military men to gather information of their own, to study that gathered by others, and to evaluate the atomic bomb as a military weapon.

This group of men composed the Joint Chiefs of Staff Evaluation Board.¹ In addition to passing judgment on the uses and potential powers of atomic weapons in war, the Board was encouraged to comment and to make recommendations on pertinent subjects as it saw fit.

The Board followed its directive. It was not until July, 1947, a year after the Bikini tests, that Board members and their technical aids completed the task of studying the data in the Historian's report, of interviewing and consulting experts in many fields, and of writing their own report on the value of the bomb and its place in war in the future.

¹ Karl T. Compton, chairman, former Maj. Gen. T. F. Farrell and Bradley Dewey, civilian members, and Lt. Gen. Brereton, Lt. Gen. Stilwell, Vice Adm. Hoover, and Rear Adm. Ofstie — with Lt. Gen. Wedemeyer succeeding Gen. Stilwell when he died.

It was understood that the Board's report was in part for the guidance of public thinking, and that all of it except such portions as might jeopardize military security would be made public.

The report was accepted by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Then the Board chairman, Dr. Karl T. Compton, together with security experts of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, made certain entirely proper and expected deletions and jointly approved the remainder for publication.

The full report next went to the Atomic Energy Commission, and I am told that its security experts also approved it for publication as deleted. Then, to the best of my knowledge, it was sent to the White House in the custody of Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Staff to President Truman.

Under date of February 25, 1948, the *New York Times* reported as follows: "Inquiries at Washington reveal that the report has been digested by all the boards and commissions that must consider such things and recommended for publication. It is expected to be released in about ten days, following expected final approval from the White House."

In the many months this report has been withheld from the public, millions of words have been printed expressing mere opinion and gross speculation, thus fanning the winds of rumor so that they swirl and eddy about the earth. Now serving one propaganda, now another, rumor exaggerates or depreciates the value of atomic weapons, falsifying and distorting public opinion everywhere.

It could be argued — and, indeed, was argued — that we should have no public policy on atomic weapons so long as there remained a practical hope for the universal outlawry of atomic warfare. The statement of such a policy, it was said, might rattle the saber and disturb that calm most conducive to peaceful, multilateral agreements.

But Russia's determined refusal, many months ago, to accept the international inspection system which is the foundation stone for atomic weapon disarmament effectively killed all hope of outlawing the weapon — and killed it for many years to come. With that practical hope died any argument against our proclamation of an atomic weapon high policy.

Today the rattle of sabers and the rumbling of caissons destroy the quiet of every international meeting. The voice of the United States raised now to declare a wise, sound policy for our employment of the atomic weapon can serve to drive away confusion.

There are various ways by which an atomic weapon policy may be formed and given to the world, just as there are various ways in which great American policies have been made and published in the past. But, as in the past, the American people must participate in the making of policy. In a democracy such as ours there can

never be a high policy — that is, an important policy governing our conduct toward other nations — which does not have majority approval and acceptance. It is for this reason that I urge that the people be given the facts upon which such a policy can be based.

Of course there can be no claim that the report of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Evaluation Board contains all that is necessary for the formation of enduring high policy. But the alpha of an atomic weapon policy is in it, if the omega is not. If other facts are available, they too should be made public by proper authority whether they support or controvert the statements of the Board.

It is truly pathetic that the American people, who have spent so many millions of dollars on the development of this weapon, know so very little about it or its potential advantages — and perhaps disadvantages — to their country. Where is there an authoritative statement as to whether the atomic bomb is truly unique or is "just another weapon"? What great changes in functions, if any, does the bomb require of our Air Force, Navy, and Army?

Such questions, each of tremendous importance, can be asked endlessly with no really authoritative reply. There are general, embracing answers to questions of this sort, and only when these general answers are fully known and widely understood can the American people — the owners of the atomic bomb — pass any judgment on specific questions upon whose answers the fate of this country may depend in the future.

2

THE wisdom of a publicly known and endorsed atomic warfare policy in our own national interests hardly requires argument. In the present uncertainty, military men in all branches of the service have to base their plans for weapons and carriers and modes of atomic warfare upon their best guesses as to what the American people may demand of them. They cannot plan and build with the effectiveness born of certainty.

Until the people speak, diplomats too must base their international statements upon mere guesswork. Until the people have had the facts and a chance to argue and debate them, and to accept or to disavow suggested policies offered by their leaders, servants of the people — whether they be generals or admirals, the President or an ambassador — have no guides but their own guesses.

And the American people themselves are unfairly suffering fears and uncertainties and anxieties which only facts can dispel. Whatever fears we may have, they are shared by our friends of this hemisphere, the peoples of Latin America and of Canada, who have lived so long under the assurance of the Monroe Doctrine.

I believe that to most of us it is inconceivable that we would not use the atomic bomb should it be required for the defense of any part of this hemisphere from foreign aggression. But does this lessen our obligation to state, in words as bold and unmistakable as those of President Monroe, that we will, if need be, enforce the Doctrine with our greatest weapon?

We owe it to the rest of the world and to the cause of a better international understanding to outline the circumstances under which the American people are willing to have their bombs used. So long as these circumstances are wide open to conjecture and to surmise, friends and potential enemies may, in ignorance, jeopardize the peace.

There may be countries, perhaps in Western Europe, whose leaders move in a fool's paradise, falsely confident that the United States will support them with atomic weapons when in fact the American people will approve no such use of their bombs.

Quite as possible, potential enemies may even now be making the first subtle moves toward war in the fond and foolish belief that the American people will not authorize the use of atomic weapons against them until it is too late.

These are admittedly conjectures, hypothetical situations, and there may be not a fact to support them today; yet tomorrow they can become realities, unless the United States proclaims to the world a public policy on atomic warfare.

"Early and provident fear is the mother of security." Whether fear is ever a good mother of international peace is debatable. I should like to point to a more positive aspect of military high policies. I have in mind the effect, not of fear, an emotion, but of knowledge on the thinking and planning of prospective peacebreakers.

If the Japanese Emperor, his immediate advisers, and the Japanese people had known and understood the industrial might of the United States as well as it was known to a few officials, no war against the United States would have been undertaken.

This may seem incredible, but the fact leaps out from almost every page of an official United States document, "The Interrogations of Japanese Officials," edited by Rear Admiral R. A. Ofstie, who was senior Navy member of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey. It would not have been fear which would have deterred the Mikado and his people, for they did greatly fear the United States, and declared war in spite of their fears. But knowledge — the hard facts of our industrial capacity — would have made them certain that even with a large part of our naval strength at the bottom of Pearl Harbor they could not prevail against us.

This is not to say that a determined and aggres-

sive people like the Japanese would have dropped their aspirations. But it does mean they would have shaped their military policies away from any conflict with us.

Neither fear nor knowledge will restrain some mad dogs. But the pages of history are filled with the accounts of wars which came about because those who provoked them were ignorant of the will and power of the countries whose armies they engaged in battle.

Too often in this country matters of great national importance are not determined in advance but are decided with imprudent haste at times when situations are tense and press upon us. Then a national leader, his statement of the facts consciously or unconsciously adjusted to the temper of the moment, gives voice to a proposed policy which is imperfectly understood and hence either fails of proper endorsement by the people or receives their unwise approval.

There is not an American who believes that we should wait until events force us before we make up our national mind and our majority will as to atomic weapon use. Yet, so far as I can determine, there has been no general demand for the facts the people must have before a policy can be approved intelligently.

There have been many demands for other facts. During the Senate hearings on the McMahon bill establishing the Atomic Energy Commission, scores of witnesses came to plead that the law permit the publication of facts of high technical and scientific value.

The press of this country faithfully reported these demands for the release of technical data of benefit to medicine and pure science and engineering. But not one journalist appeared before the McMahon Committee, nor has there been any general demand since then by newspapers for the facts to which they are entitled — facts which were written into the final report of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Evaluation Board, I believe, for the information of the press and public so that a national policy as blunt and as specific as the Monroe Doctrine itself might result.

Of course there are what politicians call "political implications" in every important act and statement of a man in high office. I do not impute the suppression of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Evaluation Board report to fear of "political implications." I do say that no such "implications" should keep the essential facts, deductions, and conclusions from the American people and their Congress.

We need a high policy governing our employment of atomic weapons in war. The American people must participate in this policy, must accept it and be willing to support it. To do this they must have facts which have been kept from them by the White House.



An Atlantic Story



Novelist, editor, and biographer, SEAN O'FAOLAIN is today the leading literary light in Dublin. A member of the Irish Republican Army for six years — he volunteered when he was sixteen — he returned to his books at the Trouble's end, first to teach and then to write. Today still under fifty he has in print three volumes of short stories, three novels, three biographies, a play, a travel book, and the best short history of Ireland, The Irish.

THE BELLS THAT NOBODY HEARD

by SEAN O'FAOLAIN

THE bells are simple bells, a bare octave. If the bell-ringer wants to play "The Londonderry Air" he cannot ring the top note which is outside the octave but must drop down to its counterpart inside the octave; and if he is playing "Come Back to Erin," in which there are many half-notes, he has to ring the nearest note below or above each. The effect is a bit confusing. But they are old bells and sweet bells and visitors from all over the world have come to hear them, and the townsfolk are proud and fond of them. After all, you cannot help feeling a bond with bells that ring every quarter-hour of your life down the wind; or that, every so often, send "Abide with Me" or "Will Ye No Come Back Again" down out of the sky to where you sit at your desk, or unroll cotton on a counter, humming the tunes in unison with them. And you can't ignore bells that toll their boom through the silent night in stately indifference to you or your thoughts. As the local poet has it — not very clearly I am afraid, but we can gather his meaning: —

Our town's a sweet one when there are friends to
greet one
And drink and laughter to silence Time;
But there's one bell there that never failed there;
No booze can kill, no laughter still its chime.
Before dawn's breathing, when all are sleeping,
There is an eloquent and silent hour;
'Tis the dewfall weeping of your memories creeping
Under the thunder beating from the old red
tower.

The little man who rings the carillon is very old now. As he says himself, "I seen 'em come and I

seen 'em go." He says, "I rang seven wars out." Though when he started to list them for me he could only count two big ones and four small ones — the Crimean, the Matabele, the Boer, and the Soudan. But then he said — and his broad, gentle smile, that rarely leaves his face, grew more broad and more benevolent still: "What's a war here or there to a man who buried wan queen and four kings? Yes, it's a fact! I seen five monarchs on the throne of England. Victoria. Old Edward. Old George. Young Edward. And young George again." He says, "I seen the British army in these streets, and the British navy down in that harbor." (From the belfry parapet you have a magnificent view out to the haze of the sea.) "I seen the American navy there. I seen boats of all nations there. I seen Cork burning from this belfry. I seen the British army leave Ireland."

And you can tell from the way his smile widens and saddens that he is one of the old school.

"I'll play you any tune you like," he says. "Except on Sundays. I only play hymns on Sundays. But there's one tune I won't play you. I won't play 'God Save the King'!"

He explains why. The bells rang "God Save the King" when Victoria died, and when Edward died, and when George the Fifth died. But by then the old order had gone out of Ireland and as the bell-ringer pulled the ropes in his loft, which is big and bare and high as a barn and lit by a great arched window composed of hundreds of small panes, the kids in the lane outside began to crash stones through the window.

"Ninety-seven panes of glass they broke on me,"

he says. "The bishop said I must never play that tune again." He looked at me and smiled his benevolent smile, and I thought that his forbidden tune was the apple in his Garden, and I wondered whether there had been no Eve.

2

I MET her aunt, a nice old gossip around the corner who kept one of those tiny shops that sell papers and tobacco to the men, sweets and tops and marbles to the kids, and odds and ends of groceries to their mothers. Eve's name, I gathered, was Jenny Phipps: fair-haired, blue-eyed, over for a holiday from Sheffield. The bell-ringer used pump her up with his old talk about kings and wars, up in the loft, or strolling around the graveyard. He used even let her pull the bell-ropes. "He was gone about her," laughed the gossip. She had three passions: the American movies, the English princesses, and getting her own way. She was about twelve years old. All the bell-ringer could say to her the first time she made her lunatic proposition to him was:

"No fear! Is it after me ninety-seven panes of glass? Oho, no, Jenny. Not me!"

"Cowardly, cowardly custard," she taunted.

"You go and ask the bishop," he defended himself.

"You're always boasting how you rang 'um for ould King Edward." Her English accent pronouncing Irish words always enchanted the bell-ringer; as the jade well knew. "And now you won't ring 'um for his grand-daughter! His own grand-daughter gettin' married and you not to ring the bells? You ought to sink through the ground with shame."

"Ninety-seven panes o' glass," said the bell-ringer mournfully.

"But sure nobody'll know who or what you're ringin' 'um for?"

That was where the bell-ringer slipped.

"Well, I suppose I *could* ring you a chime all right. I'll ring you a chime."

That satisfied her until she found him ringing chimes for days before the wedding of the princess. He came down one afternoon from a prolonged bout of chimes and found her sitting on the wooden steps leading to the loft, sobbing to herself. How was he to know she had turned on the tap as soon as she heard him coming?

"What's wrong at all, Jenny?" he asked, in dismay.

"You're ringin' the chimes every bloomin' day," she gulped. "You should have kept 'um for the wedding the way you promised."

"But I have to practice 'em," he said.

She gave him a dirty look and at the sight of it he shriveled.

"You're ringin' 'um because you don't want any-one to know wot they're for. You'll have to ring

'God Save the King,' and no more nonsense about it," she ordered, and looked up through her tousled mop to see how he would take it.

"But I'd lose me job, Jenny. It's out of the question. It's im-*posss*-ible."

Wailing and bawling she dashed down the stairs and for the next day and the next day she refused as much as to look at him.

Unfortunately for the bell-ringer he was by this time just as excited about the marriage of the princess as Jenny Phipps was. He read the newspapers, he saw the photographs, he listened to the radio. He talked and talked about the night King Edward "passed away," and how the Opera House was closed, and the flags were at half-mast, and he rang "God Save the King" every day for a week. Never before had he felt so marooned, an old spar thrown on the beach and forgotten.

"Her ladyship," he smiled to the aunt, "appears to be a bit cross with me."

"She's very bitther of you, then. She says you're no man. But pay no heed to her, sure the child have no sense."

The bell-ringer smiled his forlorn smile and went off to comfort himself with "Abide with Me." His fingertips then touched, in turn, the ropes which, with a simple pull, would send out over the roofs in the valley the notes of "*God . . . save . . . our . . . gra . . . cious . . .*"

On the marriage day he listened to every broadcast. He heard the bells of Westminster. He heard the shouting of the people. Several times he heard the forbidden anthem. Jenny Phipps listened, too, and lots of the neighbors crowded into the little shop to listen with them. In between-times Jenny sat on the steps of the belfry or mooned among the lichen-mottled stones in the graveyard.

Once she crossed his path. She said, "You're not goin' to play it?"

He smiled his regretful smile, and she wept again. He bought her toffees. She rejected them scornfully. At dusk they were in the little shop again drinking in the cheering of the mobs outside the palace, and all the time the bell-ringer smiled and Jenny wept for joy. When it was over and they were outside on the pavement, with the distant hum of the town coming up again from the valley, she said:—

"They're gone off now, and he'll be kissin' her all night, and not wan mangy tune out of yer bloody bells. As long as ever I live, cut me throat in three places, so help me God this night, I'll never, never, never speak a single word to you again!"

"Jenny," he leaned down to her, and whispered. "Stay awake tonight."

"When?" she asked.

"One o'clock," he whispered. "But not wan word to a living soul."

She clambered up his chest and kissed him all over like a dog.

Of course Jenny was sound asleep by one o'clock.

The whole town was sound asleep. When the bell-ringer stole up the wooden stairs not even a mouse scampered across the wooden floor. But first he climbed up to the parapet and looked over the moist roofs, and the moon was low over the distant lochs of the harbor. Not a murmur. He returned to the loft. The creaking of the great bell that rings the hours told him that the ratchets were engaging: the usual two minutes' warning. He gripped the ropes and waited for the solitary boom and lingering echo to die away. Then he played it.

In that vacant hour the bells sound a thousand times more loud. He felt that the very dead below in the graveyard must hear him. It took about forty seconds. He heard the last vibration die, and stood listening. Not a sign. He clambered up to the parapet again, and with the sweat cooling on his forehead, he looked over the moon-pale roofs. Not a sign. And never after did he get any sign from anywhere that anybody had heard. Yet, some

people must have heard: sick people, people lying awake and thinking, late strollers, lovers who had loved too late and lovers who had strayed too long. They would probably have talked about it the next morning as something they dreamed or imagined. By now he probably feels unsure himself, smiling his wide smile as he considers the matter, whether he ever rang the bells at all.

So, when I met him a couple of days after I had collected all this I said, challengingly:—

"You told me you never played 'God Save the King.' Didn't you play it in the middle of the night?"

He smiled. "That's a story they put out about me."

"Are you sure now?"

"I'm as sure," said the bell-ringer, "as I'm sure of anything."

But the trouble is that, as I looked at him, I couldn't be sure that he is ever sure of very much.

NOW I BECOME MYSELF

by MAY SARTON

Now I become myself. It's taken
Time, many years and places;
I have been dissolved and shaken,
Worn other people's faces,
Run madly as if Time were there
Terribly old, crying a warning,
"Hurry, you will be dead before —"
(What? Before you reach the morning
Or the end of the poem is clear
Or love safe in the walled city.)
Now to stand still, to be here,
Feel my own weight and density.
The black shadow on the paper
Is my hand; the shadow of a word
As thought shapes the shaper
Falls heavy on the page, is heard.
All fuses now, falls into place
From wish to action, word to silence,
My work, my love, my time, my face
Gathered into one intense
Gesture of growing like a plant.
As slowly as the ripening fruit
Fertile, detached, and always spent,
Falls but does not exhaust the root,
So all the poem is, can give
Grows in me to become the song,
Made so and rooted so by love.
Now there is time and Time is young.
O, in this single hour I live
All of myself and do not move.
I, the pursued who madly ran,
Stand still, stand still, and stop the sun!

Good Taste

Wise buyers know that there is a brilliant store in Dallas, Texas, which has as much influence in establishing a new fashion as any rival in Manhattan. When Neiman-Marcus held a fashion show last year, twenty thousand applications for tickets had to be refused for lack of space. Stanley Marcus, executive vice-president of the company, is one of those responsible for promotion techniques which have made the store not only a powerful influence on the taste of the whole Southwest but also one of the foremost arbiters of the fashion world.

FASHION IS MY BUSINESS

by STANLEY MARCUS

1

IN ANY civilized society, not bound by rigid social taboos, there are always a few people who are leaders and who demonstrate their leadership by asserting their desire for self-individualization. Others, not so bold, will respond to this leadership in politics, ethics, or dress. They are the followers who emulate their more courageous brethren.

In earlier days, fashions were often set by court decree. A Cleopatra tiring of Egyptian garb revived the classic Greek gown. A Josephine, pregnant at the time, ordered the ladies of the court to follow the lines of her maternity dresses; hence, the generally unflattering fashion known as the Empire silhouette. In later times, women of great taste, prominence, and wealth could, by their selections, influence the fashion in clothes. (The same process, of course, exists in men's fashions as well. Even the names of some of the male fashion setters have gone into our lexicon for the articles of clothing that they favored. Hence, we have the "Inverness" cape, the "Norfolk" jacket, the "Cardigan" coat, the "Raglan" sleeve.)

Clothes were custom-made and consequently very expensive until the turn of the century when the manufactured garment came into existence. The manufactured garment was, of course, influenced in its styling by the trends set by "them" — a handful of prominent women — but throughout the country the manufacturer's name began to carry with it a certain element of authority. A cloak by "Beller," a suit by "Hickson," a gown by "Edward L. Mayer," became assurance to women that they were "in fashion."

Now women all over America could get fine, beautiful clothes at home instead of having to travel to the custom-made houses in Paris or New York. The further democratization of fashion came when rayon became the common material for women's dresses in the late twenties and brought about the development of inexpensive daytime dresses in good fashion. Mass fashion publications educated women

over the land in the parlance of fashion and the barometry of the hem line.

Coincidentally, the two wars exacted a toll from those whose great wealth permitted them to be the experimenters and the dictators in fashion. Today we have no dictators in fashion who can sway the mode in one direction or another. No single fashion magazine is the arbiter of taste or of fashion. Some report fashion extremely well, but for the most part they are either glorified mail-order catalogues or trade journals sold to the public so that manufacturers and retailers can impress each other by their advertisements.

As a result of mass production, mass publications, and mass distribution, the general level of fashion in America is pretty high — certainly the highest in the world. As fashion became democratized, the education of public taste did not keep pace with the production and distribution of merchandise in good fashion. Good taste implies a knowledge of appropriateness and an understanding of when and where to wear a garment and what to wear with it. In all strata of American life this understanding is sadly deficient. Most women don't know, and some know that they don't know. So when in doubt they wear that little black dress — whether they're disembarking from the *Queen Mary* at noon in July or whether they're attending a morning musicale. Certainly, the black dress has its place, if only it were kept in its place.

One day I was put to the acid test: principle versus expediency. One of our salespersons was waiting on a man and his sixteen-year-old daughter for a fur coat. I was asked to come into the fitting room to pass on a mink coat that the father had just about decided to buy. In those days a mink coat sold for two thousand dollars and the salesperson was elated over her prospective sale. I discovered, as I checked the fit of the coat, that the daughter was going to a fashionable school in the East for her first year. It seemed inappropriate for a

sixteen-year-old girl to go away to school with a mink coat, and I could foresee the social ostracism she would face when her new associates first saw her in her mink coat. I tried to switch her interest to a muskrat or to a beaver coat, either of which would have been more appropriate. The salesperson shot black looks in my direction, the child pouted, and the father got mad. I explained my position to him, whereupon he arose and walked out with his tearful daughter. For the sake of good taste, I had lost a two-thousand-dollar sale.

The next day, however, I was called to the fur department. The father was back, and very contrite. He apologized for his attitude the previous day and explained that when he told his sister what had happened, she had said, "Mr. Marcus was right. A sixteen-year-old girl has no business going off to school with a mink coat. Go back and buy the one he tells you to." So I sold him a muskrat coat for \$295 and I made a customer for life. Six years later when the daughter married, I sold him a mink coat.

2

THE public today is often befuddled by a combination of retail sales-promotion, fashion columnists' advice, and motion picture fashion precept. But leaders in fashion aren't dead, for the instinct for self-individualization can never die in a free society. These leaders aren't the society leaders of yesterday; they aren't the ten best-dressed women the newspapers select annually. The leaders are anonymous and their voices do not carry the authority of a Mrs. Belmont or a Mrs. Vanderbilt. Today these women of taste who are the leaders of fashion are in the colleges, in offices, in homes, among all classes. They are fighting against mass regimentation by daring to try out a dress cut low or high, a skirt long or short, a hairdress clipped or curled. They make mistakes in fashion judgment, but through their experimentations new trends evolve that develop into mass fashions. They obey no dictates of retailer or designer. They take ideas from both; they supply them with many.

The merchant who is close to his business must watch for these signs of fashion experimentation by his customers. He must fan the spark of self-individualization, for that is how fashion is born. Certain women or men are what is known in retail parlance as "hard customers." They are hard because they are not easily satisfied; they know more, they want more. In my personal experience as a retailer, I have learned more from such customers than I have from the so-called "easy ones."

I have spent hours trying to help a customer find a dress for \$50, because I was learning from her what she expected in color, fabric, and silhouette. Her purse was limited, her taste was superb. She would make no compromise between what she wanted and what she could afford to pay. Either

she found her dress or I would order one for her to satisfy her exacting taste. One such woman gave us the cue for an entirely new shade of yellow, simply because she had a feeling for a buff-yellow that she had seen in a painting. The shade was not commercially available, so we had a whole piece of fabric dyed in order to deliver a dress to her for \$39.50. The following year this particular color became a popular success.

At the end of the fur season, I "invest" a great deal of time with women who are buying fur coats. From the reactions of some women I am able to sense the trends that our next season's fur collection should take — the size of collars, the shape of shoulders, lengths, and types of sleeves. Often these reactions are completely involuntary, for the customer may not know exactly what she's looking for. It is important, however, to recognize that she is looking for something that does not exist at the moment.

An alert retailer learns to evaluate his patrons and to know which ones he must watch. We, in our store, believe that if we can satisfy our most discriminating customers, we shall have little difficulty in pleasing those who are less demanding.

I was expounding this credo one day to a manufacturer with whom we had been unable to do a large business. He had been content to make an average product and had never demonstrated any desire to lift himself above the level of mediocrity in the fashion business. Suddenly, as if a vision had passed before him, he exclaimed, "Why, if that works for you, why shouldn't it do the same for me?" I told him it would if he wanted to work at it hard enough for a long enough period of time. From then on, he never said no to a single demand we made on him. If we criticized a model, he made as many corrections as we thought necessary; if we didn't like his colors, he dyed new ones; if we didn't care for his fabrics, he procured those we wanted. Slowly the character of his business changed. Our volume with him grew from a few thousand dollars a year to several hundred thousand. Other good stores throughout the nation became aware of him and clamored for his product.

Not long ago we were recounting the original conversation that had revolutionized his business life. "You know," he said, "if I had to lose money on the goods I sell you, it would be worth it, because I know that if I can please you, I can satisfy any store in America." By creating a set of standards for him, we made him a better manufacturer, we developed a better resource for ourselves, and our buying public profited by getting a better product.

In the nineteenth century most articles of apparel were made to order by custom makers for those who could afford them, or made at home for those of limited means. The twentieth century has witnessed the development of mass manufacturing of every article of clothing at prices to fit virtually every

pocketbook. Some of the articles thus made and offered to the public are well designed and in good taste, others are poorly designed and in bad taste.

The consumer faces a dual challenge. First, there is the selection of those things in good taste as opposed to those in bad taste; second, there is the problem of combining the various articles of the wardrobe to reflect good taste in the ensemble. I have observed that most people have less difficulty in selecting the good from the bad than they do in getting the right things together. To help our patrons at this point, we assemble the costume with all its accessories in one of our private selling rooms. Our sales staff is trained to suggest tactfully a change in color or detail, and recommend conscientiously the correct thing without regard to any mercenary interest of a larger sale. Mrs. Neiman, my brothers, or I may be called in to pass final judgment. We have no hesitancy in "killing" a sale if we feel that the customer is buying the wrong dress or fur or hat.

Sometimes, of course, the customer doesn't take our counsel. Once a patron sent for me to advise her whether I thought a blue coat was more becoming than a red one. I expressed my preference for the blue one in no uncertain terms, whereupon she promptly bought the red one. While the blue coat unquestionably suited her coloring better, the red one filled some psychological yearning that I had missed. And in the fashion business, it's as necessary to fit the mind as it is the body.

3

THE taste of the general public isn't as good as that of the sophisticated minority, but it isn't as bad as most manufacturers and retailers believe it to be. The public will buy bad taste in merchandise if it has no choice, but it will usually respond to any product in good taste if that product is presented at the right time with authority. Public taste can be led astray by bad example; it can be elevated by consistent education and by the presence of a recognized set of standards.

We bring to our market the finest in design and quality from all parts of the world. We amplify these selections with fashion developments of our own, many of which have had an educational benefit as well as fashion success. Several years ago I was visited by two women from Oklahoma who had studied the dress of the American Indian and felt that here was an unexplored field for fashion inspiration. I was greatly impressed by their research and agreed to try to translate their source material into wearable modern-day dress. We suggested the idea to several of our leading designers, who created a wonderful collection of clothes and accessories. *Vogue* devoted editorial pages to this story of Americana in fashion. Our displays and advertising showed both original costumes and modern deriva-

tions, thus opening new vistas of knowledge to a large group of people who might never have had the slightest conception that the American Indian was influenced in his costumes by the dress of his Spanish, French, and English conquerors.

So vast is the field of Indian inspiration that it could not be exhausted at one time. A few years later we took the colors and the designs of the sand paintings made by the Navajo Indians of New Mexico. We designed dresses embodying the corn motif, ever present in Navajo mythology; we made printed fabrics inspired by various phases of sand-painting design. In our windows the clothes were shown against actual sand paintings reproduced in reduced scale. Not only were the clothes successfully received, but thousands of people who had never been to the Hogan in Santa Fe became acquainted with the lore of the Navajos.

Two years ago a brochure passed across my desk announcing that a special set of reproductions of the paintings of Paul Gauguin would be issued in 1948 to commemorate the centenary of his birth. Thereupon, we decided to prepare a collection of clothes made in colors taken directly from Gauguin paintings. These colors were dyed for us in wool, silk, and leather. To implement this presentation we gathered from collectors all over the country a group of twenty paintings by Gauguin, many of which had never been lent by the owners previously. These were shown in a special gallery, and reproductions of other paintings from which the colors had been taken were displayed in our show windows. Throngs of people came to see the exhibition, and school groups were brought in a body to see how art inspired industry. School officials later told us that the Gauguin presentation had created a greater interest in art in the schools than any other single event in their memory.

The five-hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing by Gutenberg led to the development of a series of black and white prints, accompanied by an exhibition of pages from the Gutenberg Bible. The revival of the Dutch tulip industry after the war brought forth a collection of clothes inspired by the colors of five thousand blooming tulips which we had flown from Holland. This constant search for new ideas, for cultural inspiration, not only helps the sale of merchandise but it enriches the community we serve. And, besides, it's a lot of fun.

Of course, not all of these creative fashion brainstorms are successful. We have our percentage of flops just as they do in the theater. Some of our mistakes are in judgment when we pick a bad color or a difficult silhouette. We err at times by being reactionary about an incoming fashion. Last year I misjudged the acceptance of the cinched-in waistline. I refused to believe that women would wear that device of torture known as a "minimizer," and I discouraged our buyer from purchasing them. I soon found out that I was wrong, so I had to send

her back to market to recoup my misjudgment. But most of our mistakes occur in timing, when we introduce a fashion before the public is ready. I gain no solace from being too far in advance of the times, for the real art in retailing, as in politics, lies in keeping in time with changing public sentiment.

If any fashion trend were plotted on a graph like the index of building construction or steel capacity, a similar curve would result. From a low point the curve would ascend as the momentum of the fashion grew, it would reach a peak, and would finally level off or fall abruptly. The greatest problem in fashion forecasting is to know when a given trend is in its ascendancy, when it reaches its peak, and when it is beginning to decline. We must watch a new fashion trend from its infancy, nurse it through its adolescence, play it strongly through its early maturity, and be wise enough to know when it enters its stage of senility.

A fashion is usually unprofitable in its primary period because not enough people want it. It becomes profitable at adolescence and reaches its full profit state of maturity when large numbers of people are clamoring for it. The length of this stage is the most difficult and the most important to forecast, for a wrong guess either way can result in substantial losses. If the fashion is played past its peak, surplus stocks accumulate which must be sold at great sacrifice. If the fashion is underplayed, customers go to a competing store having stock of the wanted article.

I've had my share of successes and failures in forecasting the birth and death of fashions. Some of my prognostications were stillborn, and some outlived my prophecies by years. Gabardine entered the fashion picture about ten years ago, and by all the rules of fashion prophecy it should have died of old age. I thought it had reached its apex five years ago and so notified our buyers. Fortunately, our buyers did not follow my advice completely, for the demand continued. The following year I was certain the fashion was over. The demand still continued. This particular fashion has violated all the rules upon which we normally rely, so now I'm ready to consult a clairvoyant for guidance.

Some years ago we developed a fur garment known in the trade as a "sling cape." We first made it in sable, then in chinchilla and mink. It was very popular, for it was generally becoming to women of all sizes and types. Demand forced us to copy it in less costly furs, so we began to reduce our stocks of the cape in the more expensive pelts. We were wrong, for the calls for this unique garment in mink continued unabated. Every season we start off by saying, "Well, we'd better go easy on the sling cape, for it can't go on." But it does go on, and we're now convinced that it will go on until another garment is invented that will do more for the wearer than the sling cape. So far that replacement is not on the fashion horizon.

I misjudged the life span of the fleece coat, the color "Shocking," and the open-toed shoe. All of this adds up to the fact that the fashion business is not a science, and that it is as difficult for us to score 100 per cent in fashion prediction as it is for the economists to forecast a bull market. The margin of success in both cases lies in being right much more often than being wrong. And you can't be right unless you are willing to take a chance.

4

ON September 6, 1930, one of the great oil fields of the world "blew in" in East Texas, transforming, by literal black magic, people of less than moderate means into millionaires overnight. Many of these millionaires had never had the money to buy fine clothes for themselves or their families — to provide comfortable, gracious *décor* in their homes. But because there was a recognizable authority in the form of a store a hundred miles away, they were able to avoid many of the pitfalls of the "new rich." A few spent their money blatantly and in poor taste, but the majority displayed discernment and good judgment. They were willing to be guided because they recognized an authority upon which they could depend. Their tastes began to be molded and shaped by the clothes they wore and the furniture and *décor* selected for their homes, and in a relatively brief period it was difficult to distinguish them from any "old" money group in America.

We see this metamorphosis daily not only with our customers but with members of our staff as well. We employ a great many girls between the ages of seventeen and nineteen, who come to us from small neighboring towns, some of them directly from the farms. The first few days they may walk awkwardly, their clothes may be assembled with uncertainty, but within a few weeks they begin to observe how the "older" members of the staff walk and dress. They imitate the way the mannequins fix their hair, they twist a string of simulated pearls around a neckerchief, they tone down their make-up. In three months it's difficult to detect any signs of the farm, and in six months some of them are mannequins. Again, it is simply a case of exposure to environment.

Of course, there are some people whose taste will never improve however they are exposed. Some are born without a sensibility for beauty and proportion, just as some are born color-blind and without an ear for music. Then too, early environment may have been so tremendously influential that no subsequent changes in surroundings can overcome early taste formations. There is a great unexplored field in education, from primary levels upwards, in the development of the sense of discrimination. Most schools are ugly, most schoolteachers are uncertain of their own tastes.

Last year the Teachers Art League of the Dallas

public schools recognized this deficiency and asked us to conduct a special educational fashion show for its membership, to dramatize taste in dress. In this show we pointed out some of the common errors in coordinating a costume, in mixing colors, in appropriateness. Since teaching is an underpaid profession, many members of the teaching profession excuse mediocrity of appearance on the grounds of inadequate income. There is no question that they are underpaid, but we proved it is possible, even on a teacher's salary, to look attractive. Courses in taste will come naturally when teachers' taste reaches a higher level.

Recently I met a very distinguished woman from France. She had been in America during the German occupation and she related her impressions of France upon her return after the liberation. We eventually came to the subject of the French *couture* and how it fared during the war. She told me that when she saw her first French *couture* collection in 1946 she was appalled. All the fine discrimination of pre-war days had disappeared. She called for the head of the firm and asked what had happened. He replied, "Madame, we have not lost our designers or our workers, but we have lost our critics. During the war our most discriminating customers were out of Paris. Our patrons were the Germans and the black-marketeers. They were willing to buy anything, and without our critical customers our standards have suffered."

The retailer in America who felt a responsibility to maintain his standards of quality and taste during the war had a different problem. He didn't lose his "critics," but he was overwhelmed by demand caused by shortages and increased income. Anything he bought would sell. Some stores succumbed to the lure of the dollar, but throughout the country were notable examples of retailers who preferred to limit their business to merchandise of their customary taste and quality level as well as they could under wartime restrictions.

To maintain a standard of taste in any field is difficult. It is even more difficult in a retail establishment which is dealing with large and diverse groups of people. A *couturier* restricts his clientele to those who like his particular type of designing. He may even limit entree to his establishment to those whose social background he approves. A retail establishment is open to anyone who wants to enter the portals. Its buying is not done by a single person but by a staff of buyers whose tastes vary. Its selling is done by an even larger staff. The management, in the form of one or several persons, must undertake to establish a standard of taste by which it is content to be judged. It requires courage and a certain amount of presumptuousness to be willing to say, "This is good, that is bad." Such a decision implies a readiness to let some portion

of business potential go elsewhere, for not all customers will be satisfied with what the retailer believes to be good.

In the fashion business it is necessary to maintain an eclectic attitude, for taste changes with the times. What might have been considered bad taste in one era becomes good taste in another. A buyer must always be careful to prevent his personal likes from warping his judgment of objective good taste. When Countess Mara came from Europe to this country she visited me to show her new ideas for men's ties. I have always had a personal predilection for small-patterned ties, so I wasn't enthusiastic about her bold patterns. Furthermore, I was adamant in my belief that men would never be willing to wear a tie with a crest advertising the maker on the front of the tie. The fact that the crest was that of a woman made it even more unacceptable.

I expressed myself in no uncertain terms to the Countess who, undaunted by my criticism, proceeded to design her ties according to her original plans. To my astonishment men of good taste swung from small patterns to the larger patterns and expressed no resistance to the Countess's crest. In fact, they liked it. When I realized how badly I had misjudged the changing taste of the masculine world I had to go to the Countess in great repentance and confess my error. She very indulgently forgave me and sold us the ties which I had erroneously predicted would be a complete failure.

Despite the fact that a store may have from ten to a hundred buyers, a homogeneity of taste can be achieved if the management knows what it wants and determines to enforce its concepts. In our own store we have frequently withdrawn from sale merchandise which we believed our buyers had erred in buying. We have lost thousands of dollars in business on a certain type of handbag, simply because we were unwilling to sell a bag that did not represent our taste. We rejected an offer of a manufacturer of costume jewelry who was willing to put a stock in on consignment and guarantee us a profit of \$25,000 without risk on our part. We would have made money, but would have felt a sense of shame every time we saw one of our customers wearing one of the overornamented bracelets or pins. We don't think of ourselves as retail heroes for passing up the profit. We think it good business to lose one dollar to make three. We know our business is greater because our customers have confidence in us, and we know that no sale is a good one that doesn't satisfy our "critics."

It has been interesting to see how an institution can affect the tastes of a whole community, including those it doesn't serve directly. Some of our fellow retailers emulate us, just as some of our customers emulate the fashion pace-setters. Stores are just a group of people in corporate form responding to that dynamic force — self-individualization.

I Personally

An Englishman who was taught to drive by Charles Rolls of the Rolls-Royce, who owned his first car in 1898, and who built his first car, a "Simplex," in 1901, JOHN E. HUTTON was one of the pioneer motorists in Europe. In road races Mr. Hutton hit sixty miles an hour years before Barney Oldfield, and he has driven more than "a million miles without causing bodily damage to any human being." This is the second of his two nostalgic articles.

RACING AND TOURING

by JOHN E. HUTTON

1

I ENTERED my first automobile race in 1901, the course being from Nice to Salon and back through the tortuous Esterel mountains. My car was a 4-cylinder 12 h.p. Panhard with tube ignition and chain drive. A vast concourse turned out, and at the start we were pelted with flowers. Going up the mountain I assumed the lead, but taking care on the downward steep descent, with its infinite number of hairpin bends, I was overtaken by another racer — driving, I thought, much too fast for safety in view of the fact that the road was not clear of other traffic and our brakes were none too good.

Sure enough, in another half mile, I came round a corner to find the road blocked by an overturned car and two men lying in the road, one of whom was adorned with a scarlet garment wound about his middle. Seizing the end, I pulled and the man rolled over and over, groaning horribly, as I unwound the material, which I spread across the road just above the corner where the accident happened. This improvised red flag saved a grisly mess since cars would certainly have piled up against mine and the wreck. With the help of other drivers we got the overturned car removed to one side and, bundling the loudly complaining driver and mechanic into the back of my car, took them to a hospital. Although I actually finished second in this race, the French disqualified me because I had "left the course" to take the casualties to the hospital — which I felt was a little hard.

My next race was from Nice to Monte Carlo over the precipitous La Turbie. It was here I saw the first death in my racing career. The car in front of me took the opening hairpin bend too fast and crashed into the rock. Strangely enough, I was to see this driver's son killed at Brooklands, some twenty years later, on one of my visits to that track.

The speeds were at first very low — around 45 m.p.h. — but the utterly inadequate brakes gave the drivers plenty of thrill. During the Monte Carlo race I had a lot of trouble with ignition and

used all my available matches trying to get the burner to light, which it did at last.

In 1903 I was engaged for the Paris-Madrid race — which was to end prematurely in a disastrous shambles of drivers and spectators who crowded the road in dense throngs, not realizing the greatly increased speed of the cars of that year. In order to avoid plowing into the onlookers blocking the road, the drivers were forced to drive to the side, crashing into trees and telegraph poles. One of the famous Renault brothers was killed, and others whose names I cannot recall were killed or terribly injured.

I had bespoken one of six 60 h.p. Mercedes cars, three of which were reserved for crack German drivers. When I went to the Mercedes works to pick up my car, the last to be delivered, the works superintendent came to me with this ominous warning: "Mr. Hutton, we have delivered five of these cars; there have been five drivers killed; please be careful!" I soon discovered the need for this caution. In their acceleration and speed these remarkable cars, which, in accordance with the rules, weighed with racing body under 1000 kilos, were so far in advance of anything hitherto constructed as to demand caution by the driver. We still did not have front-wheel brakes, and the time required to reduce the top speed of 80 m.p.h. to zero entailed formidable risks.

I won numerous races, hill-climbs, and competitions in this same car in the Irish motor-racing carnival that year; and in Phoenix Park, Dublin, I was officially timed to cover a measured mile at the speed of 80½ m.p.h. — which was, I believe, a record up to that hour. So highly were these Mercedes cars prized that I sold the racer, after I had finished with it, for \$14,000.

It would only be boring to relate the innumerable races and competitions in which I took part subsequently in various makes of cars and with diverse success. I accumulated such an array of silver "pots" and trophies as to become embarrassed with

their upkeep. The sulphur-laden atmosphere of London tarnished them rapidly, and they required hours of attention daily. I tried having them lacquered, to no avail, as a "London Particular" pea-soup fog instantly undid all the care bestowed upon them. One day I loaded the lot, with the exception of two or three small table pieces, and delivered them to a bullion dealer who gave me some \$4000 for them, representing about 25 per cent of the shop value.

The cash prizes were something else again: in my best year I was fortunate enough to win over \$18,000. The famous Brooklands motor-racing track was opened in 1906 and on the opening day, driving my old 135 h.p. Mercedes, I had the luck to win the most valuable race ever staged there, a cash prize of £1200 (\$5000) and a \$1000 gold cup.

During this race an amusing incident happened. On my second lap, while running at over 100 miles per hour, I saw something suddenly fly past my head and it was only when I noticed the overhead valve tappets dancing like crazy crickets on my engine I realized that I had lost the engine hood — the strap holding it having broken. As we came round on the third lap there in the center of the track were my hood and one of the attendants who had gone out to collect it. I have seen fear exhibited many times but never have I seen a man so scared as he was when he viewed a dozen monsters approaching him at over 140 feet per second. Mercifully, his terror immobilized him: had he tried to get off the track before the cars passed, there would have been a ghastly smash as the cars tried to avoid him and each other.

In the following year I had made for me two special cars which carried my name. They were designed for the "four-inch" class in which the four cylinders must not have a diameter exceeding four inches but had no limit on length of stroke. One of my cars had an eight-inch stroke, the other a nine-inch. These cars were a tremendous success, winning the coveted "four-inch race" on the tortuous and dangerous Isle of Man mountain course, and numerous other competitions, with the greatest ease. At Brooklands, with one of these cars, I set up a world record for the class, which stood unchallenged for ten years. Incidentally, in those days we had no protection in front of the driver, and the wind pressure on the head and chest was terrific.

One race on that track stands out in my memory. The finish of the course was along a straightaway at right angles to the track, and if a driver did not instantly brake as he passed the finishing line, he was liable to run up the excessively steep bank at the top of the circuit, which had a gradient of nearly one in one. Just before I was due to race, a young man finishing in the previous race failed to brake in time and ran up the steep grade, where his car turned turtle. He was instantly killed.

After the interval, the bell rang for my race, and

just as I was about to leave the paddock a friend drew my attention to a fracture of my wooden rear wheel, and begged me not to start. Feeling that I should be accused of cowardice because of the previous accident, and aware that much of the crowd had bet on me, I preferred to face the risk rather than the (undeserved) ignominy. When running I let the car steer itself on the banks, only guiding it in the straight, so as to minimize any lateral stress on the defective wheel. I won the race but was thoroughly scared throughout the course!

My last race at Brooklands in 1907 nearly proved my undoing. It was 100 miles and I was driving my little special at a steady 98 m.p.h. when I was overtaken by a 135 h.p. Mercedes on one of the high banks. Just as he came abreast of me I saw that the driver was in difficulties, and in an instant his car crashed sidelong across the track, missing me by inches as I steered uphill and behind him. The last I saw was two men, with arms and legs spread out like starfish, high over the telephone wires, and the huge car engine projected into the midst of a crowd of spectators. (Fortunately none of them was harmed.) The mechanic was killed; the driver, who subsequently recovered, was quite unable to explain the reason for the accident. That was a grueling race. In every direction, as I went round the track, I saw cars upside down and burning.

2

WHEN considering the skill and daring of the racing car drivers one must pay homage to the fortitude of the racing mechanics who accompanied them. They had nerves of steel. It is one thing to drive a racing car and quite another to be driven in a race. Once, and only once, I was fool enough to be driven by a French racing driver, Bablot, during a practice run round a course we were both to race over the following week. Never had I been so terrified! The driver had a padded seat, but the wretched mechanic sat on the floor boards hanging on for grim death. As we approached corners, I was sure the driver had forgotten his brakes. While one has to carry a mechanic on road races to help change wheels and for other car service, I never carried one at Brooklands or in short sprint races and hill-climbs, because I considered it unreasonable to risk another man's life if his presence was not essential.

My own road racing career was limited in extent since the cost of road racing, with all the elaborate organization required, could only be faced by a very wealthy man or with the backing of a manufacturer or oil company.

I ought to explain that when I raced, it was mainly for the purpose of advertising the cars in which, for some years, I dealt. Mercedes, Panhard, Berliet, and the special "Hutton" were my principal mounts, and at no time did I ever race as a pro-

fessional driver for a manufacturer, nor was I ever subsidized by one. I was only an amateur.

The great Continental car makers had their regular paid professional drivers, and in addition to those already mentioned I recall Mors, Peugeot, Napier, Darracq, Delage, Benz, and Renault. After my day, we produced a fine lot of ultra-high-speed drivers: the Guinness brothers, Segrave, Sir Malcolm Campbell — who still holds the world record of 141 miles per hour for a motor-driven boat — and John Cobb, who holds the world record for cars at the incredible speed of 369 miles per hour.

Those of you who drive around in your luxurious and speedy sedans owe us pioneers a debt of gratitude! For we did all the dirty work. There was a great deal of criticism on racing cars at the time, but it must be remembered that the rapid evolution of the touring car was directly attributable to the experience and research put into the design of racing cars. Without the incentive of racing, the design of touring cars would have stagnated. Front-wheel brakes, detachable wheels, higher engine compression — these were a few of the direct results of racing research.

3

CHARLES ROLLS, whose name is borne by the Rolls-Royce car, was unfortunately killed at Bourne-mouth when flying one of the earliest "string-bag" planes. He was a very keen and wealthy young engineer who enlisted the services of a crane manufacturer, Royce, to build a car. He was fortunate in his choice, for Royce not only was a first-class engineer but was impelled by the conviction that nothing but the very best should leave his works: a motto which was to gain for his motor the pre-eminent position in which his products stood and which has persisted to the present day.

I knew Rolls well and as he had the peculiarity of working only late at night, I spent many hours after dark at his father's house in London scheming business deals. It seems a tragedy he did not live long enough to see the full development of his initiative. The Rolls-Royce car was always sold at a very high price and I fear many were bought by the desire of the purchaser to compete with his neighbors. It became the style to describe such a customer as "a man with Rolls-Royce ideas and a Ford income."

Bentley cars, which also bore the name of the designer, created a considerable stir by the very fine performance they made in racing, and at one time they were the pre-eminent British racing car. The Rolls-Royce company bought up the concern, and the Rolls-Bentley, which costs around \$25,000 in England, is today one of the most sought-after high-speed touring cars. This affords one example of the racing car of yesterday becoming the tourer of today.

Of the European makes one must not neglect the Italian Fiat and Lancia cars. Developed by the ordeal of high speed on the mountainous roads of Italy and on the flatter roads of France, these fine touring cars were produced in considerable volume.

Some of the earlier British cars had horizontal engines which, if I recollect aright, included Wolseley and Wilson-Pilcher. A horizontal engine with opposed pistons was, I think, built into the French Gobron-Brillie (called in England the "Gobbling-Billy"). One came to England to race and nearly asphyxiated everyone by the pungency of its exhaust, since alcohol was used for fuel.

The first American cars I recall seeing in England were steamers, Stanley and White. There were also European steamers, the Serpollet and the English Roots & Venables. It used to be fun to watch the driver of these steam cars at the start of hill-climbs or sprint races. The corpulent driver of the White was an amusing character and we would watch him getting up steam while his pressure gauge needle circumnavigated the dial. What pressure it generated I never knew, but at the signal to start, the car either emitted an ominous crack and remained stationary or sped off like a rocket, decelerating as the pressure returned to normal.

The advent of the Ford in England excited little more than amusement until the full impact of its implication was appreciated. It was, I feel sure, the Ford which gave Morris the incentive to build cars for the masses. This was followed later by Austin who produced the tiny 10 h.p. car which I could never get into and which earned the unkind sobriquet of the "bus-drivers' spitoon."

Owing to the motorcar tax being calculated upon the horsepower of the engine, based upon the R.A.C. (Royal Automobile Club) formula, and in some respects to the relatively high cost of gasoline, English cars were developed on very different lines from the American. The former were fitted with high-speed engines, very economical on fuel, of moderate power quite sufficient for British touring.

On the other hand, the British makers developed individual design not only in the mechanism but particularly in the bodies, so that anyone with the slightest knowledge could accurately define the maker — which, to the uninitiated, is not so easy amid the regimentation of American design.

There is, and has always been, a brisk demand for custom-made bodies (at fabulous cost) by such ancient coachbuilders as Barker, Hooper, and Thrupp and Maberley. Naturally, the mass-produced-car manufacturers make their own bodies.

The most elaborate car I ever sold was a 40 h.p. Mercedes fitted with a body made by one of the famous London coachbuilders to the order of a well-known New York lawyer, who told me he wanted the most expensive car I could produce. I enlisted the services of cabinetmakers, plumbers, and others, to install a basin, drawers and closet for clothes,

and goodness knows what besides. The buyer was delighted and, after signing his check, instructed my secretary to send cables to ten acquaintances bearing the laconic message: "I have just purchased a \$40,000 automobile"! As he presumably had to pay another \$20,000 for packing, freight, and duty I felt he had got what he wanted.

Among the costly cars, besides Rolls-Royce may be mentioned the French-made Hispano-Suiza and the American Locomobile and Duesenberg, each of which cost several thousand dollars.

The Daimler has for decades been the choice of the British Royal House; and if you would see what cars looked like some thirty years ago, view those from the Royal Household, which perpetuate the original design.

The early influence of French pioneer work in connection with cars is shown by French nomenclature still in use. Such words as garage, chassis, chauffeur, and automobile are evidence of this. The same may be said of aeroplane terms.

4

OF ALL the pleasures derivable from a car, there is none which excels that of the tour. In America and Canada today the congestion on the road at holiday time and the need for following a schedule to ensure accommodation at previously reserved sleeping quarters make touring a matter of strict routine. Touring in Europe some forty years ago was a happy-go-lucky jaunt with leisure to pause and enjoy natural or architectural beauty. The roads were never congested — indeed one might drive many miles without meeting another vehicle. Further, one never had to bother about meals or night accommodation, for at the humblest little inn one might depend upon a wholesome attractive meal washed down with *vin du pays* at most reasonable prices.

The rule of the road in Britain is "Keep to the left" while that in most of Europe is "Keep to the right." I never found any difficulty in the sudden transition when I crossed the Channel into France; in half an hour one automatically observed the rule.

After France my favorite touring country was Switzerland, where the roads are mostly mountainous and the scenery is magnificent. Some of the mountain passes, rising at times to 8000 feet elevation, were rather frightening, particularly those where the mail van had the right of road next the towering wall of rock. All other traffic, on hearing the mail van's signal, had to keep to the precipice side, which was often the wrong side, and you hoped no other vehicle would be heading for you as you rounded a blind corner.

If you wish to enjoy motoring in Switzerland at its best, cross one of the passes from France or Italy immediately after the roads are cleared of snow and be entranced by the lovely spring flowers awakened

from their winter sleep. Children offer you armfuls of lilies of the valley, daffodils, narcissi, and the like, against the magnificent background of the snow-clad Alps.

In contrast to Switzerland the heat, dust, dirt, and poverty, coupled with human and other impedimenta on the road, made driving in India more a burden than a pleasure. I spent some days at New Delhi exploring the surrounding country in a magnificent "Silver Ghost" placed at my disposal by the Rolls-Royce company.

My "bearer" — without whom nobody travels — was a character. His reply to my daily question as to what there was for breakfast was invariably "Fish" no matter what subsequently was served. In exasperation I told him to name the food correctly. Next morning, in reply to my query, he replied, "Fish, Sahib, but the fish is sausages."

Cars today have the power and speed of our racers, and I venture to say that it is solely due to the superb brakes and tires that novices, hardly qualified to drive a perambulator, are able to control, at least in some degree, these powerful engines put into their hands. As it is, the deaths and injuries caused by motors are shocking and are mostly avoidable. Because I have driven, in many countries, over a million miles without causing bodily damage to any human being, I may perhaps be permitted to offer to the novice a few words of advice.

Remember you are controlling a deadly weapon, capable of great acceleration and far too high a speed for most roads. Speed in itself means nothing: speed in relation to the roads and the traffic which is or is expected on them means everything. It may be quite safe to drive at 100 m.p.h. on the great motor roads of Germany and Italy specially constructed so that no side traffic can suddenly appear without warning. Twenty m.p.h. may be dangerous under conditions of traffic where an instantaneous stop may be suddenly necessary. It is far safer to start your journey sufficiently early to enable you to "make haste slowly" than to take foolish risks by driving dangerously to make up for delay due to a late start. It is better to be sure than sorry. At 60 m.p.h. you are covering 88 feet per second.

To dash up to another vehicle and bring up the car all standing, as is the practice of New York taxi drivers, is foolish and unnecessary — and it adds considerably to the upkeep of the machine. "Cutting in" when the traffic is dense, or when another car is approaching, is asking for trouble, and is the cause of much ill feeling. Be patient and considerate of others, and constantly be on your guard against the fools, who exist in incredible numbers on the road, and who in their idiotic vanity commit every breach of common sense and decency, and violate traffic rules under the misconception of being smart. To drive wisely is to drive well.



The most eminent philosopher in the English-speaking world, GEORGE SANTAYANA has been working for some years on his memoirs, two volumes of which have appeared under the title Persons and Places: "The Background of My Life" (1944) and "The Middle Span" (1945). From the final volume, now in preparation, we are privileged to draw this and a subsequent chapter. Each contains passages characteristic of Santayana at his best; each reflects his detachment from his own time, and his critical and contemplative devotion to truth.

A CHANGE OF HEART

by GEORGE SANTAYANA

I

IF A MAN were a wild spirit without a body or a habitat, his philosophy might harmlessly change at every moment, and he might well pride himself on changing it often and radically, so as to display fertility of spirit and enjoy an inexhaustibly rich experience. Being absolutely free and unfettered by circumstances, why should he stick to any particular principles or ideas and waste his time repeating himself like an idiot or a cuckoo?

It happened in my case, however, that I reached the age of reflection in Ávila, a little walled city where old people, old churches, and barren gray moors strewn with prehistoric boulders filled my mind from the first with a sense of antiquity. Nor did reflection later, in the New World, lead me seriously to think myself, or anyone else, a disembodied spirit. On the contrary, it seemed to me evident that no discoverable mind can ever have existed except in a body, so that by the presence and action of that body it might give signs and leave memorials of its passage. Then the past might be partly recalled on occasion, not as a vain dream, but as an experience and a lesson still applicable to a moderately stable world. Moreover, this stable world might contain other living bodies, similar to one's own; and their action and gestures, by mimicry, might instantly suggest to us desires and intentions animating those creatures, and rendering them sympathetic or hostile to ourselves; and so a moral world, practical and social, would become, for our imagination, the theater of our action, and a roughly valid representation of the forces actually playing upon us and determining the weal and woe of our lives.

On the other hand, the true romantic genius who today cries to the West Wind "Be thou me, impetuous one!" will cry no less exultantly tomorrow to become the East Wind for a change, although in infinite vacancy it might be hard to find the differ-

ence. A truly free spirit will never repent; he cannot revert to his true self, since he has no particular self to revert to. He must simply go on, as transcendental spirit actually does, from one fresh incarnation to another, in and out forever of every living thing. He must will everything, do everything, and suffer everything, but it can never die: at least it can never prevent itself from being born again. It must lust forever after the Eternal Feminine, or to put it more crudely, after the female of every species.

As for me, not only my body but my rather special and difficult relations to persons and places seemed clearly imposed facts; and in that setting my personal tastes and feelings became early apparent, and caused me to feel that I lived in a kind of solitude — not transcendental and spiritual, but decidedly solitariness in a crowd and foreignness among very distinct people. My preferences were clearly marked and out of harmony with my surroundings and, as I soon felt, with my times. But conceit, or firmness of disposition, kept me from suspecting that I ought to change my allegiances, and think and feel, play and work, as did the majority. Nor did I feel any impulse to contradict them or blame them. I had nothing to complain of, but I preferred solitude.

There was therefore no occasion for me to suffer moral revolutions or undergo any radical change of heart. My interest in religion had never been agonizing, only speculative and devotional. Nothing in me called for any conversion or *metanoia*. Time might transmute, without erasing, my first opinions and affections; I might wish to change my surroundings and my way of living; I never undertook to change myself. I regard my occupations and interests somewhat as an actor regards his various parts or a painter his subjects. That a man has preferences, and can understand and do one thing

better than another, follows from his inevitable limitations and definite gifts; but that which marks progress in his life is the purity of his art; I mean, the degree to which his art has become his life, so that the rest of his nature does not impede or corrupt his art, but only feeds it.

2

Now in my mental life there have been two great impediments, two congenital vices, two initial temptations: the temptation of the primitive poet to believe his fables, and the temptation of the spontaneous agent to lose himself in his world. The primitive poet falls into that first temptation inevitably; his inspiration is passive and not an art; he lends credence to his obsessions as to a higher kind of knowledge, and proclaims each new intuition to be a revelation of the truth. The Jews, says Spinoza, whenever they think something, say God told them. Prophets indeed do this explicitly and with full conviction, opposing their sudden intuitions to the current views of mankind. They are even more credulous and absorbed in life than are ordinary people, only in some extraordinary direction. Yet, unlike madmen, good prophets proclaim new ideas that the world can be led to take seriously and to weave into its conventions, at least for a time and in some sect; whence all traditional religions and moralities.

I am naturally incredulous and not a willing dupe of life in the world or in my own head; yet my imagination is not inactive. I am therefore a sort of prophet at second hand, appreciating the inspiration of others and enjoying it as my own; and for that reason the temptation to mistake it for revelation was in my case never invincible. My youthful piety was accompanied by an equal delight in geography and in architecture. I had little real contact with any of these things, but pure delight in the form and idea of them. All that I later clearly denied them was the assent due to matters of common knowledge or history; matters of fact important to get right in action, but not especially interesting to the imagination of a poet.

All her life my sister Susana was a little troubled because, as she said, she feared that I was "moving away from God." Yet at heart I was not *moving* at all. I was only *seeing* what a catastrophe the Christian *Weltanschauung* was pregnant with, if you took it for history and cosmology, and not for a symbolic myth. And this intellectual catastrophe would also involve a moral one, in that it implied the exhaustion of an inspiration, the decay of a *Kultur*. It would be comparable to the catastrophe of paganism and of the classic world, tragic but interesting. The idea of such a catastrophe caused no revolution in myself: it was more like a bereavement or a total change of surroundings. I had never *practiced* my religion, or thought of it as a means of

getting to heaven or avoiding hell, things that never caused me the least flutter. All that happened was that I became accustomed to a different *Weltanschauung*, to another system having the same rational function as religion: that of keeping me attentive to the lessons of life.

Each religion, by the help of more or less myth which it takes more or less seriously, proposes some method of fortifying the human soul and enabling it to make its peace with its destiny. A philosopher may perfectly well cultivate more than one *Weltanschauung*, if he has a vital philosophy of his own to qualify his adoption of each, so as to render them complementary and not contradictory. I had, and have, such a vital philosophy; and the movement of my mind among various systems of belief has tended merely to discover how far my vital philosophy could be expressed in each of them.

My variations therefore never involved rejecting any old affection, but only correcting such absoluteness or innocence as there may have been about it, and reducing it to its legitimate function. So in 1900 I published the result of the gradual transformation of my religious sentiments. Religion was poetry intervening in life. That insight had come to me twenty years before, though not expressed in those words; it had really been native to me and congenital. So when I first went to Germany and began to read Goethe, chiefly as a lesson in the language, my vital philosophy recognized itself at once in the lines: --

*Ich hab' mein Sach auf Nichts gestellt. . . .
Drum ist's so wohl mir in der Welt.*

This is perhaps more cavalier-like and jaunty than I was, even at that time; yet the title of this drinking song is *Vanitas! vanitatum vanitas!* and the stanzas describe a gay fellow's discomfiture when he set his heart on money or women or foreign travel or reputation or war; so that when he repeats at the end: --

*Nun hab' ich mein Sach auf Nichts gestellt. . . .
Und mein gehört die ganze Welt,*

there is evidently an equivocation in his boast. The whole world belongs to me implicitly when I have given it all up, and am wedded to nothing particular in it; but for the same reason no part of it properly belongs to me as a possession, but all only in idea. Materially I might be the most insignificant of worms; spiritually I should be the spectator of all time and all existence.

This implication touched the depth of my vital or congenital philosophy, and for that reason doubtless the refrain of this song became a sort of motto for me at that time. Yet more than ten years had to pass before that implication, on the emotional side, came to expression in my Platonizing sonnets; while theoretically I came to clearness about it only in my old age, when I freed "essences" from the

psychological net in which we catch them, and distinguished intuition from knowledge.

3

CLEARER to me in those student days was another point. Goethe's old soldier urges, if we want to be good fellows, that we drown our disappointments in drink. But isn't drink also disappointing in the end? And if it be a solution to drink, in order to forget the vanity of life and incidentally the vanity of drinking, wouldn't it be a better and juster solution to live in general as the world lives, so as to forget the vanity of doing so? Didn't all my American friends endeavor, with a good conscience, to drown unhappiness in work? Wasn't there some intoxication also in wealth, in women, in travel, in fame, and in war? And if drink and comradeship have a good side, which makes them jolly even if vain, have not all those other vanities their good side also? To abuse them satirically, out of spite, because you had expected too much of them, would be merely childish or, if you like, romantic. It would prove you to be moody, ill-bred, and unphilosophical.

Being a philosopher, I couldn't accept a solution not based on the truth. If all is vanity — and I heartily agree to that — the solution must be built on remembering that fact, not on forgetting it; and if drinking and comradeship have a good side — and I heartily agree to that too — the solution must recognize the good side of drink, and also of wealth, women, travel, fame, and war. Not being an old campaigner with one leg, like Goethe's soldier, but a young man just beginning to see the sunny side of life, it was more the challenge to drink that appealed to me than the chagrin at having found that drinking didn't pay. I knew that it wouldn't pay, if you gave yourself up to it; I felt no temptation to do that; but without setting my heart on anything the point was to enjoy everything with a free mind.

This was a pretty program, easy for a boy to draw up; and my antecedent pessimism and religiosity lent a certain reality to the pose. It lay in my nature to foresee disappointment, and never to bet on the issue of any event. Yet without experience of the world, this programmatic distrust remained itself empty and insecure. Genuine detachment presupposes attachment. What can it signify for you to say that you renounce everything, if as yet you have loved nothing? I had been childishly absorbed in religious ideas, and it was a true though bloodless sacrifice for me to wash them clean of all pretensions to historical or material truth; yet I was able to do so when quite young, readily and even gladly, because when I learned to conceive those myths as poetry, their meaning and beauty, far from being lost, seemed to me clearer and more profound than ever.

The problem was not so easily solved when it

came to exorcising the world and freeing myself from all illusions about it. The world is not a myth, to be clarified by a little literary criticism. It envelops our substance with a kindred substance immensely more voluminous; it stimulates and feeds from every quarter the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eye, and the pride of life. What can the poor rushlight of spirit, kindled in the midst, do to clarify them? The aspiration and the desire must be accepted for the performance.

That nevertheless, as a sentiment, my eventual *metanoia* was sincere may be seen in the slow change that appeared in my way of living. Old age contributed to it; on the other hand, I had larger means and easier access to the great world, had I been in love with it. But I have ultimately become a sort of hermit, not from fear or horror of mankind, but by sheer preference for peace and obscurity. Fortune has become indifferent to me, except as fortune might allow me to despise fortune and to live simply in some beautiful place. I have cut off all artificial society, reducing it to the limits of sincere friendship or intellectual sympathy. Instead of collecting pictures and books, as I had a tendency to do in the early 1890's, I have distributed my few possessions, eschewed chattels of every kind, a fixed residence, servants, carriages, or anything that would pin me down materially or engulf me in engagements.

I have indulged rather freely at certain times in good food and good drink; but I think the glamour of those pleasures was due almost entirely to conviviality — that is to say, to a momentary imitation of friendship. In themselves, when I was alone, food and drink were never important to me. I was almost happier when I could be frugal, as at my father's at Ávila, in the Duval restaurants in Paris, in the teashops in London, or as now in the clinic of the Blue Sisters upon the Caelius. I am happy in solitude and confinement, and the furious factions into which the world is divided inspire hatred for none of them in my heart.

It should be normal, at least according to the ancients, for a philosopher to reach this moral settlement in old age; but why did the idea of it and the need of it come upon me powerfully at the age of thirty? There were various reasons. For a poet and a lover of youth the age of thirty is itself a ground for *metanoia*. Being a teacher had been forced upon me by the necessity of somehow earning my living; but being a student was my vocation, and I had been living among students, interesting myself in their sports and their pleasures, and loving their quick and unprejudiced minds. Still this second vicarious adolescence had a rift in it: my sympathy with the young and theirs with me had limits that were growing narrower and sharper. My young friends seemed to me every year younger and younger, more and more standardized and generic. They would no longer be my friends, but only boys

at the school where I happened to be one of the masters. That chapter then had come to an end: yet youth, in the world and in the poet's eyes, is perpetual. The Platonic transition was therefore at once spontaneous and inevitable, from the many to the one, from the existent but transitory to the ideal and eternal.

4

EVENTUALLY four thoughts merged their currents and carried me irresistibly towards the same sea: youth was past, friendship had had its day, the future offered me nothing that I cared for, religion and social utopias proposed nothing that I respected. I was driven from the temporal to the eternal, not by any one crisis or conjunction of events, but by the very nature of existence, when this had been honestly faced and frankly admitted. The cry of Ecclesiastes, *Vanitas vanitatum*, could be re-echoed, and the motto from Goethe about setting my heart on nothing could be retained; but both in a new spirit. At twenty my empty spleen could make a clean sweep of the world beforehand, because nothing in it would last forever; it didn't occur to me to ask whether lasting forever would improve anything that was worthless while it lasted.

But ten years later I had traveled. I had learned something of the pleasures and manners of mankind, and for myself I had made some progress in the primrose path of Epicurean wisdom. I had now forever in my fancy a lovely picture of ancient Greece and a lovely picture of modern England; and having begun by fully admitting that all was vanity, I could not be angry with the primroses for fading or with the path for being short. I accepted them as vain but beautiful, transitory but perfect; and I was no less ready to give them up than to enjoy them. To give them up, I mean, as possessions, as enjoyments, as private hopes; I would never give them up as allegiances. Never should I esteem and love them less because they happened to pass out of my orbit.

In another field, not so strictly personal, I was compelled to accept a rather difficult renunciation. I was a teacher of philosophy in the place where philosophy was most modern, most deeply Protestant, most hopefully new — the very things from which, in speculation, my *metanoia* turned me away. I could never be, I will not say a leader, but even a happy participator in the intellectual faith of my neighbors. Not that I had any hostility to that faith: it was as natural in its place and time as any other, and contained important elements of truth; but it could never be my faith. In the midst of the living, I could live only with the dead. It was a comfort, but a cold comfort, to say that I was living among the immortals.

Reacting now against all these closed doors, I found the moral of Goethe's drinking song cheap

and hollow. His old soldier *dishonors* his past, as if his present cynicism and rowdiness could be something better. This is only one more mood, one more incident, and a more vulgar one because there is less courage in it. There was vitality in those human adventures; there is also wit and good humor in laughing now at their seamy side; but it is dishonorable and self-contradictory to forswear your honest loves, past or present. They it is that reveal your true nature and its possible fulfillments; they are the Good, in the modes of it that you can appreciate and unfeignedly worship. There is therefore enthusiasm no less than resignation in an enlightened *metanoia*. You give up everything in the form of claims; you receive everything back in the form of a divine presence.

This final settlement of the moral problem involved no visible change in my mode of living. I went on teaching and writing, drinking and traveling and making friends; only that now, beforehand and explicitly, these occupations were marked for me with a cross: the sign on the one hand of death and on the other of consecration. Gradual and bloodless as the change was, there was a wrench in it, a passage through dark night. I had become aware that, as a spirit, I was not myself but pure spirit, to whom all selves are mere objects, and all their joys and sufferings so many animal vapors, to be endured courageously and no less courageously dismissed and wiped away. The truth of life could be seen only in the shadow of death; living and dying were simultaneous and inseparable. For, as Emerson has it: —

... this losing is true dying,
This is lordly man's down-lying,
This his slow but sure reclining,
Star by star his world resigning.

Yet this transit through darkness brought me quickly back into the light, into the pure starlight that transports without dazzling. No part of time is lost in eternity, only the haste and uncertainty of passing from one thing to another. I had not been ravaged by any hostile fate; my heart had simply uttered a warning against its own weakness. It had said to me: Cultivate imagination, love it, give it endless forms, but do not let it deceive you. Enjoy the world, travel over it, and learn its ways, but do not let it hold you. Do not suffer it to oppress you with craving or with regret for the images that you may form of it. You will do the least harm and find the greatest satisfactions if, being furnished as lightly as possible with possessions, you live freely among ideas. To possess things and persons in idea is the only pure good to be got out of them; to possess them physically or legally is a burden and a snare.

I know very well that this philosophic salvation is not such as nature or life looks for or can accept: it is only what the truth affords to the spirit. Life

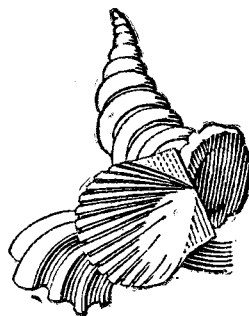
and nature do not ask to be saved from themselves: they ask only to run on at full tilt. It is the spirit that asks to be saved from that insane predicament. Yet spirit is an emanation of life, and it is more truly and naturally happy in the first phases of its career than in its final salvation. In the end, when it has understood and renounced everything, if you ask it whether it is happy, it can reply only as La Vallière replied to the friends who asked her if she were happy in the Carmelite convent to which she had retired: *Je ne suis pas heureuse; je suis contente*. Nature had been muted, but spirit had been freed. In that sense, and under the spell of that profound conviction, I composed the second sequence of my sonnets, using the traditional language and images of love which can render that sentiment best. They belong to a second-rate kind of poetry that in itself has no claim to attention; but here, considered as autobiography, they may be recalled. The key to the whole is given in the one line: —

A perfect love is founded on despair.

This paradox is condensed and rhetorical; to get at the truth in it we must expand it a little and ward off certain misunderstandings. It is not love simply, but only *perfect* love, that includes despair. Love in itself includes hope, or at least a desire to preserve the object of it, to enshrine and defend it. And in regard to the object even perfect love retains this solicitude. It is only in regard to the lover, as a poor human being, that hope must be cut off, plucked up by the roots, if love is ever to become pure, happy, and immortal. The perfect lover must renounce pursuit and the hope of possession. His person and life must, in his own eyes, fall altogether out of the picture. Stendhal, in his book *De l'Amour* (which unlike his others pleases me very much),

distinguishes four kinds of love, *l'amour physique*, *l'amour de vanité*, *l'amour goût*, and *l'amour passion*. The first two are obviously imperfect and impure: they include craving, jealousy, cruelty, fear, folly, and self-degradation. Yet the vital side of physical love cannot be dispensed with, since it is the root of the whole growth and most intense in the *grande passion*. In the great passion this vital impulse is often diverted from physical lust and jealousy to absolute devotion, heroism, and suicide. It is therefore psychologically not only possible but normal for the passion of love to be self-forgetful, and to live on in the very act of sacrifice and personal despair. So transformed, the great passion becomes worship. And the *amour goût*, which is more playful, and turns the vital element into laughter and delight, also reaches perfection only when all thoughts of the self, all *amour de vanité*, drops out of it and it becomes wholly aesthetic, pure joy in beauty and charm.

Combine these two elements, the tragic and the lyrical, and you have turned love into a rapture in adoration which seems to me its perfection. It presupposes the total abdication of physical, social, or egotistical claims; yet these claims were instinctive in the psyche, and the spirit has either adopted them and repented, or at least felt and understood them in refusing to make them. The passion of love, sublimated, does not become bloodless, or free from bodily trepidation, as charity and philanthropy are. It is essentially the spiritual flame of a carnal fire that has turned all its fuel into light. The psyche is not thereby atrophied; on the contrary, the range of its reactions has been enlarged. It has learned to vibrate harmoniously to many things at once in a peace which is an orchestration of transcended sorrows.





The Pingry School of New Jersey is one of the oldest (1861) and largest (350) country day schools for boys in the United States. It embraces all twelve grades and is known for its excellent record in college preparation and all-round development of the individual boy. Perhaps the most exciting single course is that in Religion, introduced by Headmaster E. LAURENCE SPRINGER, to help boys going straight from school to war. Starting as a weekly discussion group, it is now a five-year course designed to meet youth's need for spiritual education.

RELIGION IN THE INDEPENDENT SCHOOL

by E. LAURENCE SPRINGER

1

MODERN youth certainly needs and wants spiritual help and guidance. Great numbers of independent schools are meeting this challenge, and are determined as never before to equip their students spiritually, as well as mentally and physically, to face the problems of our time. Six years ago an encouraging experiment was begun at the Pingry School, Elizabeth, New Jersey, an independent, nonsectarian country day school for boys. The purpose was to quicken and stimulate the spiritual nature of adolescent youth through study and discussion groups that would give the boys an understanding of their spiritual heritage and help them develop a sound philosophy of life. Too often, a boy's home and school training seem to dwindle when a boy goes to college or into some other channel of the world's life. There is a need of greater stability, a more secure foundation, and better orientation for our young people as they leave their homes and schools.

For several years prior to 1942, I had been holding discussion groups with the older boys on current affairs. Valuable as this was, the coming of war, with its induction of eighteen-year-olds into the armed forces, seemed to call for something more vital to their needs. Boys who normally would have had four years of college to continue the molding of their characters were suddenly thrown into a totally different kind of world where values were distorted, ideals challenged, and life itself threatened. What could I, personally, and the school do to give these lads an anchor to windward, a faith to live by, a philosophy of life that would help them weather the storm ahead? Already letters from alumni in service were coming to me with their doubts and their problems, their questions about the crazy world they were facing. A deep conviction had been growing, and now I knew we must try to meet the need. Time in the curriculum must be

devised, discussion groups set up for the older boys, and an ordered plan evolved. How to do it? Where to begin? Where to turn for concrete ideas for my talks with my boys? The instruction must be practical, it must be real, interesting, and vital — not theoretical, vague, or simply wishful.

In search of ideas for courses or outlines of study I wrote to many schools and youth leaders. I read a score of books during the summer of 1942 while on vacation in Maine. I was disappointed with the dearth of material for any planned course, but resolved to plan our own course. In so doing it was my idea to present to the boys the essential ethical and spiritual truths that have come down to us from inspired teachers, without becoming involved in matters of theology or dogma. As an indirect approach, I met with the seniors once a week during the fall term and together we read and discussed several books on the meaning and essence of democracy for which they were soon to fight — and some of them die. Democracy, freedom, liberty: those ideas all so closely related to the dignity of the human being, the value of the individual, the equality of men's rights — and duties. Because of the interest generated, an interschool forum on the subject of democracy was held, in which ten independent day schools participated.

This led naturally into a discussion of man's spiritual nature, his relation to his fellow men — indeed, the elemental problem of people learning to get along with each other: with father, mother, brother, sister, and in the larger community of the nation and world. Other questions followed: How do we find true happiness? Can a belief in something bigger than ourselves help us to face the trials of war and peace? These and many other more down-to-earth questions were discussed. The writings of Harry Emerson Fosdick, Reinhold Niebuhr, George Buttrick, Fulton Sheen, Ernest Ligon, C. S.

Lewis, and Joshua Loth Liebman went into our thinking.

Each successive year brought changes to meet the widening realization of the needs of the individual boys. One book that soon became a fixture was William De Witt Hyde's *Five Great Philosophies of Life*. Beginning with the Epicurean way of life (perhaps alluring at first) the boys next consider the Stoic philosophy, then Plato with his emphasis on the subordination of appetites and desires to reason, then Aristotle with his noble ideals that true happiness comes only from pursuing worthy social ends and that no one act or thing *per se* is either good or bad (for example, the sex instinct) but is rather to be judged in terms of its use. Finally the philosophy and ethic of love as taught by Jesus is fully studied and discussed. At this point, the Sermon on the Mount is carefully analyzed against a background of modern psychology.

Throughout all this part of the course, there is often frank and open discussion of sex, drinking, and related subjects. Instead of degenerating into an aimless "bull session," our discussions proceed in the light of the best thinking of the world's great teachers and of the experience of people in the world round about us. The daily newspapers constantly mirror all types of human behavior with their consequences; thus the boys can see that certain acts *tend to bring happiness, contentment, and mental health*, while others do not. In the opinion of the boys themselves this method of arriving at conclusions concerning right and wrong is far more reasonable and valuable than out-of-hand decrees issued by those in authority in the home, church, or school.

Quite apart from the values of the senior course, two closely related facts were soon noted. The first was that, with few exceptions, the boys had little understanding of the growth of religious or ethical thought. As we all know, our moral and ethical ideas come largely from religion. Any philosophy of life that ignores the spiritual forces in the universe is incomplete. We were obliged, therefore, to fill in this religious background, and we had to do it in a way that would be acceptable to boys of all denominations. The second fact which was obvious was the almost complete lack of knowledge of the literature and history of the Bible. Regardless of one's religious convictions — or lack of them — one cannot ignore the influence of the Bible. Our Western civilization is deeply rooted in the Hebrew-Christian tradition and certainly a well-trained person should have a knowledge of this heritage. To teach science, mathematics, history, and literature and neglect our religious background is indeed a lopsided educational program.

One may ask at this point why the school should assume responsibility for teaching religion. Is this not the province of the church and the home? Argument on this subject could go on indefinitely, but

one fact stands out: great numbers of our young people simply do not receive this basic instruction in either the church or the home. The maximum instruction that most Protestant children receive is about thirty minutes per week in a Sunday School which simply cannot maintain the same academic standards as a day school, public or independent. Little wonder, therefore, that many Americans today, educated in the public school where the teaching of religion is banned, are generally ignorant of the Bible.

Many boarding schools, of course, have long taught religion as part of their curricula, for they assume full responsibility for a boy's total life for nine months of the year; church schools, too, have always taught "sacred studies," but usually from the point of view of a particular denomination. Nonsectarian day schools have generally felt that religion was a matter for home and church to handle. However, with the increased interest in religion throughout the country and an increased desire on the part of parents for their children to have religious instruction, there has been a real trend in independent schools toward making religion a part of the warp and woof of the school. This is particularly true at the present time in the independent day schools. In the light of recent court decisions, which are making it increasingly difficult for parents of public school children to get any organized religious instruction through the schools, the independent schools are more than ever aware of the necessity of making religious training a part of their curricula.

To be specific as to how and why our courses developed at Pingry: our successful experience with the senior course demonstrated both the interest which boys have in religion and the need for much wider knowledge as a foundation on which to build upper-class courses. Inasmuch as our school is nonsectarian, we were determined to present the study of the Bible and religious discussions in such a way as to be acceptable to all students. Questions of theology, doctrine, and dogma are left out of our course, and the attempt is made to emphasize points of agreement on which men of good will can unite. When controversial questions arise, the teacher with the students participating develops the several points of view, explaining that the problem of interpreting Scripture is one of the causes of our having many sects, but that this need not bar us from agreeing on fundamental principles. This has led to greater tolerance and understanding of other religious viewpoints, and has decreased the tendency for each one to consider his own ideas exclusively right and the other fellow's ideas wrong.

2

IN 1944, two years after our experiment with the seniors began, we introduced into our English department curriculum a three-year sequence in the

study of certain parts of the Bible. These courses, comprising about one fifth of the year's work, were made a part of the second, third, and fourth forms, corresponding to the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades. In the second and third forms the Old Testament became the basis of study; in the fourth form, the life and teachings of Jesus.

The basic text in the second form (eighth grade) is Hendrik Willem Van Loon's *Story of the Bible*. The chief purpose is to acquaint the boys with the main narratives and outstanding figures of the Old Testament. Purely from the cultural standpoint, this should be a part of anyone's education. Since the boys are still young, not much can be done in the way of analyzing the religious content of the stories. But the point is made clear that the stories are not simply great literature but have a moral purpose. At the least, the gradual unfolding of the idea of a universal God and the increasing emphasis on ethical conduct are traced through the succession of stories.

In the third form (ninth grade) the Old Testament itself is studied with three objectives in mind: (1) to gain knowledge of the stories and poetry; (2) to appreciate the Bible as great literature; (3) to understand how certain religious and ethical ideas developed from primitive to exalted forms. Of these three objectives, the last is considered most important. It is the underlying purpose of the course to make as clear as possible the exalted ideas and ethical concepts which were developed within the Old Testament. The long-range purpose thus may be said to be to help the student acquire satisfactory ideals and ethics for himself, the short-range purpose to give him information which he will need to understand the teachings of Jesus.

The text is *The Short Bible, an American Translation*, edited by Goodspeed and Smith, but the boys may use other translations if they prefer. Instead of taking the Old Testament from beginning to end, the assignments group the selections according to topics, such as the Great Stories (for example, Joseph, Samson, Moses); Poetry; Teachings of the Prophets; Basic Ideas of the Old Testament.

We have found the following the most helpful material for the teacher to include: Harry Emerson Fosdick's *Guide to Understanding the Bible*, Mary Ellen Chase's *The Bible and the Common Reader*, George L. Chamberlin's *Making the Bible Live*, and Graham Baldwin's *Drama of Our Religion*.

In the fourth form (tenth grade), our course centers on the life and teachings of Jesus. No attempt is made to study the whole of the New Testament or to analyze or compare the four Gospels in detail; rather, the purpose is to present the life and teachings of Jesus against the background of the times in which he lived. Basil Mathews's *A Life of Jesus* is used as a text for the course. This work is constructed like a novel presenting a dramatic tension between two opposing forces: on the one hand

Jesus' urgent desire to teach and spread abroad his idea of God as a loving Father and of the brotherhood of man; on the other, the misunderstanding of the people who desired only that he should heal them and be their King, the hostility of the Pharisees and Scribes, the opposition of political powers. It is made clear throughout that the teachings of Jesus arose out of the exigencies of the age; they were his answer to the great spiritual needs of his people and to the social and political problems of his times.

The interpretation of the parables as revealing eternal principles of conduct, man's relation to his fellow man, and man's relation to God forms an important part of the course. Boys are glad to see behind the scenes of a life they know only in its great and celebrated outlines. The validity of Jesus' life and teachings becomes impressive in proportion to how clearly the boys see in them the answer to some of our contemporary personal, social, national, and international problems. On the whole, both boys and their parents note a striking gain in maturity and clarity of religious attitude.

In the fifth form (eleventh grade) the scene shifts to our contemporary world with a study of certain fundamental human problems viewed in the light of our religious inheritance. In other words, after a study of the origin and nature of our ethical ideas comes their practical application to today's issues.

The objective is approached in two ways: directly, through the reading and discussion of certain pamphlets (from the Public Affairs Committee list) and articles (selected from current magazines or kept on hand in mimeographed form); indirectly, by pointing out and emphasizing in the literary works read by the class as part of its English course the individual or social behavior of the characters in the books where these principles apply. The direct approach covers such topics as race relations, labor and management problems, the causes of crime and juvenile delinquency and society's responsibility, civil liberties as an example of the ideal of equality of opportunity for all. The indirect approach gives an opportunity for the discussion of the same basic principles as they are applied to personal life, with emphasis on such topics as respect for the rights of others and the importance of giving versus getting, of doing as well as believing.

As an example of how this works out in practice, brief mention might be made of the use we make of Lincoln Steffens's *Autobiography*. This book is studied primarily as a piece of literature (as part of the course in American literature) but its subject matter allows the discussion of such problems as the relative or absolute nature of morality, and social versus individual motives for action.

Boys respond well to this type of work, for it is immediate, contemporary, and related to their world. They discuss the various problems with a

depth of interest and understanding that would astonish persons not in touch with modern youth.

The courses of the preceding years provide an excellent foundation for the senior year and make it possible for this course to become the logical and worth-while climax that it is for boys about to go out on their own. That the influence of class discussions on religion and human relationships has spread beyond the classroom walls there can be no doubt. All of us feel that throughout school life generally, there is greater support than ever for our honor system, student government, school and community service. It is gratifying to observe how boys who sit on the Student Council apply the fundamental principles of Christian behavior and thinking in discussing their problems. The school spirit has always been strong, with an easy friendliness among the boys and between boys and teachers. This spirit gave momentum to our experiment in its trial period and at the same time is strengthened year by year as the work goes on and develops.

3

THE program has become an outstanding success through the coöperation of many persons. First of all, it has had the support of the members of the English department, whose keen interest made possible the whole project. These men teach the courses that I have described (with the exception of the senior course, which I gratefully undertake) and have reorganized them so as to provide the equivalent of at least six weeks out of the school year in each class for the study of religion and human relations. The faculty as a whole have taken a real interest and, in daily contacts with the boys, carry out the purposes and ideals of these studies in practical application throughout the school.

The reaction of parents has been very interesting. At first there were some questionings, doubts, and misgivings, but as the plan has developed, enthusiasm and support have been strong. Most remarkable in this connection is the fact that approval is voiced not only by parents who are regular churchgoers, but by those who might be classed as generally uninterested in religion. One mother told me recently that she was amazed that her son was so interested in religion, and she was grateful to the school because it was giving him what she longed for him to have, but could not herself supply.

Many parents read the books which their boys are reading in the various courses and discuss them at home. This has often stirred a parent's latent interest in religion, created an even better working relationship between home and school, and best of all has often brought a boy and his parents much closer in thought and understanding. Many parents have told me they felt that the spiritual benefits

derived at Pingry, the helpful discussions both in class and privately, were among the greatest influences in their boys' lives.

Needless to say, our plan is neither perfect nor complete — each year it is revised in the light of our experience and we are constantly searching for new materials and ideas. In pursuit of objective opinion from the boys themselves, I prepared last May a comprehensive questionnaire on our courses, chapel, and other related topics. A copy was given each senior (sixty boys in all) with the request that answers be filled out thoughtfully and sincerely and returned without signatures if desired.

The great majority of the seniors stated that Pingry had been much more influential than the church or the home in forming their religious outlook, and the large majority stated that their faith or interest in religion had been increased by the work done in Pingry. Not one reported that his faith had been weakened. There was a call for greater emphasis on religion all along the line in school, both in the courses and in chapel exercises. A majority of the boys asked specifically for *greater* emphasis on the following topics: information on the similarities and differences of various Christian denominations, study of other leading religions of the world, application of Christian principles to present-day problems, marriage, the nature of God and man's relation to God. Not one of the fifteen topics covered in our courses received more than a scattering of votes (averaging five) for reduced emphasis — the call was for *more* emphasis or continuance of the present emphasis. The majority wanted chapel to have more religious feeling, favored a student choir, ministers, priests, and rabbis from the community to speak occasionally, more explanation of Bible readings, more inspirational talks by masters and older boys.

Here are some direct quotations taken from responses on the questionnaire: —

"This year's course has helped to mature me in a great many ways. I feel more certain and sure of myself. This is the most interesting course I have ever taken. In this course you learn something that will stick with you for life. It teaches you how to understand your fellow man and live with him." "This was the best course of its sort that I've had so far. The discussions helped greatly. I formed new opinions and, I think, a better outlook on life." "I learned how to deal with others and get along better generally." "It has helped mature my thinking. Most of my prejudices have been done away with by having this course." "I believe this course was the most valuable I have ever taken. I find many practical applications of it in daily life. It raises the standard of the boy."

These responses from the boys are encouraging. They show that our efforts are not in vain.



BOY UP FROM HUNTING

by JOHN ROLFE

THE sad amber sunlight of winter afternoon,
Driving men indoors, enmeshed him as he stood
Beside the barn, having come up from hunting.

Sad, sad as the music of a far French horn,
It winded from the hillocks to the west,
Caught him, suffused him with a distillate
He could not name. He watched the cider wash
It spread across the old track-pitted snow and he saw there
The long, slim-tentacled, and violet ghosts
The cold trees laid before them on the ground. He felt the light
Wake something in him — as a vibrant bell,
Far-tolling, tongues one captive in the hand.
And all the old chimeric conquests planned
And won and lost in the inchoate void
Of race and time possessed him. Nothing was there —
No image light-shapen, no sign echoed in the sky —
Yet in this ancient fire out of the world's first winters
A flaring borealis of old gods
And heroes strode for the boy in a bursting thrill
Of sudden glory. Paraded; faded, leaving him swiftly chilled
With an ineffable and ageless loneliness —
The winter heritage of the first lost man.

The cold snow shadows metaled the eastern slopes
And the boy turned aside
Abruptly, breaking his gun, letting the brass-capped shells
Kick upward against his mittened hand. Ahead, at the house,
A kerosene lamp blurred yellow in the kitchen's eye. The boy's gum-boots
Sledged clumsily as he trudged through the orchard toward the gleam,
The shotgun under his arm, and at his heels
The first strange evening shadows of mortality.



H. M. TOMLINSON was born close to the London Docks with shipping in his blood. But when he went to sea, it was not before the mast but as a writer. *The Sea and the Jungle*, which resulted from his maiden voyage to South America, ranks among the finest prose of our time. It was followed by *Old Junk* (papers of seafaring and of his work as a war correspondent in France), *London River*, *Gallions Reach*, and more recently, *The Wind Is Rising*, a collection of essays, written in England during the Blitz, unrivaled for their power of indignation.

THE MASTER OF THE "ROCKINGHAM"

by H. M. TOMLINSON

I

WHEN I look back past two long wars, with all their dramatic events revealing the heroic, much of it pure gold, the master of the forgotten steamship *Rockingham* still seems to me to be emblematic. He still lives, in my experience, as the figure signifying better than most to what human nature can rise in a prolonged test, and hope not there. I never knew him. I never saw him till all was over, and Lloyd's underwriters were giving him a welcome home, and then he surprised me. After that ceremony, which was not public, he put on his bowler hat and went back into the multitude, all distinction lost. He was once more a nobody; his ship's bright news-value was extinguished.

Our age, so we are told by those who know, is that of the common man. Well, who is he? They don't tell us that. We don't know him. Is he any good? But they cannot tell us what he is. If he isn't better than a joke, if he isn't more than a myth, not worth a second thought, then he must be the Mob; and as the Mob we don't like the look of him at all. Anyhow, we never happen to come across him. After all, from San Francisco to London, what do we know of our neighbors, and of their worth? Especially of their worth. I don't mean what they are insured for, but their value as men. You can rarely tell those fellows apart. They dress alike. They live where homes are straight lines converging in vistas of drab infinity.

There was Oriental Street, of Dockland. You would not have given it another glance, for it was like the rest of the streets of its parish. I knew the street well, because daily I had to pass through it when going elsewhere. There was just one little thing about it known to me, but not, I guess, to the dwellers in it: that street got its name about the time when a famous American clipper, the *Oriental*, was the first to arrive in London with the new

season's tea, and became an object of admiration and deep technical interest to local shipwrights. But that is no matter now. Those craftsmen, and the very ships they built, have been gone a century. It is engines now, not sail, and the great days over. Wonder had lapsed from Oriental Street when I used to pass through it, and pass hurriedly, without looking at any of its numerous doors; doors all of the same color, painted and grained in imitation of oak, with brass knockers. Imitation of the real thing does not please. Besides, it no longer exists. Bombs blotted it out.

Its people were anonymous to all except the tax collector. Nothing distinguished them. You seldom saw one of its women at a door. There might be a cat on a window sill. It was a silent street without a shop, residential, respectable, and dull. Its muslin curtains were drawn close, giving a sight of nothing within but a geranium or a pot of musk — this was in the days when musk was fragrant, which also is a fact forgotten; though here and there in a window was a very nice piece of pottery from the Far East. Its tenants, for the most part, were the families of seamen, of shipmasters and officers, marine engineers and pursers. So its men were there but briefly, and almost as strangers. Of course, if you lived in the neighborhood, you would have known why rather too many blinds were drawn there, and elsewhere about, after the foundering of the liner *Durham Castle* in the Bay of Biscay. Even in that tragic week you would have noticed no difference in it, its sole activity confined as usual to the hour when the tradesmen were on their rounds.

It was December, and one evening I happened to notice in the news of the movements of ships — locally, you must know, we miss not a paragraph in "Lloyd's Shipping List" — that the S.S. *Rockingham*, Philadelphia to London, was considered

to be overdue. When in that newspaper a ship is thus considered, the news is not intended to be sensational; it is a simple statement of the truth. It was a winter of continuous gales. Her underwriters would be uneasy, because that winter had already proved serious for them. The steamers then called "tramps," of about 4000 tons dead-weight capacity, in heavy Atlantic weather, were a bit of a risk. Only a winter or two before, in just such weather, nine of them were posted as missing on North Atlantic voyages. In those days only the big liners were equipped with the new wireless, and so you never heard a word of what had happened to the lesser ships; they were overwhelmed, that is all. A steamer named the *Rockingham* was overdue.

Well, I knew nothing of her, except that her house flag was a good one; she would be seaworthy and well-found. At first, my concern with her resided in no more than the irrelevant fact that, not long before, a steamer in which I was one of the crew had been caught in the Western Ocean, and had all but foundered while facing terrifying ranges moving down on us before unending gales. A respect for that dark and turbulent waste was in my bones. My sympathy for the unknown men on the overdue *Rockingham* was natural. Unless from the scant freeboard of a small ship, heavy with her burden, and doing all she can, but not enough, you have looked up at the tumbling white crests of immense hills as somber as doom coming your way fast, then you don't know what the sea is. They accelerate, when near.

2

A WEEK passed. No more news; so I forgot about the *Rockingham*. She had been but one of many in trouble. The weather reports did not improve. Then again she came into the news, and one could but surmise that that was probably the last we should ever hear of her. The S.S. *Torridon* put into Falmouth, and reported that a thousand miles to the westward she had sighted the *Rockingham* out of control, her boats gone, her bridge structure wrecked, rolling her bridge ends under, with a gale from northwest increasing to squalls of hail and sleet of hurricane violence. The *Rockingham* had requested a tow, but the *Torridon*, it seems, had not the power for it in such weather, which threatened to grow worse. She had therefore signaled the impossibility to the *Rockingham*, and added, "You had better abandon." The master of the steamer in distress answered, "Decline. Will remain till end." The *Torridon* therefore resumed her voyage.

It seems the *Rockingham* was quickly hidden by mountainous seas, and in one long spell the watchers thought she had gone. The master of the *Torridon* said he was waiting for an opportunity to put about, a dangerous maneuver as things were,

but then the ship in distress was sighted again, still there; so he held on. He was evidently dubious. He did not say so, but it could be inferred, from an interview he gave at Falmouth, that he thought the captain of the *Rockingham* would have been better advised to abandon his ship. Her rudder had gone, she was in a bad way, and he had never seen the Atlantic in a worse mood.

The next Sunday I was passing Trinity Church as its congregation was leaving after the evening service, and the crowd impeded the sidewalk. That was why, edging through the throng—in those strange days the churches were always full—I came against my pious friend Meredith, who held me as if he wanted me. He was what I think is called a sidesman of that church.

"Don't go," he said. "You are the very man I want." He continued to hold my arm while peering here and there, as if waiting for someone to enter the brief expansion into the dark of the light from the church's opened doors.

"Yes, there she is," he muttered. "I see her." He kept his eye fixed on her, whoever she was, and his grasp on me.

"You know something of ships," he added irrelevantly, "and you must talk to her."

"Talk to her? Who is she? What am I to talk about?"

"Hold on. Keep cool. You must have heard of the overdue *Rockingham*. Mrs. Dyson is the captain's wife. She must be worried, poor woman. Here she comes."

Well, what could any man say to put that right? It is useless to explain to a sailor's wife, when her man's ship is overdue, and for a reason known and sufficient, that there is nothing to worry about. If she is old enough, she would know the effects of heavy weather on a ship low in the water. There are the ship's hatches. These come adrift, under continued assaults, and when they do there is nothing more to say.

It was plain that Mrs. Dyson, though not old, would have had experience enough and was of an intelligence to see through the best words of false encouragement. She showed no sign of anxiety. Her pallor was natural to her temperament. She was dark, full, and matronly, and gave the impression of having been through this sort of thing before. Her smile, when she was greeted, was that of ease, while patient for what would come next. We saw her to her home in Oriental Street. She did not ask us in. She knew, I suppose, we were being kind to her, but did not resent it. Ships were not mentioned. No chance came to talk of the sea. She was anxious to enlist aid for some charitable project of the church, and Meredith's kindly interest was therefore wasted, and so was my time. An overdue ship, I had to assume, was entirely a private matter, and only for those concerned. Meredith, however, was indiscreet before we left

her at her door. He was hasty. Someone of experience had advised him, it seemed, and he glanced at me, that the next time the *Rockingham* was sighted would be time enough to leave her.

Mrs. Dyson hesitated. I could see she regretted this. She did not want to talk about it because there was nothing useful to say. She had had all the comfort she wanted, and it did not go far. "Abandon?" she whispered. "Jack won't do that. He won't do it." She held out her hand to Meredith. We were dismissed. She was in no haste to be alone, but she preferred to go, and turned to her house, which was unlighted.

Leaving that street, its chief feature at night the lamp-shine on wet pavements, at least my glimpse of the captain's wife, and her casual words of faith in her man's resolution, left me with a romantic notion of the master of this overdue steamer. I saw him in the only way I was ever likely to see him, a figure suitable to the seafarer we read about in the great stories. If you had heard his wife's voice as she briefly referred to him you would know what I mean. Whether in a longboat of the Vikings, or on the quarter-deck of a ship-of-the-line keeping watch on the designs of Napoleon, you could fancy the cut of him; nothing like that of the common man we hear so much about; rather it was that of the dim legendary shape able to do what is beyond the strength of ordinary mortals.

But the *Rockingham* did reach port. She was already written off, uninsurable, when she surprised everybody by appearing off Ireland. The gales were still hard at it, and a pilot could not get out to her. A tugboat put into Queenstown to report the ship helpless, dragging her anchors, and sure to strike the rocks. Yet without a rudder, without a pilot, with only searchlights to show her the breakers on either side of the passage in, broadside on most of the time, and carried along by the wind and tide, she kept off the reefs by going ahead and astern, and miraculously arrived, with a few minor casualties, hull and engines sound, and her 4000 tons of cargo intact except for grain burned as fuel because coal had given out.

There were no interviews; her master was at once invisible. But a little later I was privileged to see extracts from her log. It seems that soon after leaving Philadelphia her wheelhouse was stove in. Later, with a hurricane at WSW, the rudder couplings went, and she fell off into the trough of the seas. Her lifeboats were damaged. When the weather moderated a boat was launched to make connections with the rudder so that the ship could be controlled. Connections were made, but the wires snapped; and attempts at jury rudders, labored over for three weeks in weather of the worst, all failed. The ship was often submerged by immense seas, except for the island of the bridge. Torrents of rain, and hail and blinding snow, mercifully hid approaching calamity till it burst aboard.

The engines were used to keep the ship's head to the weather as near as possible, for the heavy waters that fell over her were dreaded. The hatches had been doubly secured; had one been stove the story would have ended forthwith. Her master tried to get his rest on the engine-room grating. All the cabins were flooded.

After a fortnight when every hour of remaining on the surface was thought to be wonderful luck, a steamer's lights were sighted. That was the *Torridon*, and we know what happened. The *Rockingham* was left to it. Her coal ran out, and she began to burn grain. Some progress was made by the use of the engines, steaming in circles and semicircles. They were in darkness at night; no lamps were possible except navigation lights, to save oil. In the seventh week another steamer, the *Berwick Law*, was sighted, and attempted a tow, floating a line down on a barrel. The weather worsened again. At times the *Rockingham* vanished. The *Berwick Law* signaled, after one frightening interval, that Dyson had better abandon. The answer was No. There were times when the upheavals kept the ships out of sight of each other. The towing hawser parted. It was made fast again, and more than once, till on the last occasion the *Berwick Law*, fearing the *Rockingham* would be cast away on the Irish coast, then near, again appealed to Dyson to abandon.

He would not. He anchored. The *Berwick Law* went into Queenstown to report. The anchor dragged, despite the lengthening of the cable and the use of the engines. The crew could plainly hear the breakers on a hideous coast above the uproar of the seas bursting aboard their ship, which was rolling so heavily they could not stand. No shore lights could be seen; the rain was a deluge. This was the end of their voyage, and of their labor and endurance.

But not quite. After waiting an hour for an abrupt conclusion, searchlights were turned on the entrance to the harbor, and the master of the *Rockingham* began to maneuver in his crippled ship without tug or pilot and at long last was home. He then went into hiding.

Somewhat later, in London, I waited with a company of underwriters, curious to see what manner of man this seaman was. Presently he entered the room. This the man? Yes, it was; of ordinary stature, as though the common man had been summoned to appear, he didn't know why; an ordinary passer-by in the street, middle-aged and nondescript, wondering why he was wanted here; shy and embarrassed; nervously turning his hat about. The sight of his lean face, showing no emotion, his eyes at first straightly questioning a company that had risen and was cheering him without pause, eyes then lowered to look at his shoes, was one of the severest rebukes to the stupidity of pride and self-importance I have ever met.



We present in this issue the concluding installment of DR. DAVID BRADLEY's eyewitness account of the Bikini tests and the aftereffects of the atom bomb. Authorities have long since agreed that the violence of the atomic explosion brooks no defense. We believe that Dr. Bradley has shown, also, that there is no practical defense or countermeasure against the radioactive poison which persists for years after the mushroom cloud has disappeared. In laboratory tests, radioactivity may be removed from samples of paint, wood, and metal, but decontaminating an entire ship or the brick and cement of a city is impossible. Dr. Bradley's book, No Place to Hide, has just been published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

NO PLACE TO HIDE

What We Learned at Bikini

by DAVID BRADLEY, M.D.

1

THURSDAY, August 15. — The great Task Force of Operation Crossroads is breaking up into many smaller sections and spreading out in all directions. After tomorrow only a small group will remain. Those who are escaping from this lagoon of horrors have become a little euphoric. Great things, they feel, have been done out here for science and humanity and great things could still be done.

One of our most blissful optimists is a captain in the Air Corps, an entomologist by training. In his youth he studied cockroaches, and this passion he followed throughout the war in the ample laboratory resources of Army life. One day he was prowling around the battleship *New York*, ostensibly monitoring below decks but actually looking to see if there might be something to eat. He found the larder — and what is more, he noticed that a large clan of cockroaches had moved in ahead of him. Finding that most of the food was contaminated with radioactive material (probably brought in on the shoes of hungry sailors weeks earlier), he was suddenly struck with the light. Cockroaches and food, radioactive food! Would they survive? How much could they eat? Would it affect their reproductive powers? So our friend collected a boxful of cockroaches, brought them back to the *Haven*, and carefully stowed them in his gear for study when he got back to the United States. I often wonder what his home life will be like when he arrives and the sweet little wife, asking for a souvenir of Bikini, is rewarded with a box of radioactive cockroaches.

TUESDAY, August 20. — Urinalysis: approaching 3000 mark.

Findings: no definite evidence of radioactivity.

Conclusions: well, let's see.

What can you conclude from 3000 urine samples taken from crews who since Baker plus One have been off and on aboard the hottest target ships? First you have to decide what are the limits of accuracy of your measurements and the factors which govern those limits.

The first factor is the accuracy of your instruments and the method of counting. Unfortunately out here we have only the instruments previously used for water counting for our urinalysis. In the early days following the Baker shot they were used to analyze lagoon water which was intensely radioactive. They naturally became contaminated by material which coated the tubes and lead pigs exactly as it coated the ships. This means that each counter has a high background count.

A second variable is the time when the urine was collected. The most reliable measure of fission products contained within the body will be found in the excretion which immediately follows the exposure. For practical purposes, however, such restrictions would slow down the work of the Task Force to a point where nothing would ever be done.

In the third place, one can never be sure that a particular sample which gives a reading above background really represents exposure of the patient. Contamination of the sample is too easy. Fresh bottles can be fouled up by material from the hands of the person giving the sample, and from equipment used in its analysis.

It is evident, therefore, that our urinalysis is scarcely a scientific procedure. Yet it is the best we

can do under the limitations of our equipment and our method. It is always possible to check suspicious samples by evaporating and ashing down large volumes of urine and counting them for longer times in cleaner instruments — and this is done, but that method, too, is subject to similar limitations.

A fourth variable enters into any attempt to interpret a finding of radioactivity in urine. Fission products contain a multiplicity of radioactive elements, each with its own properties. Some may be so insoluble as never to be absorbed. Others may be absorbed and fixed within the body, giving no sign of their presence thereafter. Some are quite harmless in small amounts owing to a rapid decay; others are toxic chemically or dangerous in very small quantities owing to their radioactivity.

One must interpret urinalyses within their proper context. The conditions mentioned, if less favorable than those of the Manhattan District laboratories, are still far better than one could expect in an atomic war. Indeed it is hard to imagine that a population or an army exposed to a similar rain of radioactive material could ever afford the luxury of urinalysis.

2

THURSDAY, August 22. — With the discovery, by divers, that areas of coral were bleaching out into chalky white from some unexplainable and lethal agent has come an increasing concern over the fish. Small reef fish feed on coral and algae and have been picking up considerable quantities of the material and storing it in various parts of their bodies, notably the gills, the liver, the intestines, and the organs of reproduction. Some of the men down in X-ray have demonstrated this most dramatically by means of “radioautographs” of the entire fish.

A radioautograph is made by taking a small fish, slicing it longitudinally down the middle, drying it in a blast of warm air, and then placing the fish, cut side down, on a photograph plate. After a suitable time the radioactivity present in the tissues of the fish will have exposed the adjacent film, which, when developed, will then outline the fish in tones which are proportional to the radioactivity present. We have several of them. They demonstrate clearly the pattern of selective absorption of fission products by the various tissues. One can see the gills darkly outlined, the long coiled intestine, the large burst of radioactivity associated with the liver, and the less dark areas of the gonads. The rest of the fish shows only a trace of the material. This is hard on the fish but a most fortunate thing for man, since not a few fish have been eaten by careless or optimistic Waltonians out here.

What is true of the reef fish now will become increasingly true of the larger migratory fish — the tunas, the jacks, the sharks — as the latter, the predatory fish, eat more and more of the smaller fish that are sick with the disease of radioactivity.

We know that this process is going on. Almost all seagoing fish recently caught around the atoll of Bikini have been radioactive. Thus the disease is passed on from species to species like an epizootic. The only factors which tend to limit the disease, as distinguished from infectious diseases, are the half-lives of the materials involved and the degree of dilution and dissemination of the fission products.

What the immediate results of this situation will be cannot be predicted. I believe that there is enough radioactivity present at the bottom of this lagoon to kill fish either by the total radiation to the body or by the destruction of vital organs which have absorbed radioactivity, but it would take a careful study of the fish population, extending over many months, to prove it. I doubt that the amount of radiation carried away by migratory fish to other parts of the Pacific will constitute any hazard either to fish or to man, because of the great dilution factor. But whether we would be safe in that assumption in the event of an atomic war, with a large number of bombs exploding in coastal areas and seaports, is another question. Conceivably the fishing industry would be entirely wrecked and the fish rendered unsafe for eating at a time when food of any kind was critically needed.

The gross and spectacular demonstration of radioactivity in fish by means of radioautographs has to be supplemented by a more accurate study of the separate tissues, isolated, ashed down, and counted in a sensitive beta-gamma counter. This investigation has been one of the side interests of the laboratory.

FRIDAY, August 23. — “Humphrey” Bogart, who flew lagoon reconnaissance with me after the explosion of the underwater bomb, came in today with the latest information on the decontamination of ships. Having proved at last, to its own satisfaction, that salt water, lye, foamite, soap, spread with liberal amounts of Navy profanity, have no value in cleaning these ships of their coat of radioactivity, the Navy has recently decided to try sandblasting. This has been Humphrey’s assignment. It is tedious, hot work, and since there may be a danger from inhaled radioactive dust, it has to be carried on by men fully clothed and working in oxygen rebreathing apparatus. Next to a diver’s suit there is nothing more cumbersome and trying on the nerves than such a costume in the tropics.

It appears that sandblasting will remove radioactivity — that is to say, when all the paint has been blasted off. Clearly this is no answer to the Fleet’s problem. You can’t sandblast a whole ship under battle conditions. You can’t sandblast Pearl Harbor, or Bremerton Shipyards, or Chicago. No fact demonstrated by the Bikini tests is more important in its widest implications than the difficulty of ridding the habitable surfaces of our world of contaminating fission products.

Rex Huff, one of our doctors, performed a simple

and revealing experiment the other day. He had been working with a crew of deck scrubbers aboard one of the big ships. And when they, like all the rest, found that no amount of lye and elbow grease was removing the radioactivity, Rex dug up a piece of wood from the deck. This he took to our carpenter shop, where he could plane strips from the surface, measuring the surface radioactivity after each planing. He found that he had to remove about a half centimeter — something less than a quarter of an inch — of the wood before he had removed all of the radioactivity. It was his conclusion that all the washing we were doing only served to soak the fission products more deeply and permanently into the wood.

If, then, we are faced with having to chip off all the paint and to plane off all the wooden surfaces of our contaminated ships, the degree of disablement of ships by a water-bursting atomic bomb is ever so much more than was anticipated before Test Baker. Doubtless there will be other methods of meeting the problem. Some of the more nimble-minded men of the Navy are suggesting that ships be painted with a plastic coat something like that which is now being used to protect the guns from weathering — a coat which, when contaminated to a dangerous degree, may be stripped off the ship in sheets and thrown overboard. But even if this could be made practical for ships, how could we take care of our cities with their brick buildings and cement sidewalks?

3

SATURDAY, August 24. — We have had few medical emergencies out here. Considering how many seamen have been at work on these ships, encumbered by oxygen rebreathing apparatus and heavy clothing, working in dark gangways and on hopelessly wrecked decks, it is remarkable that there have not been more emergencies. Today we had our first serious radiation problem. Grover Carter, Huff, and I were working on a better process for urinalysis when a corpsman suddenly appeared.

"Sir, there's an emergency in surgery. Dr. Williams would very much like someone to come down."

"Okay. What's the hitch?"

"Some sailor got cut with a cable and he thinks he's full of them Geigers, sir."

That was bad news. We ran down to the instrument room to get a counter, and then followed the corpsman down to the operating theater. The sailor, a husky fellow in his late teens, was lying on the operating table beneath the glare of the overhead lights. He was in no particular pain, but pale and sweating from fright. Two Navy doctors, gowned, gloved, and masked, were washing out his wound with sterile solution. It was not much more than a superficial laceration of the base of the thumb, and fortunately was still bleeding well.

Dr. Williams was obviously relieved to see us. "Brad, this man got hurt on some cable aboard one of the target ships. It doesn't look too bad — but I don't know what to do with it."

The sailor told us the name of the ship; it was one of the beached vessels and was moderately contaminated on deck. "We was trying to get her clear for the trip to Kwaj. I was heaving in on one of the cables when it gave way and tore my hand. Don't seem too bad, but one of them Geiger men was there and he told me to report here on the double."

"Did he examine the cable?"

"Yes, sir. It had been in the water, and he said it was radioactive."

My thoughts went back to the Manhattan Project. There, in laboratories and plants where people are working with purified plutonium, policy requires immediate high amputation for anyone in a similar situation. The material is rapidly absorbed from cuts and lacerations, and once within the body it is quickly fixed in the marrow part of the bones, where, like radium, it may be lethal in fantastically small amounts.

The situation is a little different here. Most of the fission products are quite insoluble and will not be absorbed nearly so rapidly if at all. Plutonium is known to be present, but in small amounts. Knowing as little as we actually do of the various elements present on these decks, I hated to be responsible for an unnecessary amputation; yet an error on the other side would be worse.

I hesitated, and Dr. Williams, reading my thoughts, said, "I told him that he might have to have an amputation."

At this, the sailor closed his eyes but said nothing. "Well, maybe, and maybe not," I said to him. "You understand, though, that if you got a lot of hot stuff into your hand from that cable your best chance is to have your arm off."

He nodded. "Sure. That's what the Geiger man said too. . . . You're the doctor."

Carter, Huff, and I looked his hand over carefully, setting the Geiger tube right down on the wound. There was no count, so then Dr. Williams injected a novocaine block and débrided the edges of the wound. As the bits of tissue, dried on filter paper, also gave no reading, we felt confident that the wound was not seriously contaminated and could be safely closed without amputation. There was never a boy more thankful to be returned to duty than that sailor, nor a surgeon more thankful to be out of an operation than I.

SUNDAY, August 25: Baker plus One Month. — The Task Force is moving to the better winter anchorage of Kwajalein Atoll. Most of the ships have gone. Those of the target fleet not worth saving will be sunk by gunfire; the rest of the grim, disfigured fleet is getting under way comatose, obediently drifting behind the tugs.

The *Haven* got under way late in the afternoon. As we slipped out over the green opalescence of the bar a tremendous explosion took place on the shore of Bikini Island, where the Seabees are blasting some sort of a channel in the barrier reef. It must have been a real charge — a sort of farewell salute — for the white cloud boiled up from behind the palms, ascending rapidly to several thousand feet and then mushrooming out into a magnificent plume. It looked like a miniature atomic explosion, and served to make us reflect on why we had come all the way to Bikini to do a job which no one wanted done, which everyone was afraid of. It made us wonder what we had learned, what use all the car-loads of reports and graphs would be if we ever were faced with these problems again outside the fascinating laboratory of Bikini.

FRIDAY, August 30. — Kwajalein Atoll. Most of our Bikini fleet is here, anchored well out in the main harbor. We have not been the most welcome of visitors. No one has barbecued the fatted can of Spam for us — in fact, we are not allowed ashore at all except on special missions. Anyone who has been connected with Operation Crossroads is a leper here.

SUNDAY, September 8. — The status has remained pretty much quo this week. We are still riding our anchor chains here in Kwajalein and see little sign of change. The fleet of dead ships is still afloat, and little by little the ammunition is being carried off the larger vessels. They stand near-by, mottled with gray and tan, crippled, gaunt, silent, the twisted wreckage still untouched on deck, creaking with the slow rolling of the ships. They box the compass with the variable winds, and disappear in the rain squalls. But back again they emerge, and we wonder what in hell to do with them. I reckon that a lot of people besides ourselves have been wondering what to do with them.

4

THURSDAY, September 12. — Kwajalein Harbor is full of ships, eyed with suspicion by the shore-based Navy and with despair by the Crossroads Navy. Among the quarantined fleet is a particularly interesting ship. It is a great greasy, black tub, with a bluff bow, low sides, and a dormitory-like structure extending nearly the full length of its wide deck. It is, or was, a kind of floating barracks, having large rooms, mess halls, showers, locker rooms. When it became evident that boarding parties were tracking back quantities of radioactivity into their clean vessels, and thus endangering the whole Radiological Safety program, this seagoing shore installation was transformed into a locker and shower and clothing-issue room for all parties going to the target ships.

Today I had the duty with an ammunition unloading party aboard the *Independence*. One enters the change ship from one side, and in some distant

locker room is given an issue of freshly laundered fatigues, along with boots, rubber gloves, and oxygen rebreathing gear. Thus equipped the party is assembled and transported to its destination. Once alongside, you strap on your oxygen gear and face mask, and feeling about as much in contact with your surroundings as Ben Turpin, you stumble over the side and climb the boarding nets.

The *Independence* is a ghost ship — its flight deck blown up, leaving the thick oak planks broken like so much boxwood, its hangar deck blasted down, and only a skeleton of the sides remaining. Gun turrets and gangways, twisted, crushed, dangle overside, grating and creaking with the roll of the ship. Doors are smashed in and jammed tight against the bulkheads, or blown out altogether, and the water sloshes back and forth across the rusty decks. For the most part the radiation is not particularly high, though sometimes these rusty pools will set your earphones singing and shoot the indicator needles off scale.

The route to the magazines is a maze of gangways and black passages barely visible through the bleary oxygen masks and the constant streams of sweat which fill one's eyes. Each passageway and each new compartment has to be inspected for poisonous gases and for radiation. It was not our mission to remove any ammunition — merely to open up the passages and okay them for later parties. Many of the ships were heavily loaded with ammo, from machine-gun rounds on up to torpedoes. The process of unloading seems at the moment a truly Herculean assignment. A man can work only about thirty minutes in an oxygen rebreather; then he must go on deck and get some air, a cigarette, and a chance to release the steam from beneath his collar. Two hours aboard, under such conditions, is a day's work.

After that, back to the floating barracks. Here the boats are scrubbed with soapy water and clothing is discarded to be laundered or buried at sea, depending upon the degree of contamination. The cost of even such minimal activities as we now engage in, in terms of clothing, boots, gloves, and oxygen rebreathing gear, and in terms of the gigantic daily laundry operations, must be staggering.

To the sailors it must all be incomprehensible. Here we are insisting on measures of extreme caution at a time when the radiation has had a month and a half to decay away, when the ships' decks are probably not a thousandth as hot as they were in the first hour following the Baker explosion. These same measures were not employed in the first weeks — why then now?

There are good reasons. In the first place, it is good policy in public or industrial health to be as cautious and conservative as is consistent with the job to be done. In the first hectic week or two following the last shot, when ships had to be pumped or left to sink, when there were important instru-

ments and experimental animals to recover, and when the problem of decontamination was less well understood — in those days, if such extreme precautions had been required, nothing at all could have been done and the experiment would have become a total failure.

We were in a position similar (though infinitely better probably) to that of a city bombed out with atomic weapons. No such rigmarole as rubber boots and gloves and oxygen rebreathing masks could conceivably be used if San Francisco were atomized, its population struggling to escape from the blazing debris, the smoke, and the terror of the unseen emanations.

But out here we are under no such duress. The experiment is largely done. Our job is merely janitorial, and so the maximum precautions consistent with our simple tasks are justified.

There is another good reason; the very fact that radioactivity is apparently decaying away makes caution the more imperative. This paradoxical statement is based upon the presence of dangerous materials which are not detectable on the ordinary Geiger counter — notably, remnants of the plutonium of the original bomb. Plutonium is more dangerous than an equivalent amount of radium; its half-life runs into thousands of years, and so for all practical purposes it will be here forever. A pure alpha-particle emitter, plutonium gives no hint of its presence in the beta-gamma counter. We can only assume, when other forms of radiation are present, emanating from fission products, that plutonium also may be present. Yet as this telltale radiation decays away, our sense of security may be entirely false.

This theoretical situation has been pretty well borne out by the experimental work of Lars and Tom Madden in the laboratory. Lars has made an intensive study of the rate of radioactive decay of many samples of material — paint, rust, wood, glass, rope, brass, calking, coral, algae. His graphs show a steady, predictable trend covering a month. The rate of that process is now becoming very slow. We have lost those components from the original blast which had short half-lives — a matter of seconds, hours, or days. Those that remain now, a month and a half later, have half-lives which will extend for years or centuries, or even longer. Therefore, we can expect little change in the intensity, except through day-to-day weathering and rusting.

Tom has become our specialist in alpha detection. The use of that precious alpha counter — of which we have only one, securely hidden away in an isolated part of the laboratory — requires considerable training and experience, and the meticulous Tom, after weeks of work, has become a reliable operator. His results consistently show that there is a small but definite amount of plutonium spread atom-thin over most of the contaminated areas. Comparing these two studies, one cannot escape the conclusion

that the relative danger from plutonium must necessarily increase in proportion as the shorter-lived beta-gamma emitters (our warning signals) are dying away.

MONDAY, September 16. — Efforts at decontamination have come to a standstill with total defeat for the magic powers of soap and water. As a matter of fact, Tom, Lars, and Rex Huff have demonstrated in the laboratory that fission products can be removed only by removing the outer surface of the area in question. They have been able, by means of strong acid, to remove most radioactivity from samples of paint, steel, and other materials. It works in a test tube, but a test tube is not where most of us live. The problem of decontaminating the total surface of a battleship or the brick and cement of a future *Hiroshima* remains practically insoluble.

The same applies to much of our laboratory work. How can we translate our findings into the severely practical necessities of everyday life? For example, we have been trying to discover whether or not the degree of radioactivity present in Bikini water, after Test Baker, has harmed the metabolic processes of marine life. We can compare, in a crude way, the capacity of algae, exposed and unexposed, to produce oxygen in the presence of light as a by-product to photosynthesis. We can make radioautographs of the distribution of radioactivity in the bodies of little fish, and by means of fish population surveys attempt to discover whether or not the bomb had any effect on the life cycles of the lagoon inhabitants. These studies are important. They should indeed be carried on by men more competent in these fields than any of us, and above all they should be continued for months or even years, if necessary, so that the true picture may be known.

This is not merely academic. Such studies may influence the lives of people living on the Tibetan plateau. We don't know to what distances from Bikini the radiation disease may be carried. We can't predict to what degree the balance of nature will be thrown off by atomic bombs. We certainly have little idea what the long-range effects on our lives would be from an all-out atomic war, devastating our shores, our fish, and our agricultural industries. But at least at this time we do know that Bikini is not some faraway little atoll pinpointed on an out-of-the-way chart. Bikini is San Francisco Bay, Puget Sound, the East River. It is the Thames, the Adriatic, the Hellespont, and misty Baikal. It isn't just "King" Juda and his displaced native subjects whom we have to think about — or forget.

5

SUNDAY, October 6. — Joint Task Force One is moving ashore in order to release ships like the *Haven* for more active duty. We shall take up quarters in the five Quonset huts on the far side of

the island originally occupied by the two bombs and their attendants.

It would seem that our work out here is about at an end. The derelict fleet may go on indefinitely, being pumped out or towed away to sink. All thought of decontaminating the ships and getting them under way again is, of course, out of the question, and save for the effects of weathering and rusting, one could study these ships as well ten years from now as today. The recent announcement by the President, canceling Test Charlie (the deep-water shot), would seem to be the final *coup de grâce* for Operation Crossroads.

The Crossroads Tests at first glance might seem to have been a failure. From a military point of view the two shots confirmed what was already known of the effectiveness of a chain reaction as an explosive, and certainly proved beyond all expectations what was feared concerning the poisoning of land, sea, and air with radioactivity. Scientifically what was learned in the crude laboratory of Bikini remains to be evaluated and declassified from the archives of military secrecy.

But *the greatest failure of all in these tests has been in apprehending their sociological implications*. Evidently the bomb has failed to impress more than a few congenital pessimists with the full scope of its lethal potential. This error in publicity — an error of omission — might be justifiable on the basis of strict military secrecy. In the long run, however, the one thing more dangerous than informed governments abroad will be an uninformed American opinion making our policies. The question is not political so much as biological. It is not the security of a political system, but the survival of the race, that is at stake in the indiscriminate use of atomic energy for political coercion. Its unique problems are self-evident; there is nothing about them so profound as to require translation by a scientist. Among them are: —

1. That there is no real defense against atomic weapons.
2. That there are no satisfactory countermeasures and methods of decontamination.
3. That there are no satisfactory medical or sanitary safeguards for the people of atomized areas.
4. That the devastating influence of the bomb and its unborn relatives may affect the land and its wealth — and therefore its people — for centuries through the persistence of radioactivity.

These facts are substantiated in theory by experiments upon thousands of animals, and in practice by Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and Bikini. It is in this sense that the Crossroads Tests have been anything but failures. Hastily planned and hastily carried out, they may have only sketched in the gross outlines of the real problem; nevertheless, those outlines show pretty clearly the shadow of the colossus which looms behind tomorrow.

THURSDAY, *October 10*. — With the abruptness and finality of orders in the Army we received our transfer back to United States duty and separation from Crossroads. Late in the afternoon a DC-4 came in from Guam with space available for Tom, Lars, and me. We were packed and at the airport within a half hour. As the great silvery ship, humming with power, lifted itself from the runway, passed over the Marine barracks, the huts, the post office, and up over the line of curling surf, we had our last glimpse of the spectral fleet. There lay the *Nevada*, still a proud cardinal with its tail feathers burned off; there were the *Pensacola* and the *Salt Lake City*, their superstructures dangling crazily overside; there too the sturdy, sullen *New York*, the destroyers streaked with foamite and rust, the *Prinz Eugen*, still the most beautiful ship of its kind afloat, and far in the distance the *Independence*, an exploded myth of military security.

Looking down at the lagoon with its toy flotilla, I wondered if we were really succeeding in running away. Radioactivity, contamination, the wrecked island of Bikini and its sad-eyed patient exiles — could they ever be eluded? Maybe not, but at least somebody else was taking over the graveyard shift, and for the moment we were happy in the illusion of escape. Like one waking from the toils of a nightmare, we welcomed the black night and the thousands of miles of black Pacific beneath. Johnston Island came and went, a pinpoint of light in all that empty ocean — an island no bigger for us than the glare of the landing lights on the field, and the snack bar, with its bustle of sleepy-eyed patrons. Then Hawaii, like a beautiful monarch moth, half emerging from a cocoon of mist.

That evening we took off again and spent a long night in the comfortless darkness of bucket seats. Fourteen hours later the rugged coastline and golden hills of California were just shaking off the blanket of fog when we first saw them. How beautiful! How peaceful and prosperous! How wonderful to be home again! We wanted so much to return to the America we had left — a country victorious and magnanimous in war, a country still confident in its ways of peace. Minutes later we were down on the ground in that celebrated and lethargic California sunshine.

What was learned at Bikini of a scientific or military nature may have been of value. Unfortunately, much of it is disguised in the esoteric idiom of the scientist. The really great lessons of that experiment, however, belong to no special group but to all mankind. The atomic era, fortunately or otherwise, is now man's environment, to control or to adapt himself to as he can.

Atomic research daily gathers momentum with its full train of military and social implications. For good or for ill we have embarked on this blind program.

There is no way back.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



CARL MOON began writing at the age of fourteen. He read everything he could get his hands on, and scrambled to support himself as a clerk, bookkeeper, and purchasing agent for a manufacturer of broadcast equipment. After having abandoned the idea of ever writing short stories, he found during service in the Ninth Air Force that the old urge was returning. Now in his thirty-first year, he is majoring in English Literature at Ohio State University.

THE VICTORY

by CARL MOON

YOU working for Judd Derr this summer? He's the hardest-working man in the county, and harder on a man. Last hand he had quit when Judd ordered him to catch his runaway huntin' dog."

I had worked for Judd a week before I heard this in town; Saturday nights, the working men and boys met to talk and spend some of the money they had earned, drinking milk shakes or soda pop.

"I don't think he's so bad," I replied with all the assurance of fifteen years and the status of an experienced hired man. "Sure, he's a hard worker, but he's good pay, and I ain't afraid to work. He don't want to try any of that lord-and-master stuff on me, though."

"Well, here's luck — but Judd Derr never kept the same hand a whole summer yet, that I know of."

Judd farmed the home place as well as his own land which adjoined it. His father was in the government, down at the state capital, and he had turned the farming over to Judd. The huge, modern dairy barn with its concrete floors, steel stanchions, and running water inside, its two tall silos outside, was more up to date in furnishings and equipment than was the house.

The Derr cattle were purebred, pedigreed stock. There were two prize bulls, one of them a National Grand Champion. Before the depression came, the cattle had brought premium prices. Now the herd had grown large; the Derrs would keep their cattle rather than put them up in a cheap market. A small sign at the end of the lane, along the main road, was kept freshly painted in plain, legible letters, "Thos. Derr & Son, Purebred Cattle." It was not an ad-

vertisement, nor an invitation to buy; it was more like the professional shingle, identifying the place and nature of business.

All other work was arranged around the care of the cattle. They were fed and milked at exactly six o'clock, morning and evening. The two-hour chore was regular, no matter what other work might suffer. This twice-daily task had been the clock of Judd's life, and his father's, and his grandfather's.

We worked down the ground and planted the oats, and then the corn. The winter wheat grew thick and green, bright patches on the gray land. The summer grew fatly thick and hot, filling the fields we worked. The corn was cultivated, the first cutting of hay was made, then to the corn again and the hay again, with little jobs between. When it rained, there was machinery to repair, oil, and make ready for use; there was feed to grind, cow barn or chicken house to clean. I swung a scythe through a few slack days, along the fence rows, along the ditch banks, the tough, green weeds withering as they fell in the heavy sunshine. I was judge, jury, and executioner; these plants should stand, and those should fall, and I felled them.

The corn grew too high to cultivate with the team, but a man could always go through the tall, green rows, so Judd started me hoeing. He would go swinging along a row of corn, bent double and slashing earth from under the weeds as though they might reach up to tangle him and drag him down if he did not destroy them first. When I had reached his pace, he would go to some other work, calculating the rows I should finish by night.

Judd's hoes all had the handles cut short; you

could not lean on a three-foot hoe handle, and you had to put your back into it to chop. There was a driving and a watching in Judd Derr that was always with him and yet was always left behind him over the work which he entrusted to me. Even on the rare days when he went to town, I felt compelled to work hard for a full day. He drove himself just as hard, as though this force were not in him but over him, so that he served it too. Once I lay in the cool sand to rest, looking up through the restless leaves of corn and relaxing completely. Suddenly I was up and hoeing furiously. I could see Judd with the team, half a mile away, and I knew that he could not see me. And yet, I had started up guiltily.

Judd seldom spoke of anything but the work. After weeks of working with him, eating at his table, sleeping in his house, he was still strange and distant with me. I was the only man he saw for weeks at a time, and yet he never offered to make small talk, never displayed any friendliness.

A few times he tried some brief, halfhearted, half-intended joke when I was leaving on a Saturday night, about the date I must have, or something like that, but it was never really any more than another way of saying "You can go now. Be here early Monday." He laughed when he spoke so, but it was not laughter — just short, humorless chuckles which seemed intended only to show the strength of his even teeth and his rough, muscular features. His direct blue eyes never lost their look of contempt for the universal imperfection which they always saw. There was no softness in his face, even when he looked at his wife or his small son — only proud, fierce possession. His short, dark hair stood as wiry and straight up as his compact body. He was altogether concentrated, intense, with a tight, aloof arrogance that aroused instinctive opposition. Everything about him challenged resistance, created resistance to challenge.

I resolved to do my work as well as possible, to avoid any mistake that might condemn me to his scornful superiority. Slowly, a barrier grew between us, an understanding of the conflict between his will to mastery and my will to submission without surrender. I believed that he understood and felt it as much as I did.

2

MID-JULY, and the wheat was fast turning ripe. It seemed that the fields themselves grew larger as the grain rose, faded, and then tanned in long days of hot suns, a glowing flood that brimmed the fences. Judd had forty acres of wheat. "Do you think I ought to hire another hand to help shock?" he asked, the night before we were to begin cutting.

"Let's see how it goes for a day or so," I said. Somehow, I wanted to keep the work between just the two of us. An extra hand might show me to be weak. I was willing to try if Judd was.

He drove the team on the binder while I followed as closely as I could, setting up bundles into rows of wheat shocks. At the end of the first day, I was not far behind. We worked an hour after supper and set up all that was cut. Judd asked again if I could keep up alone through forty acres. I said that I would try.

It was grueling, hot work, but exceedingly satisfying. The hot sun; the briny, streaming sweat; the regular, easy rhythm; the evidence of accomplished labor in the neat, growing lines of shocks, all capped against the west; the slowly increasing gap ahead to the binder which must not grow too great to make up after chores and supper; these, and the necessity to measure up to Judd, made the days seem short.

Judd's job was no easier. The binder was a ton of intricate, clicking, clattering parts, balanced on one heavy bull wheel. Every clod and furrow and turn was a gut-wrenching, bone-jarring shock; the hands and feet were busy with the team and the machine; the eyes had to be every second alert on every part of the binder from sickle to twine-knotter; an incessant, angry machine noise and a dry cloud of dust enveloped the binder in its own private atmosphere of grinding sound, choking heat, and dry, burning light. I knew the binder for a lifeless, punishing tool, and I preferred to shock bundles.

Feet on the ground in swinging steps, bending and grasping and turning to set a bundle with one flow of motion — the bundle caught at the waist between my two hands like a straight, supple girl: passive, pliant, firm, and golden — it was a wild, hypnotic dance of youth and strength.

The third day, Judd moved on to the other field. I hurried to keep up. It was the hottest day I can remember. The sun spread all across the sky, and the bright stubble threw back steady waves of the down-pouring heat. It was difficult to breathe. The yellow glare of sky and stubble whirled together and became a burning red sea on which little black bubbles darted and tossed and burst. Wiping sweat, I stood there in the red dark behind hot eyelids in the sun, relaxed, and tried my sight again. At first I thought I must be sun-struck; the sky was directly before me. I was on my back in the stubble, but could not remember falling. Had Judd seen me fall? No, that was good; back to work.

About midafternoon, Maria came out to the field with a jug of icy, unsweetened lemonade. She offered it hesitantly, as though fearing to be presumptuous. Judd's wife was timidly eager in everything she did for others. She was the sort of person who worked at friendship with an embarrassing zeal. Once I complimented her on a homemade cheese which she had made from her German mother's recipe, and she made it regularly afterward, although Judd never ate it. I was sure that she loved Judd with all her generous, sharing nature, and he accepted her. But she wanted to be needed. Judd loved and wanted her, but he did not need her. She

could not find room in him for this extra measure of her affection, and so this part of her went unused except for little kindnesses, performed intensely.

The next evening after supper, the wheat was finished. Judd was in good spirits, almost admitted me to equality. But my victory in the wheat-cutting was lost in the threshing. The threshing ring shared ownership of the machines and exchanged labor according to the sizes of their separate jobs. Judd had to supply two men with his team and wagon for some jobs, but instead of going himself, he hired an extra man. Did he know that I was trying to be his only hand? There was not so much work on the farm that he could not leave it to go threshing.

3

IT WAS pleasant to work with a crowd of men, away from Judd. Threshing was more a harvest celebration than just work. The annual jokes were passed; neighbors seldom seen at other times were familiars here again; the friendly, unspoken contests to build the highest, squarest loads were resumed; the green-horn loader's upset could be anticipated again — and kidded when it came; the dinner tables were proudly and heavily laid, because this was even more than a family feast. During the gossip of this harvest work, I heard the story of Judd's belling.

The belling of newlyweds was a universal rural custom then. A few days after marriage, the new couple in the community could expect this celebration of welcome into its married society. With no warning, usually after dark, the neighbors would gather and descend upon them, surrounding their house and setting up a racket which penetrated the night for miles around. Cowbells, tin pans, horns, shouting voices — anything to make a din — notified the pair that the initiation was beginning.

To imbue them with a full appreciation of their neighborhood, they were conducted on a long tour around and through it, preferably over all its roughest roads. The recent groom was made aware of his new status by being provided special accommodation in the caravan, usually a hog crate on a springless wagon. The bride could indicate at once her view of their new relationship by choosing to ride with him inside the crate or in comparative comfort on it. A boisterous uproar was maintained throughout, until the initiates were returned to their home, where they produced treats. The belling was always a surprise, but the surprised couple never failed to have a mysteriously adequate supply of cigars, candy, cakes, and coffee.

Judd's belling was different. His wife was a girl from another community, of a family little known locally. This was the more reason for making her welcome a warm one. The house was surrounded, and the noise-making began. Shortly, Judd's head appeared through a window, his angry mouth shouting, "Go away, get out of here, all of you!" Perhaps

his shouts were lost in the hullabaloo, perhaps his words were too incredible. The clangor continued until Judd thrust a shotgun through the window and fired. Then silence came so suddenly and completely that the spattering bird-shot was clearly heard in the trees. There was no doubting his words or his meaning this time when he shouted, "Get out of here, all of you!"

Judd had always been cool and distant with his neighbors, but this was insulting, a thing beyond independence. The subdued merry-makers drew together in a solid little group, then began to drift away, except for a half-dozen men who walked very deliberately up on the porch to the door. They went in without a word, took the shotgun away from Judd, carried him kicking and writhing out to the barnyard, dropped him into his watering trough, and then went quietly home. Judd's belling was over. He was never again given a chance to refuse his neighbors' hospitality. They all respected his hard work, his honesty, his independence even, but none would be his friend.

Now I could understand why Judd sent hired hands threshing. He knew. He would be uncomfortable at other men's tables where he would be excluded from the fellowship of hard work and good food shared together.

With the wheat harvest finished, it was Judd and I again. We began to fill the silos, working steadily, wordlessly. And the silence was intensified by the thing between us. I had made no mistakes, had submitted with honor to more than might be expected of me. This seemed only to aggravate the senseless, formless conflict.

Judd cut the corn, his knife leaving a row of white-capped, still-sucking green stubs which offered up the milk of earth to the empty air. I loaded the heavy, succulent stalks on the wagon, stacking them high against the back standards for easier loading and to save tramping over them. Judd clucked at the team. They bolted forward a few quick steps, the tail-heavy wagon bed tilted back out of its bolsters. I had loaded too high, too heavily.

"Dammit to hell, Bud!" Judd's angry glare was like a blow. I stood helplessly still, immobilized, retreating from his eyes without moving, shrinking in spite of myself, struggling against his overriding, angry scorn, trying to face him squarely.

"It should have been bolted down," I objected. Dimly, I heard what must have been my voice, without strength, issuing strangely cold from my hot and tingling chest. I thought briefly that he was going to whip me. I believed that he could whip me. But I was ready, tense and sickly impatient with the strain of long guardedness.

It may be that he saw justice in my protest. Perhaps he shared responsibility for the accident. Possibly he even respected me a little for my defiance and would not take this unfair advantage to tear

down the barrier. We both were willing to uncover the obscure antagonism between us, but it had to be in some way that we both would accept. Whatever he thought, he said nothing more, and we began to pull the wagon bed into place again.

The summer ended, and I had to return to school. When I left Judd, he spoke the only praise I ever heard from him. He said that I might work for him again, if I wanted to. I knew that he did not care, that he could always find a man, but he was admitting that I was good enough to work for him! Maria gave me a check for my wages and wished me luck. I felt I was leaving a friend in her, at least.

The next summer, Tub Cross hired me as soon as school ended. I stayed with him for a couple of weeks, then went to see Judd about a job. I had left something unfinished there. He was in the tool shed, tinkering with the corn planter.

"Hello, Judd. I hear you need a hired man."

"Well, I'm going to hire somebody this summer. You looking for a job?"

"At thirty dollars a month, yes." This was ten dollars more than Judd had paid me before.

"If you'll work every other Sunday, you can start now."

And so, I was working for Judd again. Maria was glad to see me, mentioned some school affairs that I had taken a part in. The routine of work was still freshly familiar; everything followed the pattern of the summer before. But I was beginning to hate Judd Derr, and the nature of my hatred was becoming clear. He was so completely assured: sufficient, possessive self — all self. He needed no one, no thing. His wife was *his* wife, his sons were *his* sons, his land was *his* land — all was *his* and only therein valuable. He had no debts — no obligations to any man for money, or service, or even simple recognition.

The wheat ripened again; the heat grew close and kept the thin blood burning and roiling. The almost-hate was in my veins, too. I wanted to get inside Judd, to make him like me or hate me actively, to make him break out of that damned little self he lived in. But he would not come near or let me, and the thing strengthened in the womb of sweltering, abundant summer, waiting an incident to give it birth and shape and substance.

Judd had bought a new team that spring; heavy, young, half-broken bays. I think he got them before they were broken to work so that he could do it himself. I drove them a few times without trouble, but I did not trust them. It took constant strength on the reins to keep them in control. Once they took me the length of a field on the manure-spreader when I let up my grip to throw the machine in gear. That load was really spread by the time I got them stopped. It was surprising, then, to hear from Judd that I was to go threshing with those skittish colts. I could vision catastrophe the first time they were

driven up to the clattering threshing machine with its exposed, whirring wheels and belts. This was a test of tameness familiar to every horse owner. I wondered if Judd was testing me as well. Maybe it was some knowledge shared of mutual trial that brought us through without accident, the team and I.

Toward the end of threshing, I went without the team to help at Tom Frank's, pitching bundles to a neighbor's wagon. The job was finished by supper-time, and the crew ate at Frank's. As we were leaving, Hank White came around to several of the wagons to ask the men if they would thresh out his grain that night; he said he had only a couple hours of work. The team I had worked with all day was going, so I went along. We finished at White's, and Hank told me before I left that he would pay me Saturday night. I realized then that he did not belong to the regular ring, had only hired part of it. Judd would be mad because I had worked for another man, especially since it made me late and he would have to do the chores alone.

When I got back, I went straight to the barn, took a bucket, and began to help finish the milking.

"What kept you so late tonight?" Judd asked, never looking up from his milking. Then, before I could reply, "I know, you went to help Hank White, and he's no friend of mine. You're supposed to be working for me."

"I didn't know he was not in the ring," I said, "not until we were done." Judd got up and walked over beside me.

"Don't lie to me, and don't give me any back talk!" He was grim-pale and shaking. "You get up and get out of here — you're fired!"

The fury was born, and Judd was its father and mother, and midwife. As his anger grew and twisted and leaped at me from his mouth, lashed at me from his eyes, I felt a cool relief; the struggle and the conflict had been taken from me, he had it all now, all to himself and in himself, and it could not touch me. This was the end, and he had lost; but I had been fair, and he should be, too.

"All right, can I have my pay?"

"You get out! Get off the place before I throw you off!" He was not shouting now, but his words roared through and around me with the force of his rage. I left him there, got my extra shirt from the house, and walked away home. It was over; it was ended and he had lost. He had broken the barrier to take the conflict into himself, and I was free of it.

The next week, I went out to get my pay. Judd told me, with his hard laugh that was not laughter, to get my check from Maria. He was cooled off now, and he looked older and smaller than I remembered him, smaller than I thought he was. His wife gave me the pay check and an embarrassed good-bye. Her eyes trembled and wavered away until I took her hand and said, "Good luck, Maria." She looked full at me.

"I'm sorry, Bud," she said.



The Atlantic Serial



THE SARACEN'S HEAD

by OSBERT LANCASTER

English artist and writer, OSBERT LANCASTER came down from Oxford in the early thirties and studied at the Slade School. Later he became the art critic of the Observer and a cartoonist for the Daily Express, and so embarked on the writing and drawing which have earned him a delightful reputation. During the war he lived in Greece for eighteen months in a semi-official capacity, and the notes and sketches he made at that time have recently appeared in his new book, Classical Landscape with Figures. Now, in wholly different vein, he devotes himself to the adventures of William de Littlehampton, the reluctant Crusader.

William's father, Sir Dagobert de Littlehampton, had been renowned in all Christendom for his bravery and outstanding skill in manly sports and exercises. But William,

failing to emulate his father, throughout his youth had been a byword in sporting circles because of his lack of concentration and natural clumsiness with the lance. Fancy his astonishment when shortly after his twentieth birthday he finds himself pitched into the Third Crusade by his domineering mother. Setting out from the castle of Courantsdair, the Littlehampton residence, his companions in the venture are Lillian, his gray mare, Charlemagne, the family wolfhound, and Leofric, William's brave young cousin for whom he has always had a natural dislike. After a singularly fortunate voyage aboard the good ship St. Caradoc, marred only by Charlemagne's encounter with a lion during a brief stay on shore, the group finally joins the English contingent of brave knights in the Holy Land.

7

LONG before it was light on the morning after his arrival in the Holy Land, William, together with the rest of the camp, was aroused by a prolonged blowing of bugles, and after a short but busy interval of dressing, packing, and parading he found himself, just as dawn was breaking, one of a long line of horsemen jogging southward across the rosy desert.

When the cavalcade of knights and men-at-arms had been riding for about three hours they came to a point where the desert track divided; one branch swung away to the right, the other continued straight on towards some low hills on the horizon. While the Baron of Barking-West was still consulting with his lieutenants as to which route to take, there appeared a pair of pilgrims of a very holy but sadly scruffy appearance. Upon being questioned these venerable men assured the Baron that both tracks would lead them to the city of Acre, but advised strongly that they should take the one to the right — although, when pressed, they readily admitted it was considerably longer.

"Why, O holy men," asked the Baron, "do you recommend us, whom you must know to be anxious to rejoin our sovereign with all possible speed, to take the longer way?"

"O Lord," replied the elder, holier, and dirtier of

the pair, "were you to continue on the road ahead your path would lie directly beneath the walls of the castle of the fearful Almanzor-el-Babooni, whose ferocity, strength, and insatiable appetite for Christian blood have made his name a byword throughout the East. No one has ever yet crossed that pass without his leave and come down on the other side alive."

"O miserable, sniveling rogues! Do you dare to suggest that fear of one contemptible Hottentot is likely to deter a company such as ours — that a force that includes such renowned warriors as the lords of Potters Bar, Tooting Bec, Bromley Common, and East Grinstead, as well as innumerable knights of the highest reputation, can be diverted from their chosen route by old wives' tales such as these? Do you dare to suppose that any man of us could ever again show his face in Earl's Court, or even Baron's Court, if we were to give a moment's heed to your craven warnings? — Hi there," the Baron, by now deep purple with rage, called to some men-at-arms, "seize these insolent scarecrows, and teach them the respect due to their betters."

Whereupon two lusty fellows rushed at the unfortunate holy men, belaboring them soundly with the flats of their swords, and continued this treatment until at last their victims ran bawling away down

the hill. By the time they had rejoined their companions the little force was already some distance along the road which led to the mountains.

From now on until they reached the top of the pass the greatest excitement prevailed among the Crusaders. It was generally agreed that the Baron had acted most properly in his summary rejection of the pilgrims' advice, and the only doubt which was generally expressed was as to whether he had not been overlenient in his treatment of the wretches and whether it might not have been better to string them up by the roadside with a short notice pinned round their necks recounting their crime by way of



warning to others who went about spreading alarm and despondency in this way.

The only person who did not fully share in the general confidence, you will not perhaps be surprised to hear, was William de Littlehampton. To him it seemed just possible that the holy men, who had obviously been a long time in this part of the world, might know what they were talking about. In particular he felt that his companions might possibly be underrating the Infidel tyrant whom, for his part, he was quite willing to believe every bit as formidable as he sounded. However, he knew enough to keep these unworthy doubts to himself.

8

SUDDENLY, less than an hour after the meeting with the pilgrims, a loud cry from the advance guard, who had reached the point where the road began to descend to the plain, brought the whole cavalcade to a halt. When William, who crowded forward with the others, reached the spot whence the cry had come he saw, immediately below, a level stretch of country dominated by the walls and towers of a

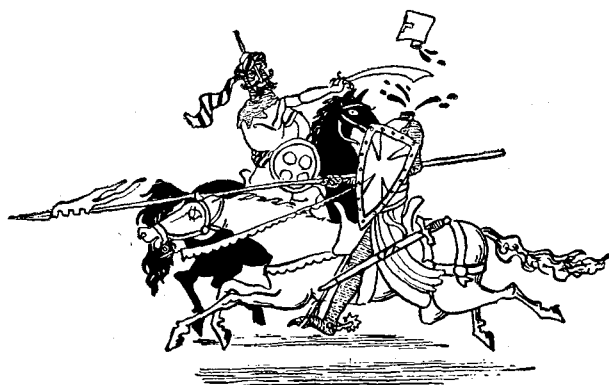
powerful castle in the Saracenic style. In front of its gates there was already drawn up what appeared to him to be an enormous host, their spears and scimitars flashing in the bright sunlight.

While the Baron and the more experienced knights, who had reined in their horses at the foot of the hill, were still discussing the best plan of campaign, a solitary horseman was observed to detach himself from the enemy ranks and come spurring across the intervening desert in a cloud of dust. When he had come within a hundred paces of the knights he pulled in his horse in a most dramatic manner, causing it to rear back on its haunches, and as soon as the dust had subsided was clearly seen to be a coal-black Negro of gigantic size, grasping a huge banner richly embroidered with incomprehensible hieroglyphics.

Before the Crusaders had fully recovered from their surprise the blackamoor herald, for such he proved to be, called out in an enormous voice and quite passable French that he was the servant of the illustrious, all-powerful, and most pious lord Almanazor-el-Babooni on whose territory they were now standing and who would suffer no Christian pig to remain alive for more than five minutes. So let them instantly begone! If, however, they were so foolish as to persist in their purpose his unconquerable master would be delighted to meet as many knights as would care to come against him in single combat.

This challenge, I need hardly say, was at once accepted, and while the herald was returning to his own lines to report, an eager dispute was carried on among all the knights as to who should have the honor of dispatching this Infidel braggart. At length, further discussion was prevented by the Baron of Barking-West deciding that, dearly as he would himself love to teach the Infidels a good lesson, he felt that it would only be fair to the younger knights, who probably had hitherto had few opportunities to prove their worth, if one of them were selected for the task. He accordingly commanded that the challenge should be taken up by Sir Simon de Gatwick, than whom no one of his generation enjoyed a higher reputation. Instantly there was a flood of congratulations for Sir Simon, together with hearty slaps on the back and cries of "Good old Gatters," "Some people have all the luck," "You beat the daylight out of him, old man," which was only brought to a close by the sight of the herald returning accompanied by another horseman who could only be the terrible Almanazor himself.

William, as soon as the pair had come clearly into view, felt that his worst fears had been well founded. El Babooni was a man of powerful physique with a great forked beard through which his sharp teeth gleamed like marble tombstones in an overgrown graveyard. On his head was a spiked golden helmet around which was bound a striped turban; in his left hand he held a small round shield, while with



his right he whirled an enormous scimitar with what William felt to be a deceptive nonchalance.

However, his companions seemed in no way to share William's nervous fears. They remarked slightly on the size of the champion's steed, which indeed, compared with their own great cart horses, looked small enough; they likened his shield to a saucepan lid; and his general appearance struck them as theatrical and flashy. It was generally felt, and by no one more strongly than that warrior himself, that Sir Simon would have a walkover.

At length the last encouragements had been given and the saddle girth finally adjusted, and Sir Simon, having put on his great helm, taken his lance from his page, and saluted the Baron, urged his horse forward towards the spot where the Infidel champion was impatiently awaiting him.

As Sir Simon, his shield held firmly across his body, his lance as straight and inflexible as a shaft of light, approached nearer his victim, his horse broke first into a trot, then into a canter, and finally into a full gallop. El Babooni for his part never moved, and as his opponent came closer and closer all the spectators held their breath, wondering if he were mad. Then, just as it appeared that nothing could prevent the point of Sir Simon's lance from transfixing the insolent Paynim, El Babooni's little black horse seemed to shy abruptly to the left, his little round shield shot out to catch and deflect the menacing spearhead, and with a seemingly careless sweep of his scimitar he severed the unfortunate knight's head neatly from his shoulders.

At first the Crusaders were too astonished to speak, but when the initial shock had subsided there broke out a flood of explanations and regrets: "Poor old Gatters," "Dashed bad luck," "Why, if that wretched little pony hadn't shied at the last moment that fellow would have been skewered as sure as eggs is eggs."

Almost at once the question arose as to who was to have the honor of taking the place of poor Sir Simon and of avenging his death, but it was soon obvious that this honor belonged by right to his dearest friend, Sir Willibald de Wandsworth.

Once more after the last encouragements had been given and the saddle girth finally adjusted, a

Christian knight, having put on his great helm, taken his lance from his page, and saluted the Baron, urged his horse towards the spot where the Infidel champion was impatiently awaiting him.

As Sir Willibald, his shield held firmly across his body, his lance as straight and inflexible as a shaft of light, approached nearer his victim, his horse broke first into a trot, then into a canter, and finally into a full gallop. El Babooni for his part never moved, and as his opponent came closer and closer all the spectators held their breath, wondering, though this time rather less hopefully, if he were mad. Then, just as it appeared that nothing could prevent the point of Sir Willibald's lance from transfixing the insolent Paynim, El Babooni's little black horse seemed to shy abruptly to the left, his little round shield shot out to catch and deflect the menacing spearhead, and with an undoubtedly disdainful sweep of his mailed fist, not troubling to raise the scimitar which hung idle at his saddlebow, he caught the unfortunate knight a light clip under the jaw, lifting him clean out of the saddle and breaking his neck with the sound of a whipcrack.

9

THIS time the Crusaders were silent for much longer, and when finally they had got over their astonishment, although their regrets were as sincerely expressed as before, their explanations were offered with rather a less confident ring. Moreover, the question of who next should take his place in the lists was not so easily to be decided, and had the Baron not firmly intervened the dispute might have gone on for some time.

"Men," he said, "I know that each one of you is burning with unquenchable eagerness to press forward and avenge your unfortunate companions. As there is now none among you who can justly be said to excel all others in martial virtues, I have decided that it would be fairest to all to draw lots. Thus you will all stand an equal chance of fulfilling the task which I know is closest to your hearts."

Having thus spoken the Baron called to the Chaplain and borrowing from him a small piece of parchment divided it carefully with his knife into small slips equal in number to the knights present. These



were then handed round by a page, and after each knight had written down his name (or, in rather a large number of cases, made his mark) were collected and placed in a helmet. The Baron, as soon as the helmet had been well shaken, closed his eyes tightly, put in his hand, and drew forth a slip of parchment. With what keen, if suppressed, excitement did the company wait as the Baron fumblingly, for he had forgotten to remove his mailed gloves, unfolded the selected slip! How tensely did all hold their breath as they observed a look of surprise and then of humorous resignation pass across his face as he scanned the name! How completely they all failed to suppress a gasp, whether of astonishment or relief it would be hard to say, as at last in clear ringing tones he announced the name, "William de Littlehampton!"

At first poor William could hardly believe his ears and then, as the full truth dawned on him, his head seemed to revolve rapidly on his shoulders and his stomach to start turning over inside him very, very slowly. When at length he had gained some little control over himself, he became aware of a chorus of hearty congratulations on his luck, in which, hazy as he was, he still thought he was able to distinguish a faint note of insincerity.

Before, however, he could pause to consider this point his lance was being thrust into his hand by Leofric, his helm was set firmly on his head by willing but unknown hands, and poor Lillian, who was hardly less nervous than he, was being urged forward to the point from which Sir Simon and Sir Willibald had started their ill-fated charges. As, obediently and seemingly without his direction, Lillian broke first into a trot, then into a canter, and finally into a gallop, William, thankful at least that his pale green face was hidden by his helm, repeated hopelessly to himself, "Keep a straight lance, keep a straight lance, at all costs keep a straight lance." Alas, even as he repeated these words he felt the point of his lance starting to move slowly from side to side and then up and down until it was behaving exactly like a weathercock on a gusty day. "It's no good," he thought, "my end has come. If *only* I had tried harder and paid more attention to all those lessons in the tiltyard. But it's all too late!"

He was now within a few yards of El Babooni and, as he looked at that ferocious countenance drawing rapidly closer, the sight struck him as so appalling that he firmly resolved to close his eyes, never expecting to open them again in this world.

The next thing William knew, there was a crash so terrible that he was sure every bone in his body was shattered, and he felt himself flying through the air and bumped down with a force which set twinkling before his eyes a million stars which were almost at once extinguished by a wave of impenetrable blackness.

After what seemed to him to be several centuries William found himself sitting on the ground

struggling to remove his helm, which had apparently got twisted round in his fall. When he finally succeeded in getting it off, with what incredulous astonishment did he survey the scene that presented itself to his gaze! A dozen yards away lay the prostrate form of Almanazor-el-Babooni with the broken shaft of William's lance sticking up from the center of his chest like a skewer in a partridge. Away in the distance a black horse was cantering terrified towards the horizon while, close at hand, Lillian was happily browsing on some cactus bushes. From the ranks of the Crusaders there rose a sound of prolonged cheering, while the Negro herald was down on his knees swaying from side to side and wailing like a banshee.

After a few moments, for his wits were still a little bemused by his fall, he began to realize that, unlikely as it seemed, he must himself have been responsible in some mysterious way for the overthrow of El Babooni. Exactly how it had come about he was at a complete loss to explain.

What in fact had happened was this. Almanazor-el-Babooni had hitherto only been accustomed to giving battle to the most accomplished and highly trained Christian knights, such as Sir Simon and Sir Willibald, who invariably charged with a perfectly straight lance. When, therefore, he saw approaching a horseman whose lance, so far from being inflexibly straight, wavered from side to side, describing circles with its point, he was completely dumfounded and his carefully acquired technique became of no avail. First he thrust out his little shield to the left, then to the right, and finally, too late, straight in front, muffed it, and only succeeded in deflecting the point of William's lance into the exact center of his own chest. Which all goes to show that it is seldom wise implicitly to trust the experts.

10.

As soon as they saw the downfall of El Babooni and realized that he would never rise again, all the Crusaders came crowding round the still dazed William, slapping him on the back and wringing his hand. The Baron with tears in his eyes constantly repeated how much he wished his dear old friend Sir Dagobert had survived to witness the events of today, and repeatedly remarked what joy the news would give at Courantsdair.

Natural and proper as were the reactions of William's companions, the extraordinary performance of one bystander was completely unexpected. Much to the general surprise there came thrusting his way through the crowd of knights the gigantic Negro herald, whose name strangely enough turned out to be Hercule, who, flinging himself full length on the ground, seized William's right foot and placed it on his own head, informing the company as he did so that he now considered himself the slave of the conqueror of El Babooni for life, and vowing

that from henceforth he would never leave his side.

This touching scene might well have continued for some time had not the Baron called attention to the fact that although Almanazor himself had been dealt with, there still remained his army and his fortress. Accordingly he gave the order to mount and the whole body of knights, with the addition of Hercule, continued in line across the desert towards the enemy.

Any anxiety which the Crusaders may have felt at being faced with what was still a considerable force was soon dispelled by the behavior of the Infidel host, who ever since they had realized that their leader was laid permanently low had been howling and yelling fit to burst. Now on seeing the approaching line of horsemen they broke and scattered in all directions, some galloping away towards the mountains as fast as they could and some flying back to the fortress, while others followed the example of Hercule and came rushing forward to throw their arms at the conqueror's feet.

On arriving at the great gates of the stronghold the Christians were surprised to find them open, and no single warrior prepared to make any resistance. Accordingly — the Baron having taken suitable precautions against ambush and secured a number of hostages who, he caused Hercule to announce in Arabic, would be immediately beheaded at the first sign of treachery — the whole force entered the city. Their first action was immediately to requisition the largest available palace, naturally El Babooni's, and as much food and drink as they could lay hands on. This done the Baron, having posted a full quota of sentries, dismissed the parade, announcing that all would assemble in the great court of the palace at seven o'clock sharp, when a magnificent banquet would be held to celebrate the happy events of the day.

That evening proved to be one of the most memorable in William's life. Having lived for the past two months on ship's biscuits and salt pork, he had looked forward eagerly to the banquet, but little dreamt how rich and varied the dishes would prove. There were lobsters cooked in wine, red mullets fried in butter, lark pies, fricassee of nightingales' tongues, the tenderest kidneys wrapped in vine leaves and eaten on spits, young gazelles' trotters stewed in honey, mangoes, grapes, little figs, cakes made with almonds, and any amount of wine of all colors cooled with snow. But perhaps the most splendid dish of all was a roast flamingo stuffed with a whole turkey, which was stuffed with a whole goose, which was stuffed with a whole chicken, which was stuffed with a whole partridge, which was stuffed with

a whole quail, which was stuffed with a whole snipe, which was stuffed with a whole lark, which was stuffed with a whole nightingale, which was stuffed with a locust.

None of the Crusaders had ever eaten such a meal before; but for William, whose mother had never approved of fancy, "Frenchified" dishes and had always insisted at Courantsdair on what she called "good plain English cooking," it was a revelation.

After they had all eaten so much they could no longer move, there took place a series of splendid and varied entertainments. There were dancers who whirled round so fast that their limbs seemed about to fly off; there were acrobats who balanced on the tips of their noses on spears; there were contortionists who tied their legs in knots behind their ears; there were jugglers who kept a dozen oranges, sixteen plates, any number of knives, and a quantity of flaming torches all whirling through the air at the same time.

At last the Baron rose up and announced that as an early start would have to be made in the morning, all should now go to bed.

"However," he concluded, "before you depart there is one more toast which I would like to propose. Gentlemen, I give you the health of William de Littlehampton!"

11

THE next day was very hot, and as the sun mounted higher in the sky, the Crusaders grew redder and damper, and many complaints arose, especially from the fatter knights, about having to wear armor. But the Baron was very firm and refused for a moment to consider withdrawing his orders. "You are all on active service now, not just going to a tournament," he said. "Besides," he added, "this is not really hot — you should have been on the Second Crusade. Now that really *was* hot! I remember once in the desert the sun was so powerful that I fried an egg on my helmet. The trou-



ble is you young fellows don't know what real heat is."

William, who had passed his whole life at Courantsdair, was in no position to contradict and, anyhow, being quite thin he was not suffering unduly. Poor Lillian, however, was in a dreadful state and felt very envious of those horses that were wearing long linen surcoats, tastefully embroidered with their masters' arms. William, therefore, determined to have one of these coats, which he much admired, as soon as they reached the camp. Hitherto he had felt that were he at once to adopt this fashion, which he noted was confined to the smarter and more experienced knights, he might be considered to be rather bumptious and guilty of a desire to show off, but since the events of yesterday he felt his position among his companions was now sufficiently well established to enable him to do so without arousing any adverse comment.

Shortly after midday the leading knights saw, away in the distance, through a gap in the low hills, a patch of brilliantly blue sea and within an hour they were in view of the towers and walls of Acre with the innumerable tents that sheltered the Allied armies drawn up in a vast half circle in the foreground.

As soon as they had passed the first outposts the scene was one of the utmost liveliness and bustle, and William would indeed have been hopelessly confused and at a loss to understand the significance of half that met his eyes had it not been for the companionship of Sir Cuthbert de Brett who was riding alongside him. This amiable and well-informed young knight was counted the best amateur herald of his generation, and proved a mine of interesting and detailed information.

"Why look, dear boy," he said, pointing to a large banner flapping above a tent on the left, "there are the three rognons braisés on a ground argent of Salamandre de Vichy-Célestins. He, you know, is one of the richest lords in France and owns the best fishing in all Aquitaine. And next door I see the impaled turbot proper of Bobo Sissinghurst, one of the Derbyshire Sissinghursts and uncle by marriage of poor Gatters. And there, I do believe, are the quartered pelicans of Alfredo Frangipani; he, you realize, is Duke of Acqua-Pellegrino and possesses immense estates in Calabria and is directly descended from Romulus's wolf. Oddly enough," he added in a casual voice, "he is a connection of mine on his mother's side."

William, who had never been very good at heraldry, was profoundly grateful for all this valuable information, although the thought of the distinction and grandeur of so many of these names made him feel increasingly nervous. Sir Cuthbert, on the other hand, seemed to find the atmosphere positively exhilarating and kept on repeating in tones of the greatest satisfaction and surprise, "My dear, the whole world seems to be here."

The Baron of Barking-West, after many inquiries from friends and acquaintances, at last succeeded in finding the billeting officer, and after a considerable delay, during which this worthy fellow read through a long list three times, then decided it was the wrong one, sent for another, and finally found what he wanted in the first, they were directed, just as the sun was setting, to the quarters they were to occupy for the night.

Quite early next morning, before indeed William had finished dressing, he was surprised to receive a visit from the Baron carrying a large parcel done up in a damp cloth.

"Well," said his visitor with some satisfaction, "I've fixed it. His Majesty, whom news of your remarkable exploit had already reached, has graciously expressed his wish to make your acquaintance and I am to present you to him at this morning's levée, which takes place in half an hour."

At first William was too overcome to reply, and busied himself with finishing his toilet and asking Leofric to give his helmet an extra polish and put out a clean surcoat. When at last he had got over his surprise, he hastily inquired what he was expected to do, how he should address his sovereign, and particularly, what was in the large parcel.

"Ah, yes, indeed," said the Baron, "that's a small present for you to give His Majesty. It is always as well on these occasions to have some trifling little memento to offer. And this, I flatter myself, will be much appreciated." Whereupon, winking broadly, he whisked off the cloth, revealing to the horrified William the severed head of Almanzor-el-Babooni!

"Yes," continued the Baron, "I had it cut off yesterday with just this purpose in mind. I think you'll find that it will give much pleasure to the Monarch."

William, who had not regarded the face of El Babooni as a thing of beauty during his lifetime and considered that little or no improvement had been effected by death, thought it highly improbable that this grisly relic could give much pleasure to anyone, but could only suppose the Baron knew best.

By the time the Baron and William had arrived at the space in front of the royal tent where the levée was to be held, a large crowd had already assembled. Thanks, however, to the energy of the Baron and the fact that he had a friend in the Lord Chamberlain's office, they were given very good places in the queue and settled down to wait patiently until their sovereign should emerge.

Exactly on the stroke of ten, with a punctuality which has ever distinguished the Royal House, the trumpets sounded, the guards presented arms, unseen hands whisked apart the flaps of the tent, and His Majesty, King Richard, accompanied by a numerous retinue of chamberlains, secretaries, chap-

lains, Allied commanders, and others, advanced to take his seat on the throne which had been placed on a dais opposite the head of the queue. His sovereign's countenance struck William as noble and benign: the blue if slightly prominent eyes formed a pleasing contrast to the red of the beard and hair and the expression was condescending but affable.

A rather less pleasing impression, however, was created by the appearance of His Majesty's attendants. William was an idealistic young man and



found it hard altogether to suppress a feeling of disappointment on his first sight of so many figures prominent in public life. In those days, you must remember, there were no photographs or newspapers to render familiar the likenesses of the leading statesmen of the time, and were you suddenly to be confronted today with the whole Cabinet and the more important permanent civil servants, having received no previous hint of their appearance, you would doubtless be no less shocked than was poor William on this occasion.

But little time was left for reflection on these matters, for William had hardly recovered from his surprise when he found himself at the head of the queue being urged forward by the Baron. As he sank down on one knee, eyes fixed on the ground, he heard the chamberlain read out his name and titles, and those of the Baron, which was followed by a short silence broken finally by a thunderous rasping sound that he did not at once realize was his sovereign clearing his throat. This over, he heard the royal voice, more kindly but hardly less forceful than that of the Dame of Courantsdair, addressing him in the warmest manner.

"William de Littlehampton, We are doubly pleased to welcome you among us today. First as your father's son; for the late Sir — the late Sir — um, the late" — at this point William noticed an anxious face pop over the top of the throne and whisper hurriedly in the royal ear — "Sir Dagobert was among Our Royal Father's most trusted lieges.

Second, We welcome you in your own right as one who has accomplished a notable feat of arms, gaining great credit for yourself and affording much assistance to the Holy Cause we are all sworn to defend. Sometime We would much like to hear from your own lips a full account of your prowess in yesterday's engagement. Now, alas, affairs of state are pressing. However, We cannot take Our leave of so gallant a knight without bestowing some signal mark of Our favor."

At this a page came forward with a pair of beautiful golden spurs on a cushion. These His Majesty took and, with that gracious condescension which had done so much to endear him to all ranks of his subjects, himself fixed on the feet of the trembling William. Then, taking the immense sword which rested across his knees, he tapped William lightly on the shoulder and said in ringing tones: "Rise, Sir William."

So overcome was our hero at this totally unexpected gesture that he would undoubtedly have forgotten to present his own gift had the Baron not jabbed him sharply in the ribs. Blushing furiously, and doing his best to conceal both his distaste for the present and his anxiety as to its reception, he mumbled some quite inaudible words of gratitude and loyalty and laid the bundle at the King's feet.

Sir William need have had no fear about the reaction his gift was to produce, for no sooner had he removed the cloth than a murmur of the most genuine appreciation arose on all sides and there at once appeared in the royal eye a look of animation which had up to that moment been quite lacking. Many remarks highly flattering to William's pride and sadly critical of El Babooni's appearance were passed by those present, and when the relic was removed by an attendant His Majesty gave instructions that it was to be carefully stuffed and mounted and sent back to hang with other remarkable trophies of the chase in the great hall at Windsor.

"Your thoughtful gesture," said the Monarch, "in presenting Us with this splendid memento of a notable action has deeply touched Us, and as a small token of Our gratitude, We command that you shall have the honor of carrying Our Royal Standard in the great attack which is to be launched tomorrow. Moreover, We graciously permit you under Our Royal Warrant from henceforth to bear as your badge, crest, and ensign a severed Saracen's head proper, and to transmit the same to all your descendants in the male line from generation to generation."

Thus saying the King rose, indicating that the levée was now at an end, and followed by all his attendants withdrew into his tent.

Sir William was deeply touched by all these marks of the royal favor. His golden spurs clinked in a most gratifying fashion and attracted much favorable comment from all his companions, and the thought of at last being able to get rid of Sir

Dagobert's old boar's head on his coat of arms which had throughout his youth proved for him a badge of humiliation, and to replace it with this far more dashing and exotic device, gave him boundless pleasure. The consideration of how much it would annoy his mother did not, I am sorry to say, in any way lessen his satisfaction.

With regard to the honorable and eagerly sought-after post of Royal Standard Bearer he was less certain. His responsibilities he realized would be very heavy and he was anxious lest Lillian should prove

when there were no fewer than three different standard bearers in the twenty-four hours, a record for the whole campaign."

12

As William lay awake that night brooding on his conversation with Sir Cuthbert, he came to realize for the first time that one of the great drawbacks of a noble reputation is the strain of keeping it up.

Dawn was still but a faint pinkish glow in the



unable to keep up with the royal charger, for he understood it to be his privilege always to be within five paces of the Monarch throughout the day. Moreover, he was distressed by the fear that his sudden elevation to this important post might provoke the jealousy of the previous standard bearer, whom he did not doubt to be one of the immensely distinguished characters of whom Sir Cuthbert had spoken. So seriously did he consider this possibility that he confided his fears later that day to Sir Cuthbert himself.

"My dear boy, you can set your mind at rest on that score," de Brett assured him, "for there is at present no Royal Standard Bearer. The last man to hold the post was poor Odo de Basingstoke who was killed last Saturday, his first day in office. Before that there was Etienne du Chemin-de-Fer-du-Nord, who died on the previous Wednesday, having taken over from Wolfgang von der Bummelzug but three days earlier."

"Oh," said William in a rather depressed tone of voice, "and what happened to Wolfgang von der what d'you call him?"

"He, poor fellow, was laid low by a bow shot right at the end of the engagement. That was the day

east when William, who had slept very badly, was aroused by sounds of immense activity throughout the camp. Complicated trumpet calls rang out on all sides; the noise of riveting and swearing in half a dozen languages filled the air as hundreds of knights were assisted into their armor; and the ground shook beneath the pawing and trampling of as many chargers being exercised by grooms and pages. Poor William, who seldom felt at his best at this hour of the day, grew increasingly depressed and the eager chatter of Leofric, who was bustling round here, there, and everywhere, did little to cheer him. Only from the freshly painted Saracen's head glowering from his shield did he gain any comfort.

Arrived at the royal tent, William found what appeared to be the utmost confusion reigning. Galloping young staff officers kept leaping on and off horses and dashing away on unspecified errands. Pages and armorers shot in and out with helms, battle-axes, shields, and all sorts of equipment, and no one seemed to have either the leisure or the inclination to tell Sir William where to go or what exactly to do. Accordingly he dismounted, giving his reins to Leofric, and remained respectfully as

near the door of the tent as he could get — a position in which he caused the maximum inconvenience to everyone.

At last, just as the first rays of the sun shot above the low horizon, a final flurry of staff officers dashed out to announce the immediate appearance of His Majesty, and a few seconds later the King himself emerged.

Clad in full armor, though modestly wearing on his surcoat the plain scarlet cross of the Crusader, King Richard, having smiled graciously on Wil-

horsemen, the pennons of their lances stirring gently in the early morning breeze, and the sun gleaming and flashing from their helms and weapons. Immediately in front lay the walls and towers of Acre, but between them and the ramparts was already drawn up the main body of the Saracen host. After an extended study of their position King Richard turned to his trumpeter, who blew a long warning blast on his horn that was echoed by trumpeters all through the army, and standing in his stirrups raised aloft his great sword.



liam, vaulted lightly onto his immense charger that was completely enshrouded in a scarlet saddlecloth embroidered all over with the royal leopards. Whereupon one nobleman dashed forward to hand him his sword and shield, another lifted up his great helm topped by the Crown of England, while a third thrust into the hands of William, who had only just managed to get mounted in time, the Royal Standard.

Puzzled, still uncertain what to do, and dreadfully apprehensive, poor William was delighted suddenly to notice among the crowd the familiar features of the Baron of Barking-West.

"Well, my boy," said the latter, "good luck, and God be with you. You know what you have to do? Never let the King out of your sight for one moment and never fall more than five paces behind! Don't worry about killing Moslems; the other fellows will do that all right. All you have to do is to keep the flag flying. Good-bye and good luck."

On that historic day the English contingent, with their sovereign at their head, occupied the very center of the Allied line, and even William, nervous as he was, felt his heart beat faster with pride as his eye traveled over the long rows of

After what seemed to William an age but can only have been a few seconds, he waved it three times round his head, the trumpets sounded once more, and the whole line moved forward at a brisk trot.

It was not long before the King himself had drawn slightly ahead of the line; and when the pace increased from a trot to a canter and then to a gallop this distance steadily increased. Poor Lillian, who had no great turn for speed, was hard pressed but seemed fully to realize her great responsibility and, puffing but indomitable, succeeded in keeping the regulation five paces behind. William, recalling the fact that, encumbered with the great standard, he would have to look to others for his defense, felt this isolation from the main body very keenly. However, he had little time for such somber reflections before he found himself, as it were in a flash, in the midst of the tumult. One moment the ferocious Moslem soldiery seemed to be a good quarter of a mile ahead; the next they were all around him and on every side.

Of all the fearful details of that heroic day, Sir William could later recall but few. Nobly, but only with difficulty, following his sovereign he was throughout in the very thick of the fighting. Swords

and battle-axes rose and fell, heads and limbs rolled on the ground, lances shivered and arrows whizzed all around him. Twice an arrow pierced his surcoat, and no fewer than twelve found their mark on his bright new shield. Poor Lillian's energies began to flag halfway through, but fortunately an arrow in the rump livened her up in an astonishing degree.

At last quite suddenly they found themselves at the foot of the walls and all the great host, which a short time before had been drawn up below, had vanished away leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind them. Whereupon the King, regardless of the arrows and stones which were still whistling down from the battlements, gave the order to dismount and called in a loud voice for scaling ladders. As soon as these had been set against the walls he advanced briskly to the nearest, closely followed by William, and started to mount.

While the royal foot was yet on the lower rungs a terrible thing happened. William, in his fear of being left behind, dashed heedlessly forward, slipped in a pool of blood, and fell flat on his back. At that very moment there leapt from the ground, where he had been feigning death in the hope of just such a chance as William's mishap now offered, a repellent Arab clutching a long knife which he raised, snarling with savage glee, high above the prostrate standard bearer. William had given himself up for

lost and was fumbling desperately for his shield, on which in fact he was sitting, when suddenly there was a growl and a dirty yellow flash, and Charlemagne, tailless but unhesitating, flung himself at the Infidel's throat. Regretfully, but knowing well his duty, William scrambled to his feet clutching tight the standard and dashed up the ladder after the King, leaving poor Charlemagne to his fate.

How William ever reached the top of that ladder he never knew. He had never had a good head for heights, and quite apart from the shaking and quivering caused by the weight of two knights in full armor hurrying up it as quickly as they could, there was a hail of stones, arrows, and humble but familiar pieces of crockery hurled down by the defenders above.

Somehow, however, he managed to survive, and in what seemed a remarkably short space of time the Christian watchers below sent up cheer upon cheer. There, silhouetted against the bright blue sky, on the very highest section of the walls were visible the stalwart figure of the Lionheart waving his sword in triumph alongside the Royal Standard firmly planted on the battlements and guarded by Sir William de Littlehampton, while round their feet there gamboled, barking triumphantly, a tailless wolfhound whose unattractive appearance was for once redeemed by a justified self-assurance.

(To be concluded)





MEAD EARLE served as consultant at Army Air Forces Headquarters from 1942 until 1945 and was on temporary duty overseas with the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces in 1944-1945. In addition to teaching at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, he has written several books and is the editor and co-author of *Makers of Modern Strategy: Military Thought from Machiavelli to Hitler*, published in 1943.

THE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN PRESIDENT

Dwight D. Eisenhower

by EDWARD MEAD EARLE

1

UNLIKE some of his former comrades in arms, Dwight Eisenhower has heretofore shown relative unconcern over his ultimate place in history. As he sees it, the record has already been made, beyond his power to add or detract. Therefore he has refused to be drawn into controversies precipitated by ill-tempered, ill-informed, and even mischievous partisans of Patton, Montgomery, and others, who have sought to exalt their own heroes by undermining his prestige. Despite the outrageous unfairness of some of this criticism, Eisenhower has maintained a dignified silence — not because he cannot offer a defense, but because, as he said on V-E Day, he deprecates “profitless quarrels” as to which country, which service, and which individuals “won the war.” His public utterances during and since the war have deliberately turned the spotlight away from his own achievements, to focus it on the valor of his armies and upon the spirit of inter-Allied unity and teamplay which were, in his judgment, the true architects of victory.

Obviously, therefore, his book *Crusade in Europe* (Doubleday, \$5.00) is no apologia. It is notable for its frank admissions that mistakes, some of them serious, were made in the conduct of the war in Africa and Europe. It is distinguished by the author's readiness to assume full responsibility for errors of judgment or of strategy and grand tactics. Where his orders were disregarded or disobeyed and trouble ensued, he places the blame where it rightly belongs. Otherwise he says without equivocation that the faults were his and his alone.

During the stresses and strains of war, and in a highly explosive world like ours, dramatic and melodramatic personalities are certain to emerge. But Eisenhower regards egocentricity and self-exaltation as mistakes or crimes, not harmless indulgences. He is convinced — see, for example,

his eloquent and moving speech at the Guildhall in 1945 — that as Supreme Commander he was the agent and the symbol of the unity of purpose of the Allied peoples, who labored valiantly in a common cause for a common victory. Above all, he is the spokesman of the millions of soldiers in the Allied armies who, as he says, are the real authors of this book.

Crusade in Europe should be read as a report — an intimate and personal report — to the American people. It is not, strictly speaking, military history, although it includes much that will be of interest to the professional soldier and critic. It is not a “now it can be told,” behind-the-scenes volume of reminiscence and revelation; it is devoid of the trivia and chitchat of Butcher's diary, which did SHAEF and Eisenhower a disservice. If it does not have the broad sweep and booming eloquence of Churchill's *The Gathering Storm*, it has qualities of its own: clarity, sincerity, modesty, and straightforwardness. It also has engaging charm, an easy wit, depth of feeling, and considerable narrative power.

No book, however convincing, could of itself add a cubit to Eisenhower's stature as one of the great captains of history. But an ill-tempered, trivial, or disingenuous book might have tarnished the luster of a great reputation. Happily, Eisenhower emerges from these pages what he has always been — a great soldier and a warmhearted human being.

General Eisenhower was confronted with nice problems of judgment and integrity in the telling of this story. He faced, for example, the question of how he should deal with some of the more flamboyant and eccentric personalities with whom he had to work. To tell the truth about Montgomery might conceivably damage Anglo-American relations. To speak with frankness concerning Patton would inevitably dispel some of the Patton legend. On the other hand, to gloss the facts would be to

call into question the author's basic integrity. Eisenhower has not resolved these problems to the satisfaction of everyone — certainly not to the satisfaction of those whose dislike of Montgomery or whose hero-worship of Patton borders on the pathological.

Eisenhower would have preferred Alexander to Montgomery had he had freedom of choice in building his staff for the invasion of Normandy. From first to last he found Montgomery difficult to work with, if not insubordinate or disloyal. As Montgomery said of himself: "I like to go my own way." Montgomery pressed beyond the limits of propriety his case for complete command of all Allied ground forces. It was constantly charged that "Monty" was overcautious and unduly concerned with what he called "tidying up" the battlefield. Eisenhower is reluctant to give a definitive judgment on this point. As he says, Montgomery was magnificent as the commander of an army in training, and held the confidence and loyalty of his troops under the most exacting and critical conditions. But one may read a good deal between the lines in Eisenhower's judgment that Montgomery was the master of the "set piece" or "prepared" battle, in which everything was made ready down to the last shoelace before a shot was fired.

Although it is true that Eisenhower was sometimes exasperated by Montgomery's failure to move with sufficient daring, he is more judicious and hence more nearly just to Montgomery than most other critics. "Criticism is easy [he writes] — an unsuccessful attack brings cries of 'butcher' just as every pause brings wails of 'timidity.' Such charges are unanswerable because proof or refutation is impossible. In war about the only criterion that can be applied to a commander is his accumulated record of victory and defeat. . . . Those critics of Montgomery who assert that he sometimes failed to attain the maximum must at least admit that he never once sustained a major defeat."

Patton was a different type. Caution was no part of his make-up; in fact, his braggadocio sometimes (as in the Battle of the Bulge) led him to underestimate the magnitude of his task. But he was a superb tank officer, and he was cut to order as an army commander. He was offensive-minded and nothing could stop his armored columns until he had outrun his supply (and not always then, as he once operated on gasoline captured from the Luftwaffe). "For certain types of action," says Eisenhower, he was "the outstanding soldier our country has produced." His conduct of the battle of the Saar-Palatinate triangle — with the subsequent surprise crossing of the Rhine — was a classic. He was a brilliant, powerful, dangerous open-field runner, with a tremendously impressive record of touchdowns. But granted all this — and one could not ask for more as regards a field commander — he was a grave problem for Eisenhower. And for

the same reasons as Montgomery — a purple personality.

Eisenhower had a warm affection for Patton and a high regard for his fighting heart. He had a reserved admiration for Montgomery's professional ability. But being an ingenuous extrovert himself, he found it difficult to be patient with the extravagant egoism of these subordinates. He preferred the Bradley type — the superb professional soldier, with something of the mentality of the scholar, thoughtful, modest, devoid of histrionics. As Eisenhower says, Bradley was the greatest field commander in American history, a master of grand tactics, "a keen judge of men and their capabilities and absolutely fair and just in his dealing with them. Added to this, he was emotionally stable and possessed a grasp of larger issues that clearly marked him for high office."

This praise of Bradley may be taken as indirect censure of Montgomery and Patton. But Eisenhower goes further by saying: —

Professional military ability and strength of character, always required in high military position, are often marred by unfortunate characteristics, the two most frequently encountered and hurtful ones being a too obvious avidity for public acclaim and the delusion that strength of purpose demands arrogant and even insufferable deportment.

2

IN QUITE different ways Winston Churchill also was a problem for Eisenhower. Eisenhower had deep and abiding respect for the courage and tenacity of the British people and the British armed forces. Churchill was John Bull himself, and Eisenhower subscribed fully to Roosevelt's verdict that "no one could have a better or sturdier ally than that old Tory."

But Churchill was a difficult ally, however loyal and trustworthy. He refused to stay put after the most fundamental and far-reaching decisions were made — even when made with seeming finality. "If he accepted a decision unwillingly he would return again and again to the attack in an effort to have his own way, up to the very moment of execution." He was obsessed with the idea of the "soft underbelly" of Europe; time and again, directly and indirectly, he sought to divert the main effort from Western Europe to Italy and the Balkans. He was virtually a member of the British Chiefs of Staff; and as he seemed to dominate its uniformed personnel, he became the military as well as the civilian head of the nation. He had an exasperating habit of interfering with tactical, operational matters. He was the principal protagonist of the Anzio attack, to which Eisenhower consented with grave misgiving and reluctance.

There were fundamental differences between American and British strategical concepts for win-

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ning the war. In some instances Churchill was responsible for the differences, and in virtually all instances he was the heart, the brains, the will power, and the eloquence of the British case. He was a tough customer to handle in an argument; only General Marshall seems not to have been talked down at one time or another. As Eisenhower says, Churchill was a master of debate. "He could become intensely oratorical, even in a discussion with a single person," but "his intensity of purpose made his delivery seem natural and appropriate. He used humor and pathos with equal facility, and drew on everything from the Greek classics to Donald Duck for quotation, cliché, and forceful slang to support his position. I admired and liked him. He knew this perfectly well and never hesitated to use that knowledge in his effort to swing me to his own line of thought in any argument."

Although in a variety of ways Churchill made things difficult for him, Eisenhower is generous and wise enough to say: "Nevertheless, in countless ways he could have made my task a harder one had he been anything less than big, and I shall always owe him an immeasurable debt of gratitude for his unfailing courtesy and zealous support, regardless of his dislike of some important decisions. He was a great war leader and he is a great man."

What Eisenhower says about Churchill makes fascinating reading and whets the appetite for what Churchill will have to say about Eisenhower.

There are, too, revealing thumbnail sketches of other Allied war leaders, from the magnificent Olympian figures of Marshall and Portal to the proud, touchy, intractable De Gaulle and the inept, almost *opera bouffe* Giraud. Eisenhower is a shrewd judge of character; and as he is highly articulate as well, his comments on the military and political headliners of our time hold more than casual interest.

There is not much, however, that is new about Roosevelt. Eisenhower was fascinated by the President's courage, optimism, and buoyancy, "amounting almost to lightheartedness." He was impressed by Roosevelt's knowledge of geography and history, as well as by his phenomenal memory. But he was puzzled by the President's persistent oversimplification of French and North African problems. In a somewhat cryptic passage Eisenhower says: "With some of Mr. Roosevelt's political acts I could never possibly agree. But I knew him solely as leader of a nation at war — and in that capacity he seemed to fulfill all that could possibly be expected of him." And in at least one important respect the Allied cause, represented by Marshall and Eisenhower, owes the President an eternal debt: he never really wavered in his determination that Anglo-American forces should land in France and come to grips there with the German Army.

The nearest to sensational disclosure in this book is Eisenhower's account of a conversation with

President Truman at Potsdam in 1945. He reports at length discussions he had with the President and Secretary of State Byrnes concerning military government (which he thought should be taken over by civilians), the continuance of Lend-Lease, the future of Germany (especially the Ruhr), and Soviet entry into the war against Japan. (Eisenhower believed that nothing could keep Russia out of the Pacific war and that we therefore should not solicit her aid but on the contrary should seek to forestall it.)

He then relates how the President, in a quite informal conversation in the presence of General Bradley, suddenly turned and said: "General, there is nothing that you may want that I won't try to help you get. That definitely and specifically includes the presidency in 1948." To this Eisenhower replied: "Mr. President, I don't know who will be your opponent for the presidency, but it will not be I." How far this colloquy constituted an exchange of pledges is a moot question. But that Eisenhower, had he so willed, might have been President almost for the asking is less moot. That he thrice refused the proffered crown is a measure of the man.

As one reads the record here set forth of the victorious march of Allied arms in North Africa, Italy, France, and Germany, one is amazed at the magnitude and grandeur of the military effort and at the imagination and efficiency of the High Command. There is nothing like it in all recorded history. In fact, the record is even more impressive than Eisenhower makes it appear. For he writes pretty much from the point of view of a ground soldier (despite his generous tributes to the air forces and to the airmen on his staff). He pays, perhaps, less attention than he should to his historic role as director of what Churchill called "triphibious" operations on land, offshore, and in the skies. Integration of the power of the three services, and of the war efforts of the Allied powers, is one of Eisenhower's truly great claims to fame.

3

ALL was not milk and honey for Eisenhower. There were those grim days early in 1942, when we were on the run everywhere, when "we had nothing to distribute but deficits," and when it seemed sheer fantasy to plan for a cross-Channel invasion of Europe. There were the almost equally grim days at the turn of the year in North Africa. Eisenhower had been under savage attack for his "deal" — more correctly Mark Clark's "deal" — with Darlan, as if he had been personally responsible for the crazy politics of the Third French Republic, the collapse of France, the Vichy policy of Hull and Roosevelt, the overdeveloped sense of loyalty to "the Marshal" in the French armed forces, and the intricacies of French-Arab-Jewish relationships in Algeria and Morocco! There was the Kasserine



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Pass "disaster," which, at the time, seemed of major proportions. There was the failure of the "race" for Algiers, with the consequent bogging down of our armies in the North African mud.

Eisenhower took full responsibility then and takes full responsibility now for the Darlan affair, despite the fact that he was not responsible for the political climate in which it was negotiated or for the appallingly bad political intelligence which preceded it and made it virtually a necessity. That is the Eisenhower way. And, politically speaking, it was the only way. Subsequently he was quoted as having said to the President at Casablanca: "I believe in a theatre commander doing these things without referring them back to his government and then waiting for approval. If a mere general makes a mistake, he can be repudiated and kicked out and disgraced. But a government cannot repudiate and kick out and disgrace itself — not, at any rate, in wartime." This is statesmanship of a high order.

Aside from the Darlan "deal" there is other material for controversy in this book. Controversy over the alleged "starving" of Patton for the "fattening" of Montgomery in August, 1944. Controversy over the calculated risk of the Ardennes, with the surprise German offensive and the ensuing Battle of the Bulge. Eisenhower makes a good case for himself in these matters, even though as regards the Ardennes the risks proved to be too great and the calculations proved to be incautious or inexact. But there have been few major campaigns in major wars which have not produced discussion and controversy. This is as it should be, since the study of military history is one means of avoiding future military disaster.

If Eisenhower were to single out that of which he is ordinally proud, it would be his achievement of creating a unified Allied command. And this was, by general consent, a uniquely personal achievement. It was the faith and works of Dwight Eisenhower which above all else welded into a single team so many men of so many divergent temperaments, beliefs, prejudices, and loyalties. The cohesive force was confidence and trust in his integrity. Eisenhower believes that the principles which underlay SHAEF may "have equal applicability to peace." And such may still prove to be the case. For one thing which SHAEF proved beyond doubt is that free peoples can, if they will, wage successfully the most difficult of all types of war — war by a coalition. This is a comforting truth in portentous, perilous times.

It was always a great disappointment to Eisenhower that the Soviets could not be included in a comprehensive, tightly knit Allied command. Distance, communications, language, and other technical factors made full Russian participation almost impossible; had it been otherwise, he says, "victory would have been achieved earlier and the peace would have rested on a more secure foundation."

Despite the obvious obstacles, Marshall and Eisenhower attempted strategical and even tactical liaison with the Red Army only to be frustrated by the idiosyncrasies of Soviet behavior with which we are now all too familiar. And in one of his efforts to reach tactical agreement with the Soviet High Command, Eisenhower ran head on into a collision with an adamant — and, in this instance at least, unreasonable — Churchill.

In his concluding chapter on Russia Eisenhower, reluctantly and sadly, comes to the same conclusions as the rest of us: that no foundations now exist for coöperation with the U.S.S.R. We must, therefore, accustom ourselves to living in a high-tension world. Hence we must maintain "real and respectable strength" not merely in arms — which he says are "not enough" — but in the rectitude of our policies, the wisdom with which we employ our economic power, and the firmness of our faith in free institutions. We must "meet Communist-regimented unity with the voluntary unity of common purpose, even though this may mean a sacrifice of some measure of nationalistic pretensions; and, above all, annul Communist appeals to the hungry, the poor, the oppressed, with practical measures untiringly prosecuted for the elimination of social and economic ills that set men against men." We must link our faith and our might with those of the other free nations of the world; "in many regions democracy is pitifully weak because the separatism of national sovereignty uselessly prevents the logical pooling of resources, which would produce greater material prosperity within and multiplied strength for defense."

In the long run, disunity means loss of freedom. We can face the future with confidence, however, if we "retain the moral integrity, the clarity of comprehension, and the readiness to sacrifice that finally crushed the Axis." Only thus can we live and prosper.

This is a magnificent record, of magnificent achievements, by a magnificent soldier. It is also the political testament of an elder statesman and, in a sense, a prophet who is honored both at home and abroad. No American — and, indeed, no Briton — could read this book without justifiable pride and gratitude. With pride for the thrilling story Eisenhower tells of the irresistible tide of Allied military power which rolled over the enemy in North Africa, Italy, Normandy, and the Low Countries; which broke the "impregnable" Siegfried Line; which vaulted the Rhine; which finally and irreparably destroyed Nazi military might in its own home base. With gratitude that free men in a free society could produce so impressive and so overwhelming a military power as an instrument of justice rather than oppression. With both gratitude and pride that out of our ranks — from the plains of Kansas, the heartland of our democracy — should spring so heroic a figure as Dwight Eisenhower.



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Books and Men

In 1915, D. H. Lawrence, who had won recognition with his novel *Sons*

and *Lovers*, met Bertrand Russell, philosopher and mathematician. Both men opposed the war and all it represented, and they intended to voice their philosophy in a series of lectures to be given together in London. We are indebted to HARRY T. MOORE of the Babson Institute for his skillful editing and elucidation of Lawrence's unpublished letters to Russell, twenty-three of which will be published by the Gotham Book Mart this month.

D. H. LAWRENCE'S LETTERS TO BERTRAND RUSSELL

Edited by Harry T. Moore

THE antagonistic friendship of D. H. Lawrence and Bertrand Russell endured for a little more than a year. Not long after they met, early in 1915, the two men planned to give a series of lectures together in London. Both of them hated war, particularly the one then going on in Europe, but instead of establishing a common front against it, they involved themselves in a little war of their own. Its story is told in the letters Lawrence wrote Russell between February, 1915, and March, 1916, of which half a dozen are here reproduced, for the first time, with only unimportant, small deletions.

Before the correspondence with Russell, Lawrence had been principally a lyric and romantic writer. These letters indicate a swing to the prophetic. During the year in which he wrote them, Lawrence was going through a tormenting spiritual crisis that was intensified by the prolongation of the world war. He was distressed not only because of the war's inevitable brutality and horror, but also because of his wife's nationality: a few weeks before hostilities began, he had married a high-born German, Mrs. Frieda Weekley, born von Richthofen.

In the autumn of 1915 Lawrence received a cruel shock when his novel *The Rainbow*, which he considered the most important book he had yet written, was suppressed. Two years before, *Sons and Lovers* had brought him better luck and many admirers. Some of them were even the equivalent of patrons and patronesses, with the latter in the majority. Most of Lawrence's friends during the first years of the war were aristocrats. With the exception of John Middleton Murry and Katherine Mansfield, Lawrence's principal correspondents in 1915 and 1916 were Lady Ottoline Morrell, who presided over a great estate at Garsington Manor, near Oxford; Lady Cynthia Asquith, daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister; and Bertrand Russell, heir to an earldom. Lawrence, the coal miner's son married to a baroness, learned to move with self-assurance among people of high descent; par-

ticularly with Russell he felt that he could assume the "You and I are intellectuals together" attitude.

The Lawrences were living in one of the Meynell family's cottages at Greatham, in Sussex, when the correspondence with Russell was begun. Some of the statements Lawrence made in his first letter foreshadowed later developments in his thinking.

12 Feb 1915

DEAR MR RUSSELL,

We have had E. M. Forster here for three days. There is more in him than ever comes out. But he is not dead yet. I hope to see him pregnant with his own soul. We were on the edge of a fierce quarrel all the time. He went to bed muttering that he was not sure we — my wife & I — were n't just playing round his knees: he seized a candle & went to bed, neither would he say good night. Which I think is rather nice. He sucks his dummy — you know, those child's comforters — long after his age. But there is something very real in him, if he will not cause it to die. He is *much* more than his dummy-sucking, clever little habits allow him to be.

I write to say to you that we *must* start a solid basis of freedom of actual living — not only of thinking. We *must* provide another standard than the pecuniary standard, to measure *all* daily life by. We must be free of the economic question. Economic life must be the means to actual life. We must make it so at once.

There must be a revolution in the state. It shall begin by the nationalising of all industries and means of communication, & of the land — in one fell blow. Then a man shall have his wages whether he is sick or well or old — if anything prevents his working, he shall have his wages just the same. So we shall not live in fear of the wolf — no man amongst us, & no woman, shall have any fear of the wolf at the door, for all wolves are dead.

Which practically solves the whole economic question for the present. All dispossessed owners

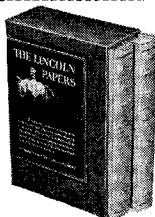
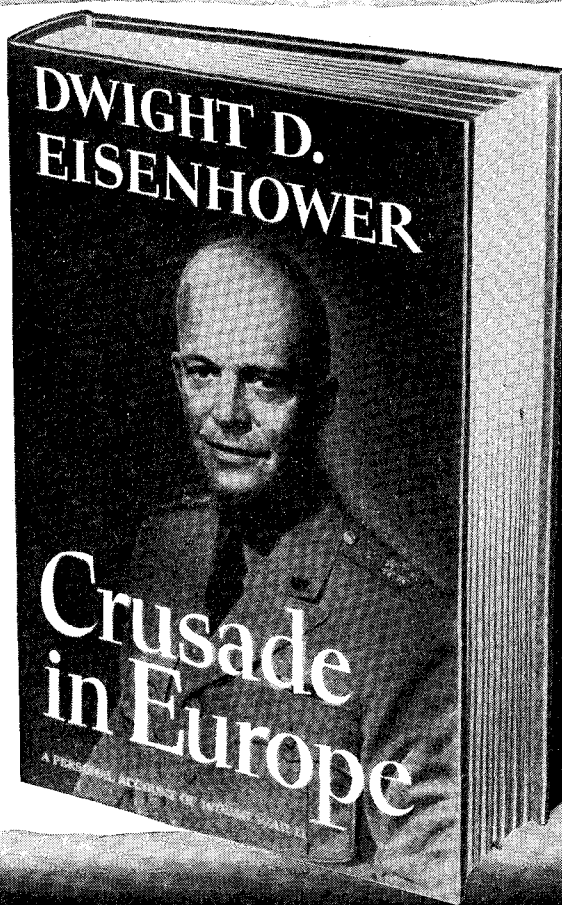
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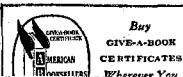
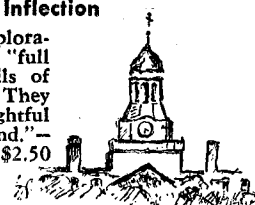
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shall receive a proportionate income — no capital recompense — for the space of, say fifty years.

Something like this must be done. It is no use saying a man's soul should be free, if his boots hurt him so much he can't walk. All our ideals are cant & hypocrisy till we have burst the fetters of this money. Titan nailed on the rock of the modern industrial capitalistic system, declaring in fine language that his soul is free as the Oceanics that fly away on wings of aspiration, while the bird of carrion desire gluts at his liver, is too shameful. I am ashamed to write any real writing of passionate love to my fellow men. Only satire is decent now. The rest is a lie. Until we act, move, rip ourselves off the rock. So there must be an actual revolution, to set free our bodies. For there never was a free soul in a chained body. That is a lie. There might be a resigned soul. But a resigned soul is not a free soul. A resigned soul has yielded its claim on temporal living. It can only do this because the temporal living is being done for it vicariously. Therefore it is dependent on the vicar, let it say what it will. So Christ, who resigned his life, only resigned it because he knew the others would keep theirs. They would do the living, & would later adapt his method to their living. The freedom of the soul within the denied body is a sheer conceit.

Forster is not poor, but he is bound hand & foot bodily. Why? *Because he does not believe that any beauty or any divine utterance is any good any more.* Why? Because the world is suffering from bonds, and birds of foul desire which gnaw its liver. Forster knows, as every thinking man now knows, that all his thinking and his passion for humanity amounts to no more than trying to soothe with poetry a man raging with pain which can be cured. Cure the pain, don't give the poetry. Will all the poetry in the world satisfy the manhood of Forster, when Forster knows that his implicit manhood is to be satisfied by nothing but immediate physical action. He tries to dodge himself — the sight is pitiful.

But why can't he act? Why can't he take a woman and fight clear to his own basic, primal being? Because he knows that self-realisation is not his ultimate desire. His ultimate desire is for the continued action which has been called the social passion — the love for humanity — the desire to work for humanity. That is every man's ultimate desire & need. Now you see the vicious circle. Shall I go to my Prometheus and tell him beautiful tales of the free, whilst the vulture gnaws his liver? I am ashamed. I turn my face aside from my Prometheus, ashamed of my vain, irrelevant, impudent words. I cannot help Prometheus. And this knowledge rots the love of activity.

If I cannot help Prometheus — and I am also Prometheus — how shall I be able to take a woman? For I go to a woman to know myself, and to know her. And I want to know myself, that I may know

how to act for humanity. But if I am aware that I cannot act for humanity — ? Then I dare not go to a woman.

Because, if I go, I know I shall betray myself & her & everything. It will be a vicious circle. I go to her to know myself, & I know myself — what? — to enjoy myself. That is sensationalism — that I go to a woman to feel myself only. Love is, that I go to a woman to know myself, & knowing myself, to go further, to explore in to the unknown, which is the woman, venture in upon the coasts of the unknown, and open my discovery to all humanity. But if I know that humanity is lame & cannot move, bound and in pain and unable to come along, my offering it discoveries is only a cynicism. . . .

If I know that humanity is chained to a rock, I cannot set forth to find it new lands to enter upon. If I do pretend to set forth, I am a cheating, false merchant, seeking my *own* ends. And I am ashamed to be that. I will not.

So then, how shall I come to a woman? To know myself first. Well and good. But knowing myself is only preparing myself. What for? For the adventure into the unexplored, the woman, the whatever-it-is I am up against. — Then the actual heart says "No no — I can't explore. Because an explorer is one sent forth from a great body of people to open out new lands for their occupation. But my people cannot even move — it is chained — paralysed. I am not an explorer. I am a curious, inquisitive man with eyes that can only look for something to take back with him. And what can I take back with me? Not revelation — only curios — titillations. I am a curio hunter."

Again, I am ashamed.

Well then, I am neither explorer nor curio hunter. What then? For what do I come to a woman? To know myself. But what when I know myself? What do I then embrace her for, hold the unknown against me for? To repeat the experience of self discovery. But I have discovered myself — I am not infinite. Still I can repeat the experience. But it will not be discovery. Still I can repeat the experience. — That is, I can get a sensation. The repeating of a known reaction upon myself is sensationalism. This is what nearly *all* English people now do. When a man takes a woman, he is *merely* repeating a known reaction upon himself, not seeking a new reaction, a discovery. And this is like self-abuse or masturbation [*Lawrence's spelling*. — H.T.M.]. The ordinary Englishman of the educated class goes to a woman now to masturbate himself. Because he is not going for discovery or new connection or progression, but only to repeat upon himself a known reaction.

When this condition arrives, there is always Sodomy. The man goes to the man to repeat this reaction upon himself. It is a nearer form of masturbation. But still it has some *object* — there are still two bodies instead of one. A man of strong

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soul has too much honour for the other body — man or woman — to use it as a means of masturbation. So he remains neutral, inactive. That is Forster.

Sodomy only means that a man knows he is chained to the rock, so he will try to get the finest possible sensation out of himself.

This happens whenever the form of any living becomes too strong for the life within it: the clothes are more important than the man: therefore the man must get his satisfaction beneath the clothes.

Any man who takes a woman is up against the unknown. And a man prefers rather to have nothing to do with a woman than to have to slink away without answering the challenge. Or if he is a mean souled man, he will use the woman to masturbate himself.

There comes a point when the shell, the form of life, is a prison to the life. Then the life must either concentrate on breaking the shell, or it must turn round, turn in upon itself, and try infinite variations of a known reaction upon itself. Which produces a novelty. So that "The Rosary" is a new combination of known reactions — so is Gilbert Cannan's "Young Earnest" — so is the cinematograph drama & all our drama & all our literature.

Or, the best thing such a life can do, that knows it is confined, is to set-to to arrange and assort all the facts & knowledge of the contained life. Which is what Plato did & what most of our writers are doing on a mean scale. They know that they are enclosed entirely by the shell, the form of living. There is no going beyond it. They are bound down.

Now either we have to break the shell, the form, the whole frame, or we have got to turn to this inward activity of setting the house in order & drawing up a list before we die.

But we shall smash the frame. The land, the industries, the means of communication & the public amusements shall all be nationalised. Every man shall have his wage till the day of his death, whether he work or not, so long as he works when he is fit. Every woman shall have her wage till the day of her death, whether she work or not, so long as she works when she is fit — keeps her house or rears her children.

Then, and then only, shall we be able to *begin* living. Then we shall be able to *begin* to work. Then we can examine marriage and love and all. Till then, we are fast within the hard, unliving, impervious shell.

You must have patience with me & understand me when my language is not clear.

D. H. LAWRENCE

It is regrettable that the Lawrences, who never had a permanent base during all their years of restless travel, did not save Russell's side of the correspondence. But some of his replies may be deduced from these letters of Lawrence which Russell pre-

served; for example in Lawrence's second letter, written two weeks after his first, he says that Russell's response was kind and that it made him feel as if his own letter had been a bit impertinent. The former provincial and suburban schoolmaster who was planning to visit Russell and meet other members of the Cambridge faculty wrote: —

"I don't want you to put up with my talk, when it is foolish, because you think perhaps it is passionate. And it is not much good my asking you about your work. I should have to study it a long time first. And it is not in me . . . You must put off your further knowledge and experience, & talk to me my way, & be with me, or I feel like a babbling idiot and an intruder. My world is real, it is a true world, and it is a world I have in my measure understood. But no doubt you also have a true world, which I can't understand. It makes me very sad, to conclude this. But you must live in my world, while I am there. Because it *is* also a real world. And it is a world you can inhabit with me, if I can't inhabit yours with you."

Lawrence after his visit there wrote Russell that he thought Cambridge was stagnant and that it would do Russell good to be hounded out of Trinity College — as in time he actually was.

2 June 1915

DEAR RUSSELL,

I shall be glad when you have strangled the invincible respectability that dogs your steps. What does it mean, really — Integer Vitae Scelerisque purus? But before what tribunal? I refuse to be judged by them. It is not for them to exculpate or to blame me. They are not my peers. Where are my peers? I acknowledge no more than five or six — not so many — in the world. But one must take care of the pack. When they hunt together they are very strong. *Never* expose yourself to the pack. Be careful of them. Be rather their secret enemy, the secret enemy, working to split up & dismember the pack from inside, not from outside. Don't make attacks from outside. Don't give yourself into their power. Don't do it.

And whoever dies, let us not die. Let us kill this hydra, this pack, before we die.

I shall be glad to see you again. I shall give you my philosophy.

Hillaire [*Lawrence's spelling*. — H.T.M.] Belloc says, peace in two months. All the Bellocites are convinced. I am not. I think like you, more death, & ever more death, till the fire burns itself out. Let it be so — I am willing. But I won't die. Let us remain & get a new start made, when we can get a look in.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Russell went to Greatham for the week-end of June 19–20, and he and Lawrence hit upon their scheme of appearing on the platform together.

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Lawrence told Lady Ottoline Morrell, "We think to have a lecture hall in London in the autumn, and give lectures: he on Ethics, I on Immortality: also to have meetings, to establish a little society or body around a *religious belief*."

Soon afterward Russell sent Lawrence a synopsis of his lectures, and Lawrence complained to Lady Ottoline on July 9 that Russell still needed to break away from the shore of "this existing world" in a boat "and preach from out the waters of eternity." Lawrence's first reaction to Russell's lecture ideas seems mild enough. Some days later he wrote Russell more dogmatically.

Friday 15 July

In your lecture on the State, you must criticise the extant *democracy*, the young idea. That is our enemy. This existing phase is now in its collapse. What we must hasten to prevent is this young democratic party from getting into power. The idea of giving power to the hands of the working class is *wrong*. The working man must elect the immediate government, of his work, of his district, not the ultimate government of the nation. There must be a body of chosen patricians. There must be women governing equally with men, especially all the inner half of life. The whole must culminate in an absolute *Dictator*; & an equivalent *Dictatrix*. There must be none of your bourgeois presidents of Republics. The women's share must be equal with the men's. You must work this out in your own way. But you must do it.

Can't you see the whole state is collapsing. Look at the Welsh strike. This war is going to develop into the last great war between labour & capital. It will be a ghastly chaos of destruction, if it is left to Labour to be constructive. The fight must immediately be given a higher aim than the triumph of Labour, or we shall have another French Revolution. The deadly Hydra now is the hydra of Equality. Liberty, Equality & Fraternity is the three-fanged serpent. You must have a government based upon good, better & best. You must get this into your lectures, at once. You are too old-fashioned. The back of your serpent is already broken.

A new constructive idea of a new state is needed *immediately*. Criticism is *unnecessary*. It is behind the times. You *must* work out the idea of a new state, not go on criticising this old one. Get anybody & everybody to help — Orage, Shaw, anybody, but it must be a *new State*. And the idea is, that every man shall vote according to his understanding, & that the highest understanding must dictate for the lower understandings. And the desire is to have a perfect government perfectly related in all its parts, the highest aim of the government is the highest good of the soul, of the individual, the fulfilment in the Infinite, in the Absolute.

In a fortnight I shall come & take account of you.

D. H. L.

A month later Lawrence was telling Lady Cynthia Asquith that Russell's lecture outlines were "pernicious," and that Russell's vanity was piqued because Lawrence said the lectures "*must* be different. He cannot stand the *must* . . ." Lawrence failed to mention that when he used that imperative, in the July 15 letter ("You *must* work out the idea of a new state . . ."), he underlined the brusque little word fifteen times.

Bertrand Russell was at this time forty-three years old; Lawrence was twenty-nine. The differences between them, in belief and in temperament, were so extreme that it is a wonder their plans for the lectures made any headway whatever.

The deepest cause of their ultimate break was a fundamental issue, one that may be simplified as the quarrel between emotion and mind — or, somewhat more technically, between instinct (or intuition) and reason (or intellect). Lawrence after writing *Sons and Lovers* had begun to work out his blood-consciousness theories, which were to become the principal feature of his philosophy, and he had said in a letter: "My great religion is a belief in the blood, the flesh, as being wiser than the intellect. We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels and believes and says, is always true." Russell in his 1914 lectures in America on the scientific method in philosophy had attacked intuition on the ground that "quick unanalyzed convictions are least deserving of critical acceptance." He was also the enemy of the kind of mysticism Lawrence was heading into, and in 1918 was to publish *Mysticism and Logic*, a book that showed tolerance of some phases of mysticism though opposing it as a creed. A few years after the war, when William Gerhardt asked Russell if he ever resorted to mysticism, Russell said, "Yes, when I am humiliated."

After receiving Lawrence's letter of July 15, Russell evidently accused him of wanting to establish a tyranny. Lawrence was obviously annoyed, but kept his temper down as he explained his position. Some of his ideas on leadership, which were to flourish in his later work before he finally renounced them, receive their earliest expression here.

26 July 1915

DEAR RUSSELL,

I rather hated your letter, & am terrified of what you are putting in your lectures. I don't want tyrants. But I don't believe in democratic control. I think the working man is fit to elect governors or overseers for his immediate circumstances, but for no more. You must utterly revise the electorate. The working man shall elect superiors for the things that concern him immediately, no more. From the other classes, as they rise, shall be elected the higher governors. The thing must culminate in one real head, as every organic thing must — no foolish republics with foolish presidents, but an elected King, something like Julius Caesar. And as the men elect

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& govern the industrial side of life, so the women must elect & govern the domestic side. And there must be a rising rank of women governors, as of men, culminating in a woman Dictator, of equal authority with the supreme Man. It is n't bosh, but rational sense. The whole thing must be living. Above all there must be no democratic control — that is the worst of all. There must be an elected aristocracy. . . .

D. H. LAWRENCE

We must have the same general ideas if we are going to be or to do anything. I will listen gladly to all your ideas: but we must *put our ideas together*. This is a united effort, or it is nothing — a mere tiresome playing about, lecturing & so on. It is no mere personal voice that must be raised: but a sound, living idea round which we all rally.

The Lawrences left Greatham at the beginning of August and took a flat in the Hampstead section of London. In mid-September, Lawrence began quarreling with Russell again and sent him a blistering accusatory letter headed: On "The Danger to Civilization" (the title of one of Russell's essays).

14 Sept 1915

DEAR RUSSELL,

I'm going to quarrel with you again. You simply don't speak the truth, you simply are not sincere. The article you send me is a plausible lie, and I hate it. If it says some true things, that is not the point. The fact is that you, in the Essay, are all the time a lie.

Your basic desire is the maximum of desire of war, you are really the super-war-spirit. What you want is to jab and strike, like the soldier with the bayonet, only you are sublimated into words. And you are like a soldier who might jab man after man with his bayonet, saying "this is for ultimate peace." The soldier would be a liar. And it isn't in the least true that you, your basic self, want ultimate peace. You are satisfying in an indirect, false way your lust to jab and strike. Either satisfy it in a direct and honorable way, saying "I hate you all, liars and swine, and am out to set upon you," or stick to mathematics, where you can be true — But to come as the angel of peace — no, I prefer Tirpitz a thousand times in that rôle.

You are simply *full* of repressed desires, which have become savage and anti-social. And they come out in this sheep's clothing of peace propaganda. As a woman said to me, who had been to one of your meetings: "It seemed so strange, with his face looking so evil, to be talking about peace and love. He can't have *meant* what he said."

I believe in your inherent power for realising the truth. But I don't believe in your will, not for a second. Your will is false and cruel. You are too full of devilish repressions to be anything but lustful and cruel. I would rather have the German soldiers

with rapine and cruelty, than you with your words of goodness. It is the falsity I can't bear. I wouldn't care if you were six times a murderer, so long as you said to yourself, "I am this." The enemy of all mankind, you are, full of the lust of enmity. It is *not* the hatred of falsehood which inspires you. It is the hatred of people, of flesh and blood. It is a perverted, mental blood-lust. Why don't you own it.

Let us become strangers again, I think it is better.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Russell finally gave his own series of lectures. The correspondence resumed in mid-November, and Lawrence told Russell that he wanted his friendship: "After all, my quarrelling with you was largely a quarrelling with something in *myself*, something I was struggling away from in myself."

Later in November, Lawrence and Russell met again when they were among the guests at Garsington Manor. In December, Lawrence wrote Lady Ottoline that he again had hopes for "Bertie," who was "growing *much better*" and was "going to become young and new." In a letter to Russell at this time, Lawrence returned to his blood-consciousness philosophy, giving Russell a comprehensive sermon on the subject. However antagonizing this may have been to Russell, it is one of the great Lawrence letters, and an important statement of the doctrine he was developing.

Some critics have confused Lawrence's philosophy with that of Nazism because of certain undeniable resemblances: the blood-consciousness and the search for leadership. But in actuality Lawrence would not have liked a police state, with its brutality and its muzzling of people like himself.

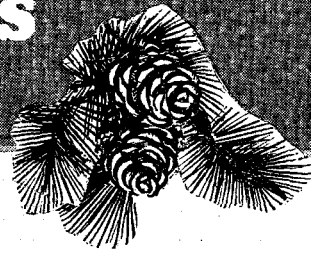
8 Dec 1915

DEAR RUSSELL,

I have been reading Frazer's *Golden Bough* and *Totemism & Exogamy*. Now I am convinced of what I believed when I was about twenty — that there is another seat of consciousness than the brain & the nerve system: there is a blood-consciousness which exists in us independently of the ordinary mental consciousness, which depends on the eye as its source or connector. There is the blood-consciousness, with the sexual connection holding the same relation as the eye, in seeing, holds to the mental consciousness. One lives, knows, and has one's being in the blood, without any reference to nerves and brain. This is one half of life, belonging to the darkness. And the tragedy of this our life, and of your life, is that the mental and nerve consciousness exerts a tyranny over the blood-consciousness and that your will has gone completely over to the mental consciousness, and is engaged in the destruction of your blood-being or blood-consciousness, the final liberating of the one,

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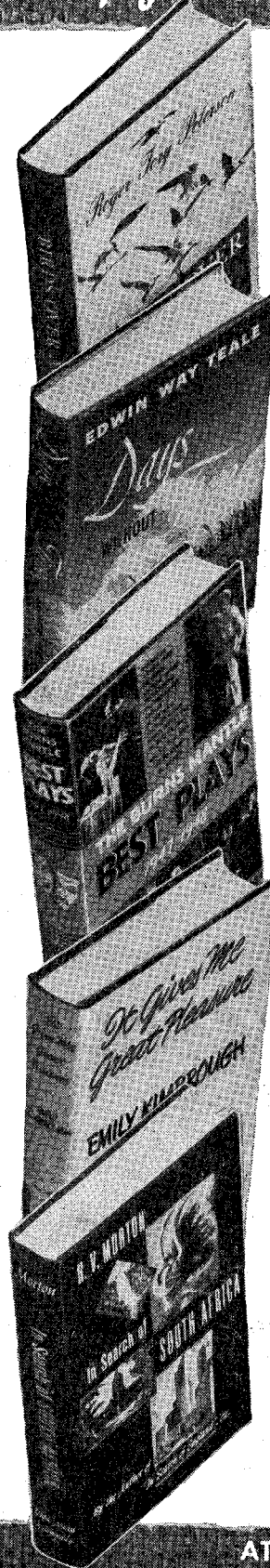
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which is only death in result. Plato was the same. Now it is necessary for us to realise that there is this other great half of our life active in the darkness, the blood-relationship: that when I *see*, there is a connection between my mental-consciousness and an outside body, forming a percept; but at the same time, there is a transmission through the darkness which is never absent from the light, into my blood-consciousness: but in seeing, the blood-percept is perhaps not strong. On the other hand, when I take a woman, then the blood-percept is supreme, my blood-knowing is overwhelming. There is a transmission, I don't know of what, between her blood & mine, in the act of connection. So that afterwards, even if she goes away, the blood-consciousness persists between us, when the mental consciousness is suspended; and I am formed then by my blood-consciousness, not by my mind or nerves at all.

Similarly in the transmission from the blood of the mother to the embryo in the womb, there goes the whole blood consciousness. And when they say a mental image is sometimes transmitted from the mother to the embryo, this is not the *mental* image, but the *blood-image*. All living things, even plants, have a blood-being. If a lizard falls on the breast of a pregnant woman, then the blood-being of the lizard passes with a shock into the blood-being of the woman, and is transferred to the foetus, probably without intervention either of nerve or brain consciousness. And this is the origin of totem: and for this reason some tribes no doubt really *were* kangaroos: they contained the blood-knowledge of the kangaroo. — And blood knowledge comes either through the mother or through the sex — so that dreams at puberty are as good an origin of the totem as the percept of a pregnant woman.

This is very important to our living, that we should realise that we have a blood-being, a blood-consciousness, a blood-soul, complete and apart from the mental & nerve consciousness.

Do you know what science says about these things? It is *very* important: the whole of our future life depends on it.

D. H. LAWRENCE

At the end of 1915 the Lawrences moved to Cornwall. They planned to establish a colony in Florida with some young writers and painters and musicians, but the authorities would not permit the outspoken Lawrence and his German wife to leave England. Russell was also denied a passport in 1916, after he had been invited to give a lecture course at Harvard University. The Lawrences were later to be expelled from Cornwall — they were regarded as undesirable residents on a coast visited by enemy submarines — and ordered to report at intervals to the police in whatever inland district they moved to. Russell was likewise treated roughly after he was cast out of Trinity College in 1916:

his library was seized when he could not pay a fine levied against him for issuing a pamphlet on conscientious objection, and he was given a jail sentence in 1918.

Russell continued answering Lawrence's letters in the early months of 1916. On February 15 Lawrence told Lady Ottoline Morrell that he had just received a letter from Russell, who sounded miserable. His lectures were financially successful but not influential. Russell wondered why he went on living and said that only pride and obstinacy kept him alive.

Lawrence replied slashingly, but with "love to you." He gave Russell some more Lawrencean advice, then in the middle of the letter said: "Oh, and I want to ask you, when you make your will, do leave me enough to live on. I want you to live for ever. But I want you to make me in some part your heir." This is an example of the outrageous coyness with which Lawrence could occasionally ask for money.

Lawrence's correspondence with Russell broke off in March, 1916, with Lawrence writing from Zennor, Cornwall, using the formal "My Dear Russell" salutation and asking whether Russell is "still cross with me for being a schoolmaster and for not respecting the rights of man? Don't be, it isn't worth it." Russell seems never to have answered, and the two men drifted apart forever.

One malicious echo of the Lawrence-Russell relationship comes at second hand (or second ear) from an anecdote. William Gerhardt, who had written a clever little novel called *The Polyglots*, was introduced around British literary circles in the 1920's as a bright young man, and he met both Lawrence and Russell. He tells in his autobiography, *Memoirs of a Polyglot*, of talking with Russell during a weekend at H. G. Wells's Easton Glebe: —

"Bertrand Russell, whose eyes gleamed loving-kindness, answered my discreet inquiries into the realm of the Mind with the utmost willingness and lucidity. Only when I mentioned D. H. Lawrence's theories did the look of serenity fade in his large wise eyes, and a note of intellectual fastidiousness crept into his voice, and he said 'Lawrence has no mind.' He referred to the letters Lawrence wrote to him during the war, and how, of course, he, Bertrand Russell, was not going to be instructed in wisdom by D. H. Lawrence. A week later, meeting Lawrence, I told him how enchanted I had been by the lucidity, the suppleness and pliability of Bertrand Russell's mind. He sniffed. 'Have you ever seen him in a bathing-dress?' he asked. 'Poor Bertie Russell! He is all Disembodied Mind!'"

These two statements, "Lawrence has no mind" and "Poor Bertie Russell is all Disembodied Mind," epitomize the differences between the two men and provide the most effective epitaph to the disenchanted relationship of the mystagogic poet and the mathematic logician.



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THE ATLANTIC

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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I MADE my first visit to Texas ten years ago, and I've been coming back at regular intervals ever since. Coming back to watch the development of what in any other continent would be an independent nation; coming back to scout for the writers and the literature which are beginning to well up in these resourceful plains only a little less plentifully than the oil; coming back to renew my friendship with some of the most straightforward, attractive Americans I know.

The size of it, of course, is unbelievable. When I get up high in Texas and look as far as my eye will carry across the plains, I always expect to see the ocean at the horizon's rim. It just doesn't stand to reason that any land can stretch as far as this without running into an ocean.

Pat Neff, the president of Baylor University, once said that Texas could wear Rhode Island as a watch fob. There are 254 counties in this state, and the largest, Brewster County, is actually six times larger than Rhode Island. One county. All told, Texas is one twelfth of the entire United States. If it had the population density of Massachusetts, it would number 145 million people. Someday it probably will—that's what every Texan believes—but actually today there are only something over 7 million people living in this huge domain. So that's where the chance for growth comes in.

Ten years ago, lecturing and scouting, I eventually came to that growing town on the Gulf called Corpus Christi. I was met at the station by two seven-foot Texans wearing ten-gallon hats and beautifully stitched high-heeled boots. They picked up my suitcases as if they were bags of popcorn; and feeling like a midget, I walked between the big boys up the street to the local hotel. "We're having a luncheon meeting today," they said, "and we want you to come to it. We want you to make

a short speech, not more than a minute and a half, and then we'll all listen to Judge Jones." I thanked them and said I would be delighted.

As I signed the hotel register I could hear a brass band upstairs in the ballroom playing so loudly that it made the walls of the hotel palpitate. So when, after lunch, I was called on for my short speech, I said I bet I was the first Yankee that had ever been welcomed at Corpus Christi with a brass band—and sat down. They laughed at that, and then everyone settled back to hear what Judge Jones had to say.

The Judge was a big fellow with a reassuring voice. He told them that this home town of theirs, Corpus Christi, had doubled its population in two years. "We've got 50,000 souls living here," he said, "and we're all worried about the water supply. But I can tell you men," he added, "that the plans we've just drawn up for a new reservoir will provide this town with water enough for half a million. We'll have the water in five years. Now you go out and find the people." I might add, in case you don't know it, that Corpus Christi, population now over 100,000 and going up, is a natural, one of the great boom towns, a city so rich in oil and natural gas and shipping that I have no doubt it will live up to that prophecy.

As you know, every American loves to exaggerate. Exaggeration is an indivisible part of our humor. In Texas, where size counts so much, they make a specialty of tall stories, the kind of stories that were told about Davy Crockett who was killed in the Alamo. The most entertaining collector of these tall stories is J. Frank Dobie, who was for many years Professor of English at the University of Texas. There is, for instance, this whopper about the Bostonian who, on his first visit to Texas, found a lobster in his bed. Knowing how out of proportion everything was in Texas, he called his host and said tactfully, "Will you look at this Texas bedbug!" The Texas host shook his head doubtfully. "Must be a small one," he said. Another whopper that stays in my mind tells of the Texas boardinghouse where the meat was so tough that you couldn't stick a fork in the gravy.

These tall stories were the first outcropping of Texas literature. And along with them went the cowboy songs. One of my first friends in Texas was John A. Lomax, a wonderfully racy character who began to collect these songs when he was very young. Mr. Lomax's parents moved from Mississippi to Texas at the end of the Civil War because,

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as his father said, "I want to give my boys room to expand." They were part of that big migration from Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, and Mississippi—the hardy stock who, in their covered wagons, became the backbone of the new state. The Lomax family built themselves a two-room house close to the old Chisholm Trail, and now I let Mr. Lomax tell the story in his own words:—

"I couldn't have been more than four years old when I first heard a cowboy sing and yodel to his cattle. I was sleeping in my father's two-room house—twelve of us sometimes in two rooms. Suddenly a cowboy's singing waked me as I slept on my trundle bed. A slow rain fell in the darkness outside. I listened to the patter on the pine shingles above me, and through the open window I could hear the cries of the cowboy trying to quiet, in the deep darkness and sifting rain, a trail herd of restless cattle. Over and over the fresh young voice of the cowboy rang out in the night, pleading with the cattle to lie down and sleep and not to worry:—

"Whoo-oo-oo-ee-oo-oo, Whoo-oo, Whoo-whoo-oo

"O, slow up, dogies, quit your roving around,
You have wandered and tramped all over the ground;
O graze along, dogies, and feed kinda slow,
And don't forever be on the go—
O move slow, dogies, move slow.

"O, say, little dogies, when you goin' to lay down
And quit this forever a-sittin' around?
My legs are weary, my seat is sore;
O, lay down, dogies, like you've laid down before—
Lay down, little dogies, lay down.

"Whoo-oo-oo-ee-oo-oo, Whoo-ee-whoo-whoo-whoo-oo"

"During the period of twenty years," Mr. Lomax told me, "ten million cattle and a million horses were driven northward from Texas along the Chisholm Trail and other cattle trails. As the cowboys drove the cattle along, they constantly made up new songs about the trail, and these I began to write down when I was a small boy."

Texans are still so close to the past and so busy with the present that very few of them bother to write. The story of how the state was settled and then wrested away from Mexico is a fresh living memory in many families. One of my friends in Fort Worth who is still in his forties remembers when this sprawling city of 300,000 was just a cattle town, the headquarters of the big ranch owners, with a dusty main street like any American main street leading up to the courthouse on the rise. This man's great-grandfather was the Texas ambassador to the United States when the Lone Star came into the Union. It all sounds like only yesterday.

The best account of how Texas began is to be found in that vivid biography of Sam Houston, *The Raven* by Marquis James. Sam Houston was a

great buffalo of a man, dark-haired, shaggy, broad-shouldered, and very handsome with his bedroom eyes. Houston was an Indian fighter and one of the heroes of the War of 1812; he was a Major General and Governor of Tennessee in his early thirties. Andrew Jackson would have given him a high place in Washington. At the peak of his career he married a young, somewhat delicate beauty from Mississippi. That is surely one of the most mysterious marriages in all American history. The couple separated before the honeymoon was over. Houston resigned his governorship, threw up his chance for the Senate or the Cabinet, and went back to the Indians to live with the Cherokees under an assumed name. He was never to see his wife again, and until this day we don't know what came between them.

But Houston was too big a man to hide. The Cherokees called him "The Raven"; they sent him as their representative to Washington. And so, by one of those fascinating chains of circumstances, Sam Houston, with his prodigious strength, his knowledge of Indian fighting, and his magnetism for men, became the natural leader of Texas in its fight for independence. Sam Houston was the soldier who redeemed the Alamo, who captured the Mexican general, Santa Anna, and who served two terms as the President of Texas. His life story, as Marquis James tells it, is a book to read and remember.

What I'm saying is that Texas literature is ripe for the picking but there just are not enough writers in the state to do it justice. The story of Stephen Austin, like the story of the Alamo, deserves to be written and rewritten. The story of the great plains and of the great ranches will always fire our imagination; if you haven't read one recently, look up that superb short novel *The Sea of Grass* by Conrad Richter. That book is full of color and vitality. But the present is just as full of life as the past. Katherine Anne Porter, one of our finest short-story writers, is a Texan, and in her book *Flowering Judas* she skillfully touches on the Southwest of today. George Sessions Perry is another eloquent Texan, and in his novel *Hold Autumn in Your Hand* he tells an endearing story of East Texas, a land which, with its scrubby pine and sandy farms, is as different from the fertile Rio Grande Valley or the rocky Panhandle as Cape Cod is different from Virginia.

A Texas Thoreau

For those who love the open country, I can recommend a delightful book entitled *Adventures with a Texas Naturalist*, by Roy Bedichek (Doubleday, \$3.00). Dr. Bedichek is a naturalist wise in his observation, sensitive in his antennae, and happily gifted in his power of description. While he was on a year's leave of absence from the University of Texas, he divided his time be-

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tween the Davis Mountains, high arid country far to the west of Texas, and the Edwards Plateau, the green, rolling, well-watered country in the neighborhood of Austin. He camped, he climbed, he studied the birds through his glasses, he watched the golden eagles soar, the rock squirrels at work on the pecans, he studied the goats and the dogs who guard them, he interpreted the history of the wild flowers, philosophized on what fences mean to men and to wild life, and then waxed indignant as he watched a hunter with a lust to kill take target practice on the pelicans. So he speaks his mind about conservation:—

It is the scientist turned hunter, with his passion for mere collecting, who is most to be feared. His scent is especially keen for those species which are on their way out. A nest, a clutch of eggs, a specimen or series of specimens of a bird which in a few years will probably be extinct is the prize he seeks. Be it in the field of jewels or painting, books or bird's eggs, the zest of the collector for possession of a unique has inspired a thousand crimes. The scientific collector, if given a free field with no restrictions, can exterminate a species in less time than one would suppose.

This book with its quietly acquired knowledge is ideal for a North Atlantic winter. It is a book to be read, put down, and then picked up and read again — so it keeps the mind alert for the open days to come.

As Germany went under

In the last winter of the war and in her eighth consecutive winter as a foreign correspondent, **Martha Gellhorn** was with the 82nd Airborne Division at Nijmegen; she reported the Battle of the Bulge, was stationed for a time with a P-47 Group, and then, as the front caved in, she followed the 3rd Armored Division as it plowed into Germany from Remagen. Against this background, and with her steadily increasing skill as a storyteller, Miss Gellhorn has given us one of the most authentic novels of the war, *The Wine of Astonishment* (Scribner's, \$3.00). It is the story of a hard-driven infantry Battalion; of its "lucky" commander, Lieutenant Colonel Smithers; of his jeep driver, a kind, silent Jew, Jacob Levy; of Bill Gaylord, the Intelligence Officer who got the meemies; of Dotty, the Red Cross worker who had a protective philosophy about officers, even a Southerner as attractive as Smithers; and of Kathe, the little waitress in Luxembourg who had been waiting so long for a beautiful American like Jacob Levy.

The Battalion is the hero of this story; and the action, the anger, the fear, and the endurance of the individuals in it are conveyed in lean idiomatic prose with hardly an excess word. When the Battalion comes out of the line, Miss Gellhorn, in pages quick and alive with laughter, describes their return to life:—

There were the ones who loved food or drink, there were those who pursued women, there were shoppers, souvenir hunters, camera specialists, sight-seers, gamblers. There were even athletes and letter writers and one or two who read books. Every man was furiously occupied; searching, moving, scrounging, borrowing money, lending money, giving addresses, picking up addresses, laughing, being shrewd, helping a pal, looking after himself; all making time reward them, greedy, grateful and alive.

Surely the scene in celebration of Sergeant Postallozzi's baby is as funny as anything in *Mister Roberts*.

The men in this book who matter most, the Colonel and his jeep driver, are shaken violently out of their younger selves by the fighting and the wounds. The Colonel, with his new capacity for command; the driver, with his quiet yearning for life — each has built his dreams of what he will do with himself when the war is over. Both are fated to fail and it is in this aftermath of the action that I find my doubts arising. The scenes which follow Jake's visit to the torture camp have not the plausibility of what has gone before, but the tragedy and the pity remain: to have gone through so much, to end with so little.

The Air Force in training

Guard of Honor (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50) is a large-scale, very busy, very masculine novel of three tense September days at the big air base in Ocanara, Florida, in 1943. Through the book circulate hundreds of characters swiftly etched and touched with the warmth, the fallacies, the humor, and the resignation of Army life; the story is packed with episodes which momentarily accentuate the motives of the individuals and the ruthless driving power of the machine of which they are such tiny cogs; the novel holds some of the very best writing **James Gould Cozzens** has given us.

Yet I am obliged to add that as a narrative it runs all the risks which have tormented other writers when they have attempted to bring such vast and diffuse activities within the unity and focus of a book. Mr. Cozzens has re-created the busyness, the high tempo, the multiple intricacies of the life at a great training center: the panorama is so real that you grin with recognition time and again. The people who really matter in this book — "Bus" Beal, the youngest Major General in the Air Force; Colonel Norman Ross, the Judge who serves him with such balance; Captain Nathaniel Hicks, the once inquiring editor; and the convalescent fighter pilot, Carricker — are he-men drawn to life and fascinating in conflict, but again and again they are buried in the weight of red tape, minutiae, lost sight of as we turn this way and that in our bird's-eye view of the big field. I feel the dedication in this novel and I greatly respect the craftsmanship of its parts: I only wish it were more of a whole.

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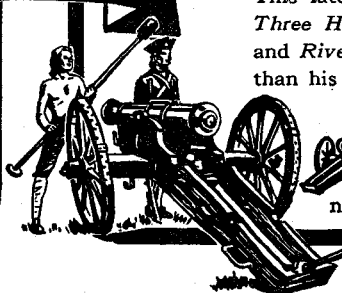
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Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

PROVERBIALLY reserved, notoriously jealous of their privacy, English writers are paradoxically the world's most zealous, and perhaps most gifted, autobiographers. A psychic law of compensation may be at work: the ego, overdisciplined in public, has its way in print. In some measure, the abundance of memoirs by literary men has been a by-product of the social system, which provided many of them with a prenatal history, a classical education, and a milieu teeming with lions — a priceless equipment for the autobiographer who is not a man of action.

Those not lavishly endowed by their ancestry were handsomely provided for (autobiographically speaking) by their schooldays. Many have been the memoirs written, in effect, on the playing fields of Eton (or Winchester, Harrow, Rugby). With or without the help of well-born forebears and well-known schools, the English writer — in the period between wars — was rushing his life into print, often before he had lived half of it. I remember a score of youthful confessions, impressions, and good-byes to all that, among them Robert Graves's, Christopher Isherwood's, Siegfried Sassoon's, Ethel Mannin's, and Beverley Nichols's (he published his at twenty-five — and has since been another writer with "a promising past"). One of these literary memoirs — actually only part of it is autobiography — has just been republished, ten years after it first appeared: *Enemies of Promise* (Macmillan, \$3.50) by Cyril Connolly. In the interim, Mr. Connolly has acquired a considerable reputation as editor of *Horizon* and author of *The Unquiet Grave* and *The Condemned Playground*.

New Mandarin, Old Etonian

Connolly's books have shown him to be one of the most readable of first-rank critics; a parodist inspired by something approaching comic genius; and a connoisseur of the modern palsy, whose experiments in "self-dismantling" ("When did the ego begin to stink?") have been conducted with Freudian insight, stylistic brilliance, and a desperate sense of humor. Connolly's writing is studded with such piquant dicta as: "Everything is a dangerous drug except reality, which is unendurable"; "Imprisoned in every fat man [Mr. Connolly is portly] a thin one is wildly signalling to be let out"; "Hemingway's tragedy as an artist is that he has

not . . . run away fast enough from his imitators."

Enemies of Promise was conceived as "an inquiry into the problem of how to write a book which lasts ten years," the present edition being proof the problem was solved. It first discusses the splendors and horrors of the "Mandarin" style (the language of Addison, Pater, Ruskin, James; later of Huxley, Virginia Woolf, the Sitwells); then examines the New Vernacular, the "you-man writing of the he-man authors," obsessed with "the simple life of the gut." The colloquial realism of the American tough guys was leading, said Connolly in 1938, to fiction barely distinguishable from reporting. His point has since gained weight: "Our Non-Fiction Novelists" was the title of an essay by Jacques Barzun in the *Atlantic* not so very long ago. I suspect that part of the apathy toward current fiction, which the publishers complain of, is due to the reader's feeling that so much of it is not precisely fiction — not, in Mr. Barzun's phrase, "a novel experience . . . news from somewhere else." Mr. Connolly concludes that writing designed to outlive a dog or a car will have to return to the Mandarin virtues: "art . . . the striving for perfection, the horror of clichés, the creative delight in the material, in the . . . subtlety of the composed phrase."

Part II is a guide to the hygiene of authorship. Journalism corrupts, and well-paid journalism corrupts absolutely. Too much politics consumes time and breeds disillusionment. Marriage? "If, as Dr. Johnson said, a man who is not married is only half a man, so a man who is very much married is only half a writer." Good health is unhealthy for the artist, "permissible only in those periods of convalescence when he is not writing."

In sum, Mr. Connolly is a Flaubertian, an attitude too much scoffed at since the socially conscious thirties, which coincided with the literary decline.

The autobiographical half represents the personal aspect of the title theme: a search for the enemies of Connolly's promise. This account of boyhood and schooldays at Eton is a good one — provided you are receptive to yet another portrait of the Englishman as a Young Esthete. At seventeen, Connolly, jaded with English poetry, was writing his own in French; he had engaged a small tenor to sing Gregorian chants under his window; and at tea parties in his study, attired in a black dinner jacket and flannel trousers, he dispensed *foie gras* sandwiches and Balkan Sobranie cigarettes against a *décor* of white roses and green bananas.

More Mandarins

Sir Osbert Sitwell was born, you might say, with half an autobiography in his infant palm. In fact, he called the first volume of his memoirs *Left Hand, Right Hand!* — the left hand representing "birth and tradition." And what a heritage for the right hand to work on: a dynastic tree stretching



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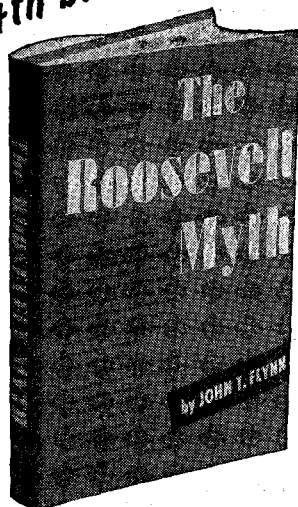
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Sir Osbert's schooldays at Eton are now two books behind him. His autobiography has reached its fourth volume, *Laughter in the Next Room* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00), sections of which have appeared in the *Atlantic*. It opens on Armistice Day, 1918, with the author, Diaghilev, and Massine strolling among the revelers in Trafalgar Square—Art gazing upon the Philistines. There follows the conquest of literary London, which yields a gallery of breathing contemporary portraits. The book is spangled with epigram and anecdote, with richly comic grotesqueries—the three Ruritanian Ladies; the letters of the family butler; and once again the artist's father, Sir George, at his lunatic best.

Here is really fine Mandarin prose, with its flowery periods, its intricate rhythms, its opulent and sophisticated texture—fussy and archaic at times (with its "albeits," its "Terpsichore," and such), but wonderfully evocative and perfectly suited to the author's aristocratic aestheticism. An amalgam of *ancien régime* and *avant-garde*, Sir Osbert is a champion both of monarchy and modernist art. He speaks with distaste of the present "dustman-democracy age," and dwells lovingly on the excellence of the Sitwells.

Sir Osbert's memoirs have grown into one of the major works of the forties, a great chronicle of a family, of two distinct eras and three remarkable artists. These books represent, too, a memorial to a creed: the creed (in Henry James's words) that "it is art that makes life, makes interest, makes importance." Sir Osbert's life has been to make of his life a work of art.

A close friend of Sitwell's, Siegfried Sassoon, has pursued a similar design. Mr. Sassoon's autobiography, which began with the famous *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man*, is now

fourth year, 1920. Now he has made an excursion into biography: *Meredith* (Viking, \$3.50). I was mildly irritated by the Mandarin affectations of communing with the gentle reader (a failing of Sir Osbert's), and of self-depreciation (not a failing of Sir Osbert's). But apart from overemphasis on Meredith's poetry and overestimation of it, Mr. Sassoon has done a discriminating job, which makes the most of his subject's long and vigorous life.

With Meredith we are in the realm of that rude health which Cyril Connolly distrusts, and in the company of the muscular psyche. The tailor's son who turned novelist was a great walker (ten miles per diem), a great talker, a prodigious worker (thirty-one books), and an indomitable optimist. His first wife ran off with a painter; success was denied him till he was past his prime; but his "religion of life" remained "always to be cheerful." And Providence, playing the game according to Victorian rules, rewarded him. A succession of pretty women lavished on him inspirational if platonic devotion; and when platonism palled, there materialized a young girl who made him happy ever after. The critics began to praise him; America sent him checks; and England, when he was old enough to be forgiven his "deplorable cleverness" and unbridled intellect, respectfully made of him its Grand Old Man of Letters. For two generations, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, *The Egoist*, *Diana of the Crossways*, were widely read and ardently admired.

Today, Meredith's reputation is in the trough. His language daunts us — it has most of the Mandarin vices compounded with less gentlemanly failings. His ideas and preachments are as out of fashion as whiskers and bonnets. What endures are the pages inspired, as Mr. Sassoon puts it, "by the connection of human life with the life of nature, the joy of earth. . . . The outdoor element in him has the oxygen of aliveness in it."

Precisely these qualities have won lasting fame for another nineteenth-century writer, neglected in his day, who is the subject of a new biography: *Thoreau* (Sloane, \$3.50) by **Joseph Wood Krutch**.

"Simplify! Simplify!"

In Thoreau's case, as contrasted with Meredith's, time has added urgency to his ideas and his exhorta-

tions have been renewed. His essay *On Civil Disobedience* was acknowledged as an influence by Gandhi. His slogan "Simplify! Simplify!" has its echo in the preachment of Mr. Huxley and the California mystics, who enjoin us to cultivate our Walden. His prophecies are confirmed by a spate of books which tell us we are dancing Petrouchka to the baleful music of the machine. As Mr. Krutch says, "If it is no longer true that the 'mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation,' that is only because the desperation of so many has become unquiet instead." Thoreau's teaching, in fact, gives pause to many who are very far from being Thoreauists.

The precise nature of that teaching has been somewhat obscured by conflicting legends. Thoreau has been claimed as forebear by both (to use Mr. Koestler's terms) the Yogi and the Commissar — by those who believe that improvement can come only by Change from Within, and by the social reformers who believe in Change from Without, the former citing the retreat to Walden, the latter Thoreau's speeches about slavery. Mr. Krutch, gratefully drawing on Henry Seidel Canby's biography, in which the facts of Thoreau's life were well established, makes it his main purpose to bring Thoreau's personality and ideas into sharper focus. A judicial and penetrating thinker, a lucid and fluent writer, Mr. Krutch makes a masterly biographer. His *Thoreau* is a distinguished piece of work, an impressive opening to its publisher's series on American Men of Letters.

Mr. Krutch bears down hard on the legend of Thoreau as a prophet of social reform. Thoreau's primary objection to industrial society was not its injustice but its joylessness: the price of living in it was a stultifying slavery. His indictment of the acquisitive society was that of a defiant individualist ("The government does not concern me much"), whose message was that each man must carry out his private revolution. Thoreau's two-year sojourn at Walden was in effect just that: an experiment to discover how many conveniences and tools he could dispense with.

Late in life Thoreau was troubled by the need to reconcile his mounting indignation over slavery with his philosophy that "it is not a man's duty . . . to devote himself to the eradication of any, even the most enormous wrong." Krutch concludes

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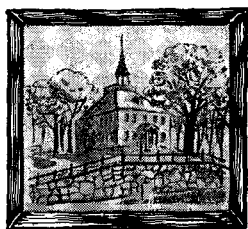
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that Thoreau became at most a "reluctant" crusader, who always returned for strength to non-resistance and non-participation. He is careful to stress the lack of system in Thoreau's thinking. The New Englander's anarchic scheme of life presupposed a stable society, a government which would allow the dissenter to "stand or sit thoughtfully" while his century went by. When Thoreau said, "I quietly declare war with the State," he added, "though I will still get what advantage of her I can, as is usual in such cases."

In regard to nature, Thoreau oscillated between mystical contemplation and an instinct which impelled him toward what was primitive and savage. Mr. Krutch points out that the continual struggle to reconcile these contradictions and dualities is the thing which gives to Thoreau's writing its tension and "powerful extravagance." A reconciliation is achieved—not in Thoreau's philosophy, but in the "unity of sensibility" which vitalizes *Walden*, which underlies the qualities that have made it, to countless devoted readers, the classic record of a certain kind of life.

Krutch's sagely shaded portrait points up the plain, practical side of Thoreau, which was a cutting foil to his extravagances. It brings out to the full Thoreau's pungent humor, which liked to juxtapose the homely and the ineffable and was keenly alive to the comic aspect of his eccentricities. (On being a vegetarian: "I am only half convinced by my arguments for I still eat fish.") Even though Thoreau belongs in the camp of the Yogis and not the Commissars, he is not, as we see him here, a man oversold on the Oversoul. Mr. Krutch has introduced us to a more persuasive and attractive figure than the Thoreau of the several legends. You leave him with a desire to revisit *Walden*.

Art, life, and science

The Yogi and the Commissar showed that Arthur Koestler, disillusioned with Communism, conscious of a growing "anti-materialistic nostalgia," but suspicious of otherworldliness, was searching for a synthesis between his two symbolic figures. Koestler related his dilemma to the scientists' quest for a new synthesis which would take the place of the exploded mechanistic explanation of the cosmos. Presently it was reported that Mr. Koestler was spending most

of his time in seclusion on a farm in Wales, immersed in scientific literature and intensive cerebration. The result of this activity, five years of it, is a long treatise called *Insight and Outlook* (Macmillan, \$5.00), introduced as presenting "a unifying theory of humor, art and discovery, in which these are shown to differ merely in degree not in kind." The book becomes, in effect, both a diagnosis of the crisis in our civilization and a step toward a theory relating biology, psychology, and sociology.

That bold, somewhat theatrical quality of Koestler's mind, his fondness for dramatizing dissimilars as opposites and resemblances as analogies, is noticeable in the general theory he advances. The symmetry and cohesiveness are a shade too pat, but are an advantage to the layman, who needs all the help he can get. Though written by a layman, *Insight and Outlook* is an exceedingly difficult book, bristling with scientific terminology. But the strenuous demands made on the reader's time and concentration pay an abundant return. There is much in the book that is brilliantly illuminating, much that is persuasive and important, and a great many speculative ideas which stimulate further thought.

From an analysis of humor, Koestler derives his major original contribution: "bisociative" as opposed to associative psychology. The pattern of the joke is found to be an intersection of two wholly independent trains of thought, each with its emotional charge. The junctional concept is *bisociated* with both trains, which then become one. The result is that the listener's stream of consciousness makes an abrupt transfer, and (for physiological reasons) it becomes separated from its emotional charge, which "explodes" in laughter. (An illustration of the pattern: "This dog," says Mr. Weber, "is worth five hundred dollars." Mr. Fields replies: "How could a dog save that much?" Here the associative trains of *value* and *thrift* intersect on the bisociative junctional word "dog.")

The dominant emotional charge of a joke is said to be a faint (sometimes imperceptible) impulse of malice. Crying is reduced to "loneliness, the isolation of the self from some higher integrative whole." Thus crying is the discharge reflex for redundant or frustrated self-transcending emotions; laughter for self-assertive emotions (a theory which such everyday say-

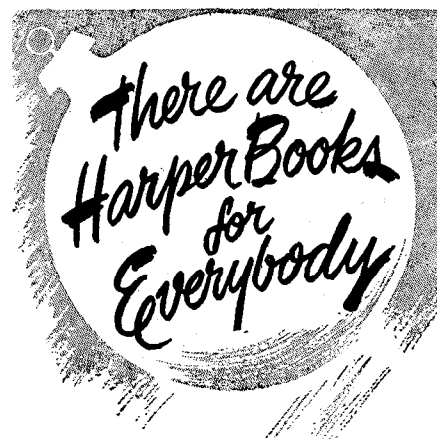
ings as "the saving grace" of humor seem to support).

Koestler turns next to biological foundations, taking sharp issue with certain pessimistic ideas of Freud's. Along with several leading modern scientists, Koestler terms the evolutionary trend toward more complex integrations of life substance "the integrative trend" (not necessarily "progress"). Under normal conditions "wholeness" and "partness" — this argument is extended to the individual in society — are not in conflict but are related aspects of the evolutionary process. However, various factors — among them blocking of communications between whole and part, and abnormal excitation in the latter — can lead to the part's "isolation," a release from its integrative center. It then displays (like cancer cells or Nazi Germany) a "self-assertive tendency" and seeks to become a new whole or to dominate the old one.

The two disintegrative factors mentioned above are conspicuous in our civilization. The educational system fosters the self-assertiveness of the growing individual without developing integrative counterforces (attachment to nature, social responsibility, artistic and contemplative inclinations). Later, the competitive and acquisitive drives are wildly overstimulated by the economic system.

Koestler suggests, then, that the crisis in our civilization represents an atrophy of the integrative tendencies of the social whole. He believes that Change from Without is required to create a less competitive environment. But "only the simultaneous unfolding of the self-transcending emotions from within can achieve the individual's social integration without thwarting his natural appetites." Koestler discusses the various methods of realizing the self-transcending drives, the most valuable of which, he believes, are artistic creation and inquiry into the nature of the world.

Artistic creation is (like discovery) a "eureka process" — the positive counterpart to the "malicious" eureka process of the joke: the familiar is bisociated with, and so becomes one with, something new and significant. Enjoyment of a work of art is participation in the eureka process, which discharges the self-assertive tendencies and deploys the integrative ones. Examples of art which, in the highest degree, offers the possibility of self-transcendence are the great myths



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which recur in literature and religion: they contain experiences rooted in the essence of the human condition (in Jung's "collective unconscious"). The Commissar's philosophy, which sets up an iron curtain between himself and the unconscious, prevents him from understanding that the part can be both free to behave as a part and yet remain integrated with the whole. But if the Commissar has no insight, the Yogi has no outlook. Koestler has provided the basis for a synthesis.

This summary, of necessity, is a drastic oversimplification, which cannot do justice to Koestler's penetration and gives only a hint of the ground he covers. *Insight and Outlook* is to be followed by a second volume, which will put the bisociative theory "on a more scholarly foundation," and will attempt to synthesize the recent trends in the different fields of science.

The conspirators

Vladimir Ilyitch Ulyanov, Lev Davidovitch Bronstein, and Yosif Djughashvili were the *Three Who Made a Revolution* (Dial, \$5.00). As young conspirators, anxious to be anonymous, they called themselves Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin.

Bertram D. Wolfe has given us an excellent "biographical history" of the years of conspiracy that prepared the Russian Revolution. Lenin's personality, quite rightly, forms the main artery of the book. A member of the petty nobility and once a landowner and "exploiter" of peasant labor, he became, a Comrade said of him, a man "absorbed by the revolution twenty-four hours a day, who has no other thought but . . . revolution, and who even when he sleeps, dreams only of the revolution." He was not so much a man of action, as the shaper of men's actions: ruthless, utterly intransigent, in love with power, convinced he was right in all things. He combined a theoretical belief in political democracy with a passionate faith in a centralized, military form of party organization, which was not, said Trotsky, "centralism" but "ego-centralism."

Trotsky, a Ukrainian peasant, grew into a young dandy, a brilliant journalist, the stormy petrel of the movement, contemptuous of "bureaucracy" and eager for the halo of a great revolutionary. These two men of conflicting temperament sharply discerned the dangers of each other's out-



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look. Trotsky prophetically warned Lenin: "The organization of the Party will take the place of the Party itself; the Central Committee will take the place of the organization; and finally, the Dictator will take the place of the Central Committee." Lenin, in turn, warned Trotsky of the consequences of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" in a country where the proletariat was a minority: "Whoever wants to approach Socialism by any other path than that of political democracy will inevitably arrive at the most absurd and reactionary conclusions."

The worst fears of both were to be realized and their lifework destroyed by the concessions each made to the other when they joined forces in 1917. Lenin, who had foreseen the dangers of minority dictatorship within the state, accepted Trotsky's conception of a single-party state. Trotsky, who had foreseen the dangers of dictatorship within the Party, accepted Lenin's party machine. Inevitably, the Party became the State, and in due course the subordinate whose name, as late as 1915, Lenin could not remember became the Party.

The chapters on Stalin naturally hold special interest for us. Their yield is modest, but that is to be expected; his person is shrouded in secrecy and legend. One passage from a speech of his comes, perhaps, very close to "explaining" him: Stalin's reference to how shocked he was, when he first glimpsed Lenin at a conference, that the great man should have neglected to plan an impressive entry — "This seemed to me a violation of certain essential rules." Stalin has clearly lived by the rules, and with sufficient virtuosity to make the desired impression (in each case different) on Eric Johnston and Wendell Willkie, the Politburo and the Russian masses. Mr. Wolfe, after an excursion into official literature on the ex-seminarist and ex-director of the Tiflis Observatory who became the Iron Man, offers this suggestive verdict: Stalin is the supreme example of a man who succeeded in inventing himself.

Some of the most fascinating pages in the book deal with the police agents and provocateurs who infested the revolutionary movement, among them the incredible Yevno Azev, at one time in charge of the fighting section of the Social Revolutionary Party; and the still more incredible Roman Malinovsky, a common crimi-



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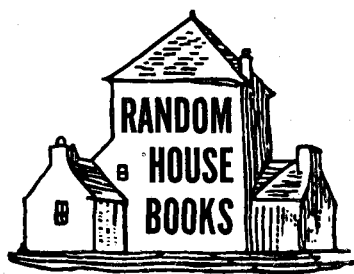
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nal, who — charged with the task of fomenting division among the State's enemies — became a leader of the Bolshevik Underground, a Deputy of the Duma, and a trusted intimate of Lenin.

Mr. Wolfe breaks off his story in 1914 with the promise of a sequel, which is good news, for he is a capable historian who has known his triumph personally, who knows his subject as few do, and who does not count the years it takes to make an authoritative book. It is, however, somewhat disappointing to follow the conspirators through 650 pages, which copiously document their writings, their squabbling congresses, their theories about the shape of things, come the Revolution — and then to be denied the Revolution!

Nemesis

On July 26, 1943, Rome was the scene of one of the strangest counter-revolutions in history. The previous day the Fascist Grand Council had passed a vote of censure on the founder of Fascism. That morning, Mussolini visited the King and was told he had been dismissed. The conspirators — several rival factions — had arranged, with unconscious irony, for the retired Caesar to be bundled off into protective custody in an ambulance. Thus the Fascist regime, with its strong military and police formations intact, was liquidated by a signature — the signature of a comic little king who for twenty years had been the Duce's rubber stamp. The only disturbance which attended this Ruritanian *coup d'état* was the noise of singing in the streets. "On July 26," Benito Mussolini later wrote in his *History of a Year*, "Italy was reduced to one Fascist, Mussolini."

History of a Year was first published in a Milan newspaper a few months after Mussolini's rescue by German parachutists; later in book form. This remarkable document, translated by Frances Frenaye, now appears as *The Fall of Mussolini* (Farrar, Straus, \$2.75), its interest greatly enhanced by Max Ascoli's brilliant introduction. The author writes about himself in the third person, which is curiously appropriate. For Mussolini's oration on the fall of Caesar is that of a played-out ham actor struggling to recapture the poses and gestures that once enthralled the gallery.

Mussolini's short confinement on an island near Corsica suggests to

him that his era will come to mean to Italians what Napoleon's did to France. He boasts of having many lives. He tunes in his personal anthem, calling on his compatriots to fight like heroes with their Duce to re-create "eternal Rome." The familiar bombast conjures up the image of a swaggering figure — mouth open, chin thrust forward — with his feet on a balcony and his head in the clouds. And the image dissolves into the photograph of a dangling corpse, with its feet in the air and its head pointed to the ground.

Mussolini's major theme is the betrayal of Mussolini. He charges, in sum, that his soldiers were cowards ("The Germans fought bravely" is a continual refrain), his generals blunderers, the Fascist leaders both those things and also gangsters and Judases. There are some violations of known fact in the book; there is also a good deal of surprising candor. Mussolini admits that Italy was unprepared for war and lacked the resources to wage it. He discloses (as Goebbels's diaries did) a curious contempt for his own people, "the mob," whom he had proposed to convert into empire-builders and centurions. He confesses, "I am easily the most hated man in Italy." (*Puzzone* — "stinker" — was the popular word for him.)

Scattered through the book are reflections on war, government, history, which show the shrewd cynicism of the buccaneer in politics. Mussolini's colossal egotism blinds him to the fact that his apologia — addressed to the very Italians he so abuses — is his self-indictment. It is one of the curiosities in the museum of Fascist pathology.

Mussolini's undoing was the Pact of Steel with Hitler; Hitler's was Stalingrad. That holocaust is described in the most clinically realistic, the most horrifying novel written about modern war: *Stalingrad* (Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.00), a book which bears comparison with *All Quiet on the Western Front*. In Europe, it has already sold a million copies in various languages. Its author, Theodor Plievier, is one of the leading writers in post-war Germany. A veteran Communist, he recently moved from the Russian to the American zone, confessing to bitter disillusionment with the Soviet Union. His book, I imagine, was written before the change, since the brief glimpse it gives of the Russians seems idealized.

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It is not, however, a novel in which political ideology plays a noticeable role.

Stalingrad is the very powerfully dramatized case history of a death agony — that of General von Paulus's Sixth Army, encircled between the Volga and the Don. The book's volcanic effect is obtained by the intensive accumulation of mortuary detail, the piling of horror upon horror, abomination upon abomination. Hunger drove men into machine-gun fire in quest of a hunk of flesh off a dead horse; made them crack open skulls to eat the brains. Surgeons operating thirty and forty hours at a stretch could only handle a fraction of the wounded. The most humane thing was to lay the serious cases where they would freeze to death quickest. When one soldier removed a comrade's boot, the frost-bitten leg came off with it. Typhus killed thousands. Every day some men shot themselves, others went mad.

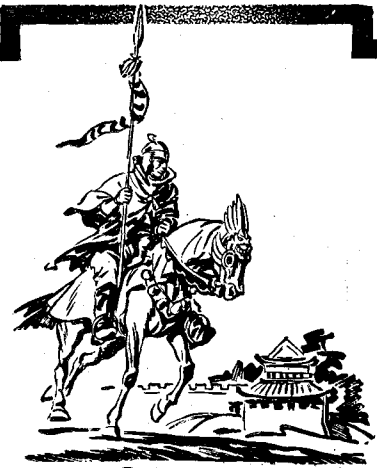
This mass agony and mass death served no military purpose. But Hitler had forbidden surrender and discipline was too deeply ingrained for the generals to disobey. One branch of the disorganized army functioned briskly to the very end — the execution squads.

Plievier shows us men of all ranks, returning most frequently to two: August Gnotke, gravedigger in a penal battalion, and Colonel Vilshofen, a professional staff officer. Gnotke's moral fiber and will to live are sustained by devotion to a battle-shocked comrade, while in Vilshofen the obscenity of Stalingrad awakens a sharp consciousness of Germany's guilt and of his share in it. The compassion of the unthinking soldier and the commander's understanding of the "German disease" — these two qualities, Plievier concludes, must be combined to build a new Germany. How can such men as Gnotke and Vilshofen bring their message to a morally debauched people? *Stalingrad* carries that message, and with it a searing vision of the nemesis that waits upon arrogance and inhumanity. It is a fine achievement, a terrible and memorable book.

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Time Will Darken It is not so sharply constructed as *The Folded Leaf*, but the writing and characterization are of the same high caliber. Mr. Maxwell has rare powers of insight and evocation. His people and their period are wonderfully alive. A distinguished novel.

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plify previous charges that the British Government systematically obstructed the Committee; that its Palestine officials stacked the cards in favor of the Arabs; that later Mr. Bevin openly set out to sabotage the partition decision and encouraged Arab defiance of the United Nations.

Our own State Department, most of the time, was discreetly working with the Foreign Office. Neither seems to have been swayed by the fact that the UN's prestige was critically involved. One trivial item sums up the story: when the Committee required plane transportation from Switzerland to the displaced persons camps, both the British and the American military authorities refused it.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1948 edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1948: THE O. HENRY AWARDS edited by Herschel Brickell. Doubleday, \$3.00.

So many ghosts stalked through the short story in 1947 that they established a trend. The revival of the ghost story, which Miss Foley notes in her Foreword, produced nothing fit for inclusion in her collection, but it's apparent that the better authors are haunted as well. "Tension," says Miss Foley, is the one word that best describes these stories. "There is in them definitely a feeling of expectancy, of breathless awaiting of the unknown. Perhaps a psychiatrist would say they show an 'anxiety neurosis.'" Another trend Miss Foley discerns is a marked impoverishment of the "little magazines."

Of the magazines represented in the two anthologies, the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* dominate the field. The former shows up with five stories in the Foley volume, four in Mr. Brickell's, including the First Prize winner, Truman Capote's "Shut a Final Door." Four stories in each book come from *Harper's*, among them the winner of the O. Henry Second Prize, Wallace Stegner's "Beyond the Glass Mountain."

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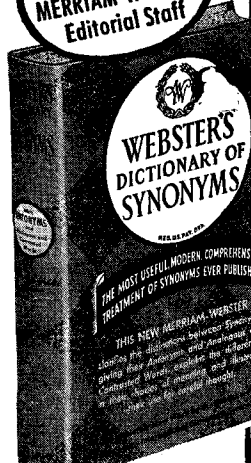
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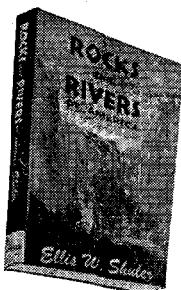
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Simply and readably this book traces the biological facts of man's development and behavior to their source in the living world. For

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Illustrated. **\$3.50**

salad, dessert, and with such chores as laying the table, warming the plates, making coffee. A time is set aside for a cocktail while the dinner is looking after itself. Narrow-page inserts make it possible to choose three different vegetable-and-salad combinations for each main course.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: THE AMERICAN YEARS by Robert Cantwell. Rinehart, \$6.00.

Back in 1939, the reading of Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* launched Robert Cantwell, then *Time's* foreign news editor, into several years of Hawthorne research, the first fruits of which are the present enormously detailed biography. It closes with the publication of *The Scarlet Letter* in Hawthorne's forty-sixth year. A second volume is to follow.

The conventional portrait of Hawthorne (in the New England years) as a morbid recluse, "obsessed with the Puritan sense of guilt," impressed Mr. Cantwell as "less and less like Hawthorne the more I learned of him." In his view, Hawthorne led "an active and vigorous life of considerable excitement and some hazard," and was a virile, purposeful, thoroughly human character.

The retouched portrait is a warm, spirited, and in general persuasive job. But Mr. Cantwell has been far more zealous than judicial in his inclusion of "colorful" details, piquant trivia, and social history, and betrays a weakness for intriguing but dubious hypotheses. Having set out to rescue Hawthorne from his legend, Cantwell tends to submerge him in his background.

THE SHAME OF THE STATES by Albert Deutsch. Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00.

One out of every twenty Americans is, has been, or will be a patient in one of the state mental hospitals of America. This single statistic—incredible but verified—points up the urgency of reforming the present scandalous conditions in state institutions for the insane. The shocking story of those conditions is soberly and eloquently told, and documented with amazing photographs, in *The Shame of the States*. The author is a journalist who has become a recognized authority in the field of mental health. His first book, *The Mentally Ill in America*, is considered a standard work by psychiatrists; he has been honored by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene and is a contributor to the scientific journals.

The villains of Mr. Deutsch's report on the state asylums are not, in general, the departmental and institutional officials, most of whom were eager to help him publicize the facts, but legislative penny-pinching, political cynicism ("the insane have no vote"), and public apathy and callousness. The book concludes with a practical program for reform. It is a top-notch piece of crusading journalism.

Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

Statisticians pay a fair amount of attention to marriage and divorce but they seem to have learned little about engagements. Nothing is known about the seasonal incidence of engagements, whether the dog days of August or the stresses of the winter are what lead to that sort of thing. For the purposes of the December *Atlantic*, it seems reasonable to expect a certain number of engagements to result from the Christmas holidays. Just as the National Safety Council can tell you how many people will get killed on the Labor Day week-end, statisticians ought to study the engagement risks of Christmas afternoon and New Year's Eve.

Transition to the married state from a condition of not being married at all is necessarily abrupt. A girl of twenty has rarely any previous experience in wielding absolute authority over a man (although some girls with younger brothers may have developed early the techniques of command). The man, in turn, untrained in the principle of complete obedience, must be conditioned gradually to this unexpected change in his own place in the world.

The girl should use the engagement interval, therefore, to test out the mechanics of control; that is, to plunge the man into a state of dismay, to note carefully his reactions to catastrophe, and to twitch him back into his normal state of fatuity. She is much like an anesthetist in such tests, knocking out the patient with a gust of tears, keeping a finger on his pulse for any sign of organic failure, and letting him have a whiff of oxygen whenever his vitality is actually threatened. The girl should never forget that she is only testing during the engagement period and not trying to play anything for keeps. She will confine her tantrums to the sure thing. There is no need to risk even a minor failure if the fundamental relationship of the engagement period is kept in mind and the man is allowed to win.

A typical test run should be made fairly early in the contest, on what the man might have devised

as a gala evening. He has started the day by sending a long telegram of an ardent nature, flowers and gewgaws later on, with dinner and the theater to follow. He arrives, beaming, at seven P.M. in a dinner jacket. The girl bursts into tears. What's the matter? Sobs, tears — go away! What can it be? Near hysterics; girl disappears to bedroom. Short pause. Girl reappears, after what he believes was emotional struggle but what was in fact restoration of make-up. She is aloof but composed.

The girl must decide whether the man has had enough or whether the row shall spin along until she gets too hungry to keep it up. She should have decided, early in the day, that the dinner reservations

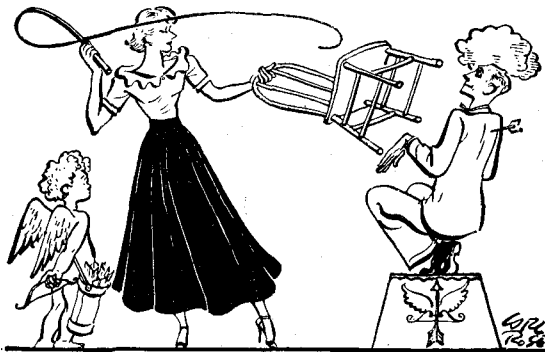
and theater tickets would have to go by the board, for there is no use in pulling off one of these demonstrations on an inconclusive scale. Eventually the man is allowed to seize her and pillow her head on his shoulder. She is dry-eyed, strangely enough, but permits herself a delicate sniff or two. Just his physical nearness, he realizes, has helped

matters, and the girl is soon looking up at him with a twisted little apologetic smile.

His curiosity is insupportable. What could it have been?

In a small voice, haltingly, the girl confesses: it was the dinner jacket that ruined everything. Oh, of course, she was just being silly about it, but she loved him so in those rough old brown tweeds! She knew, too, even though he was too modest to have thought of it, that other women all envied her when he wore his tweeds, and somehow she had just been expecting the tweeds. She liked their scratchy feeling when she put her cheek on them. But heavens — what a foolish way for her to have carried on and what would he think of her!

All this hits the man hard. He is astonished by the depth of the girl's feeling for him, and surprised at what trifles can possess the female mind. Of equal importance is his discovery that the girl



prefers informal, homely ways and that, once they are married, he will not have to rig himself out in a dinner jacket unless he damned well feels like it. This is going to be better, he tells himself, than even his fondest hopes.

He has no way of foreseeing that in years to come he will shift into a dinner jacket like a quick-change artist at a lift of the eyebrow and the words "black tie" from his wife.

The brown-tweeds routine makes a perfectly good

beginning. Carried on with reasonable artistry, it will put the man in the Wrong. The woman becomes the injured party, and forgives the man for something he has not done, does not understand, but somehow enjoys. Ending on such a note, the test tantrum may be said to have been a success. The duration of the engagement period will depend on the speed and ease with which the girl can run off these simple tests.

C. W. M.

WINE

This is the second of two articles on food and drink in the United States by the President of the Wine and Food Society, ANDRÉ L. SIMON, who recently returned to his home in London after some months in this country.

U.S.A. RETASTED

by ANDRÉ L. SIMON

THERE must be millions of Americans — men, women, and children — who have never tasted wine. The historical background of wine; its geographical distribution; the subtleties of its color, flavor, and bouquet; the fine things that have been said, sung, or written in praise of wine during the past three thousand years — all this, to the average American, is sheer nonsense.

Yet Americans, as they grow up, like to drink, regularly or occasionally, according to their means and the opportunities that occur, something that has more color than water and has a sweet taste, for most grownups retain throughout life the taste for sugar which appears to be born in every child the world over. So they become coke addicts or lap up any of the many colorful, sweet liquids which are called "soft."

There is also an important minority of men and women who have acquired a great liking for "hard liquor" — a liking that only too often becomes a craving and a curse. And there are a few people who prefer to drink something that is neither soft nor hard: they are the wine drinkers. The proportion of the population in each category is anybody's guess. Mine, which is made without benefit of all the statistics that may

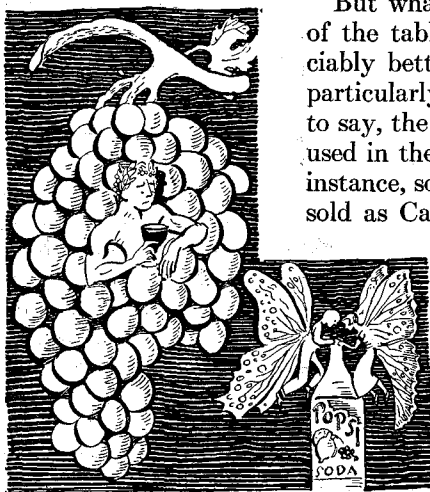
exist somewhere, is that 63 per cent drink water and soft drinks, 33 per cent drink beer and hard liquor, and 4 per cent enjoy wine.

If we consider that wine has been the most highly prized beverage among all the more highly civilized nations from the earliest times; and if we bear in mind also the fact that there are many acres of American land producing wine-making grapes, chiefly in California, but also in a number of the Eastern states, we may well wonder how and why it is that there is not a greater demand for wine in the United States.

It may be that the lack of appreciation shown by the American public for wine is due to the cumulative retarding action of excessive prices and poor quality. Wine is unnecessarily and outrageously dear, being beyond the means of all but the higher income groups. There is also, unfortunately, well-founded ground for the complaints made by many of the wine importers that immediately after the war they received wines of very poor quality which were absurdly dear and not worthy of the well-known — even famous — names which their labels displayed. This must have done a lot of harm, and such harm is of a lasting nature. Happily prices have now been drastically cut by the retailers, and arrivals from European vineyards are of much more worthy quality.

But what of the California wines? The quality of the table wines, both red and white, is appreciably better than it was before the war. This is particularly true of the varietal wines — that is to say, the wines sold under the name of the grapes used in the making of such wines. A red wine, for instance, sold under the name of Pinot, and another sold as Cabernet, I found to be altogether better wines than wines of a similar character sold as claret and Burgundy, and they were more enjoyable red wines to drink at mealtime.

Quite as important is the fact that red wines sold under the name of Pinot, for instance, all possess the likeness of type one expects to be able to recognize when drinking at differ-



ent times any of the red table wines of Beaujolais — or for that matter different wines, wherever made, but made from the same species of grape. On the other hand, the different California wines which I tasted among those that were labeled Burgundy were quite unlike each other; one was good, two or three fair, and one or two bad, without the least family likeness among them.

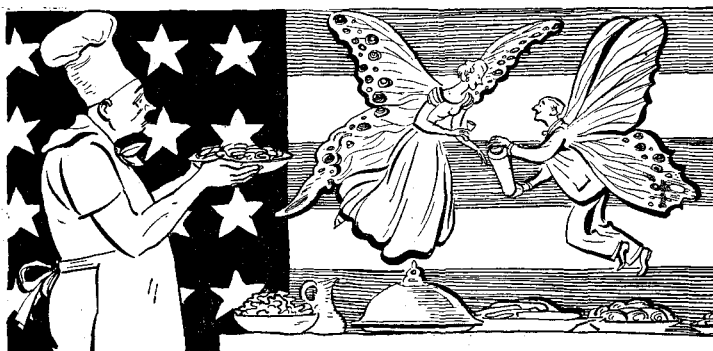
Although I have not yet come across any California wine that deserves to be called great, there are many which are good and a few which are very good wines that any wine lover would be glad to buy even at fancy prices. Why not make more of these wines?

A great deal of California wine, which is made well and from fine grapes, is sold much too soon, just as there is a good deal of prime beef which is ruined by being sold after a week's instead of a month's hanging. The only solution is for the consumer to be sufficiently appreciative to pay the butcher more money for less weight of better meat, and to pay the dealer more money for a better wine.

It is disappointing to learn that despite the improvement in the quality of the still wines of California and also the Eastern states, and despite the very fine work of the Wine Institute of San Francisco to popularize wine, the consumption of table wines is not on the upgrade. It appears that the wines of California for which demand is steadily growing are the fortified wines; they are immature wines, very sweet and loaded with alcohol, quite unacceptable to any wine lover but greatly relished by the least discriminating wine drinkers, the men and women who must have all the sugar there is in soft drinks and more "kick" for the money than they would get out of hard liquor. Wine means nothing to them, except as a name that covers sugar and fire. They know no better.

But there are in America many men and women of educated taste who have the means and the opportunities to enjoy wine, good wine, with their meals, every day or occasionally. Yet very few do.

Go to any of New York's smart restaurants and see what happens. A party of six, for instance — six well-groomed, bright youngish men and women — arrives rather late and rather flushed for dinner; there is the inevitable confusion as to where each one is to sit, showing that neither host nor hostess has given it a thought beforehand. Then six large glasses are filled with ice water, just to take care, evidently, of that incessant intestinal refrigeration which American cityfolk have been trained to demand. Next six immense menu cards are handed round and each person — host and guests — has to make a pretense of looking through the long list of dishes offered by the house, eventually agreeing to what the captain or one of his assistants will suggest. When the wine waiter proffers the



wine list, it is more often than not brushed aside; four out of the six people at table will have whiskey, a fifth will ask for milk, and the sixth for coffee.

Presently the food will come along, at different times according to the more or less sophisticated dishes ordered by different members of the party. This is not comedy, but tragedy. The host has bought a dinner for his friends just as he would buy a drink for a stranger at a bar. That is not hospitality, and still less gastronomy.

The host should give his guests something that no money can buy: his own time, imagination, and intelligence in the ordering of a meal in which both the food and the wines served with it shall help one another; a meal that will be a compliment to the guests and a joyful memory for them as well as for their host. There is no need of a special course of instruction, nor of any particular qualification, to order a meal that will cost no more but be worth much more. Any person of taste and education can do it and do it well, provided he takes a little trouble over it.

All the wonderful mechanical devices and uncanny gadgets invented to save time, labor, and trouble are having a deplorable psychological effect. They have made every form of effort a trouble; in fact, to avoid trouble has become an end in itself, something highly desirable. It is a disastrous notion.

There is nothing of real value that does not call for some effort, and reward the trouble that it demands. That is why there are still men courting death scaling mountains without being asked or paid to do it. There is no manly game or womanly art which does not require physical and mental effort; but it is not called trouble — it is fun. Similarly the proper ordering of a good meal can and should be fun. It is a sport like any other if we approach it in a sporting spirit; and as we have every chance of practicing it every day, we can become good at it. If only the educated American public could be made to realize that food is not just fuel, but fun as well, if properly matched with wine, there would be fewer divorces and fewer pills, tablets, and powders sold by drugstores throughout the land.

AN EVENING

WITH THE POETS

by ETHEL JACOBSON

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
De win' she blow, blow, blow;
My love is like a red, red rose,
The Bible tells me so.

Degenerate Douglas, king of men,
A mighty man is he:
"My strength is as the strength of ten —
Now wherefore stopst thou me?"

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
A little after taps.
Voulez-vous donner — qu'est-ce que c'est —?"
"Perhaps, young man, perhaps."

Thus Troy fell. . . . By a river's brim
I pluck you out of your cranny.
He for God only, she for God in him. . . .
"What big teeth you have, Granny!"



FILMS

JOHN CROSBY is widely known for his syndicated column "Radio in Review." His article "Radio and Who Makes It" appeared in the January, 1948, *Atlantic*.

NEWSREELAND

by JOHN CROSBY

ABOUT six months ago one of the U.S. Army occupation officers in Japan wrote the War Department pleading for newsreels more representative of American life. "There must be some other activity in the United States besides ski jumping," wrote this desperate officer.

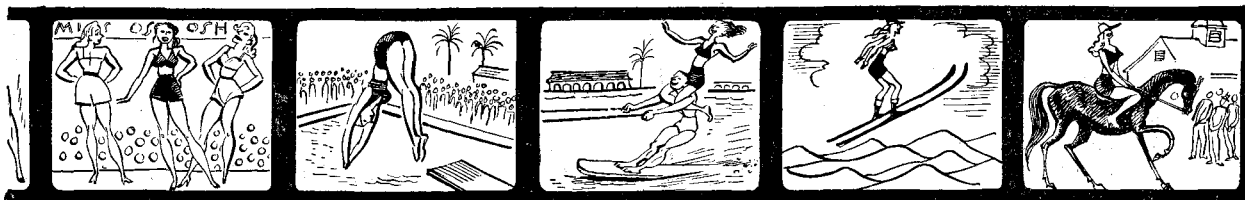
Well, as a lifelong resident of Newsreeland, I have no idea what sort of life they lead in the U.S.A., but I resent the implication that we in Newsreeland do nothing but ski jump. We have a number of other activities, most of them death-defying. Almost any typical male inhabitant of Newsreeland, for example, spends a good part of

his day clinging to a rope at the end of a Kris-Kraft skimming across the blue waters of beautiful Lake Onadonga at what our official historian, Ed Thorgesen, refers to as "thrill-packed speeds." Usually there is a pretty girl on our shoulders and invariably there are a dozen other lovelies riding the Kris-Kraft.

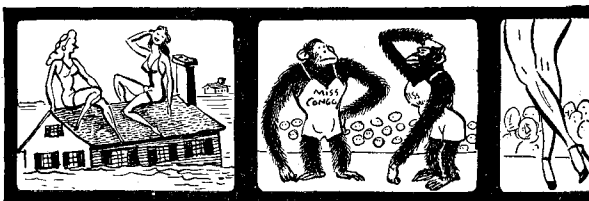
There are no seasons in Newsreeland. We're on a surfboard one minute, a bobsled the next — so the rest of the thrill-packed day presents an unusually large choice of activities. We're likely to go parachute jumping, steeplechasing, midget car racing, or — a recent fad that passed quickly — swan diving off blimps. The inhabitants of more sedentary lands, I understand, go in largely for golf and tennis, but here we insist on (again quoting Mr. Thorgesen) "king-sized thrills." If it isn't king-sized, the hell with it. Incidentally, the average Newsreelman has to have on hand a rather staggering supply of equipment — javelins, Pogo sticks, polo ponies, iceboats, Kris-Krafts. (Blimps are optional.)

However, you would be wrong in assuming that we in Newsreeland worship sports to the exclusion of all else. We are great lovers of beauty, particularly in a bathing suit. While the men are out bobsledding, the girls are winning beauty contests, usually beside a swimming pool to the accompaniment of a dance band. Dropping in at what George Putnam refers to as a "breath-taking display of feminine pulchritude" — a phrase he picked up somewhere — you will note that all our girls are about eighteen, all are entrancingly beautiful, and all are built along the general lines of Rita Hayworth. We have nothing but beautiful women in Newsreeland and none over eighteen. At their nineteenth birthday, the girls are dispatched to the gas chamber, their usefulness at an end.

If the girls are not in a beauty contest, you may find them modeling in a fashion show. Now fashion shows, I understand, are not uncommon in the outside world, but ours are a little different. Where else can you find bathing suits made entirely of ermine? We have male fashion shows featuring mink smoking jackets. Not long ago we displayed the New Look as it pertained to nine-year-old quadruplets. (Lots of nine-year-old quadruplets in Newsreeland.) Because we're so athletic, we devote entire fashion shows to what the well-dressed bicyclist will wear this season. A girl would be shot dead by Adelaide Hawley if she got caught in the same garment next season.

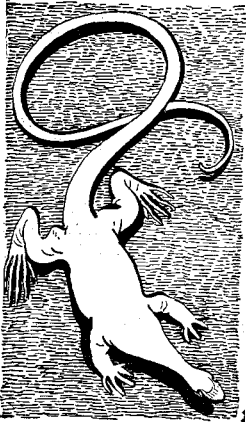


There is a legend that the first newsreel was a shot of Admiral Dewey's battleships entering Manila Bay. Whether or not it's true, it's a fact that battleships play a far more important role in Newsreeland



by ALVA QUENEAU

The patio was surrounded by a high wall. Little lizards or *lagartijas*, as they call them in Spanish, lived there by the thousands. We had them from half an inch to a foot and a half in size, lying sluggishly in the sun on the walks. The smaller ones were lively. They could move like a streak across a leaf and seemed equally at ease with their heads up or hanging down. And they ran as quickly up the side of a tree or wall as they did on a flat surface. Each seemed to have his special place. One big



black fellow lived on the top half of the mango tree, and a smaller gray one lived on the bottom half. If either presumed on the other's territory there was a big to-do and one got pushed off with a plop.

To take care of the garden and do the cleaning, we took over the Camachos' house-boy, Fructuoso Perez Colón. "Fruto" comes from a real hill family. He ran away from home at the age of ten

because his father was always getting drunk and beating him. Fruto never has held this against his father and is very proud of his family.

"As for me," he told me once, "it is true I had to go from home early. But, Señora, I have had luck. God has been good to me."

I think Fruto has helped God out a bit, for you couldn't find a better-tempered or more honest boy. He was up at six to sweep the leaves off the grass in the patio, and when there was water, to water the plants and clean the walks. Then he would sweep the house, and once a week wash the tiled floors and make them shine. He even did the dishes for me, and often we had dinner very late. As he worked, we would hear him whistling and singing the sad monotone songs they sing in this country, and there was always a big smile when he saw you.

Fruto's great love was baseball. When we took his picture to send to his mother, he asked us to wait until he put on his baseball cap and his mitt, his most prized possessions. I wondered about the rest of Fruto's family. One brother, about twelve years old, once came to spend the night. Fruto has light brown hair and a fair skin. The brother was very definitely black.

"There are twenty of us," Fruto told me. "Fourteen by my mother, and the rest are scattered." I guess the black brother was one of the "scattered."

In October, when I paid Fruto his month's wages, he went shopping. On his return he showed me what he had bought (besides sending a money order to his mother): a pair of new shiny black shoes. (Most of the time Fruto goes barefoot. Only when he dresses up does he wear shoes.)

"For Christmas," he informed me proudly, "for, Señora, Christmas is practically upon us."

"Oh, no," I said, "there are three months yet."

"Ah, but one must be ready," he replied.

Several times in October he mentioned Christmas, and in early November asked if we celebrated Christmas. Did we have a tree with colored lights?

"To see the tree of the Camachos was something to wonder at," he told me. "And what a great celebration on the eve of Christmas, with presents put under the tree with many colored lights."

Then it dawned on me. He had come to the Camachos the November before and that was no doubt the first time he had worked for a family who celebrated Christmas. The Spanish custom is to make a religious affair of Christmas and to give gifts and have a children's celebration on the Day of the Kings, January 6.

The Camachos' son had gone to the States to attend a military academy. Fruto said, "Now that Kenny is not here, I have great fears that the Camachos will not celebrate the Christmas."

Right then and there I made up my mind that we would have a Christmas tree with lights and presents and all the trimmings.

The first week in November we moved to a house across the street from the Camachos, and Fruto returned to his former employers. But before this, one evening, my husband had called to me from our bedroom, "Come and see what I have found." He stood looking at the wall, where there was a tiny "spot" — the only word for it. It was a night lizard, a real baby one, no longer than an inch, and very, very slim. Her body was almost transparent, and a soft peach color. She had big sapphire-blue eyes that seemed to pop off the top of her head — the "better to see with" at night.

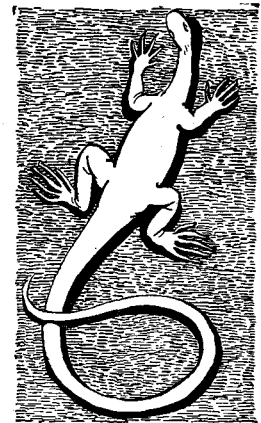
We had seen other night lizards. They appear only after dark and are very shy, almost jumping off the wall with fright if you come near them. The baby was not old enough to be afraid, and sat there calmly for us to admire her. Even at her age, she was good at catching mosquitoes.

We used to place a little night light in the electric connection near the floor in the dining room. Our littlest lizard soon discovered that the hunting was good near that light, and each night she would station herself at one side of it. We got very attached to her, talked to her, and praised her for her skill. When we were ready to move, I told Fruto that we must take her with us.

Fruto got up on a stepladder and held open a wax-paper sandwich bag on the wall next to the lizard. In she ran faster than eye could follow. We quickly closed the bag and with much laughter carried Lagartija to her new home across the street.

Christmastime came and our tree arrived, smelling like the northern woods. Mrs. Camacho lent me her Christmas lights. I bought all kinds of glitter and color for the tree and put it in a pot of sand between the living-room windows. Next day there was a stream of termites heading toward it, so around the base of the tree, under a sheet, I put some DDT powder.

On the morning of the



twenty-fourth, when I went into the room to turn out the night light, the sun was streaming through the windows. I looked down at the carpet and right at my feet lay Lagartija. Her head was moving from side to side, for she was blinded by the light. We put out a piece of paper for her to crawl onto, but instead of a streak of light, there was a slow, painful crawl. I knew at once what had happened — she had got some of the DDT. I put the paper under the kitchen cabinet in the darkest corner, hoping she would recover. But she didn't.

It almost spoiled our Christmas. However, on Christmas Eve we put the lights on the tree, and Fruto, all dressed up, came over with the Camachos. We exchanged gifts and had cookies and wine.

The Camachos gave Fruto the day off on Christmas and he went calling. His friends all gave him something to drink. Each time he returned from a visit, he would come over to greet us with another "*Felices Pascuas*," and to shake hands. When he came at seven-thirty Christmas night, all smiles and weaving a little, to hand me a small box, I thought he was drunk, for when I opened the box, there was only a small brown-paper bag inside. I was about to scold Fruto when I felt the paper jump.

At that moment I knew: it was another little lizard! "Ah, *si, si, si*," Fruto said, smiling from ear to ear, "'tis the littlest lizard we could find for you."



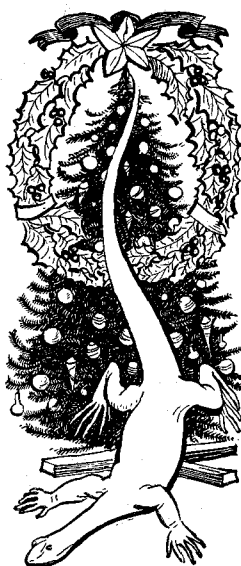
FIRST LOVE

by BETTE RICHART

WE two were Adam and Eve, alone, bewildered,
In a vast world beyond our measuring,
Treading upon the flowers, the young leaves shyly,
Lest we should crush some hidden fragile thing.

The world to us was strange and gay and lovely,
The sky amazing, smooth as glass or metal,
The slope of hills geometry consummate,
Perfection intricate in every petal.

We could have stayed adventuring forever,
If it had been enough to love and wonder:
To wait afraid for the terrible bright angel,
To tremble at the first prophetic thunder.



MUSIC

What befalls the composer who copyrights an original song which happens to sound like folk music? Here is an account of it by JOHN JACOB NILES, a Kentuckian who began collecting folk music at the age of fifteen and today has more than one thousand examples. He also has brought out many songbooks and record albums.

MY PRECARIOUS LIFE IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN

by JOHN JACOB NILES

THESE notes, based on my diaries and field notebooks, have been carefully selected. They have been selected for the purpose of establishing certain facts concerning some of my "folk songs."

In the summer of 1907, when I was just rising fifteen, I was greatly moved by a girl about my own age, a girl with blond hair and blue eyes and a disturbing way of swishing her skirts as she walked. I thought myself a musician. I was already a singer — was actually singing in choirs and choruses. The girl of the blond hair thought me a farm hand and said so.

On my father's farm worked a Negro named Objerall Jacket. He was a happy fellow of undetermined age and a singer like myself. He earned his pay by digging ditches and laying tile drainpipes. As he dug, he sang, and for more than two years he sang: —

Go way from my window, go way from my door.
Go way from my window, go way from my door.

My sense of pitch told me that he was singing in the key of F and that the only notes he employed were the third and tonic in that scale. I thought of discussing a possible variation on these two notes, but I never did.

Instead I wrote three verses of text on the subject nearest my heart and composed what seemed to be characteristic music. Suddenly I had a song. It was an extraordinary experience. I had been singing the folk music of our family for years, but never had I created something all my own. Nowadays, when I come upon a new idea, I still have that exhilaration. The diary — July 19, 1907 — simply says: "Used Objerall Jacket's 'go way from my window' line to make up a song. She didn't like it."

Objerall Jacket never knew I used his one line of text, and the girl with the blond hair and blue eyes didn't care whether I did or not. She simply wrote me an overpolite letter and told me that my little composition only



proved what she had long suspected — namely, that I was a farm hand and not a musician. “Go back to the plow, Johnnie, that’s where you belong.”

I soon discovered that the people around me were vastly amused by my continued efforts in the field of song composition. I did not call it “folk music.” In fact, I did not know the term in those faraway days. The ballad and the carol were called “old-timey songs.” The musically educated public thought old-timey songs were so “quaint,” and when I sang them, they thought I was “cute.” It was a terrible period. “Go Way from My Window” went into the space reserved for cast-off music: under the seat of the piano bench. I didn’t touch it again for nearly twenty years.

Meanwhile, the public had had a change of heart. The First World War had been fought, and the American people were beginning to take notice of America. I do not mean that the word *Americana* was bandied about as it was later — in the thirties and forties — but the native scene was being studied. Cecil Sharp had already been to the United States and had discovered more important folk music in current use here than he had ever dreamed of in England.

In December, 1927, a group of Princeton University alumni engaged me for an evening of folk music. No arias, no art music, just plain folk music. That was the first time I ever sang “Go Way from My Window” to an informed group of cosmopolitan Americans. They seemed to like it. At least, they did not walk out on me. After the performance (it ran for an hour and a half, and included twenty numbers), they paid me actual cash dollars. Quite a lot of them.

I knew I had made a start. What I did not know was that my little love song, “Go Way from My Window,” would be taken over by many a self-appointed folk singer and be palmed off on an unsuspecting public as a little ditty which the singer learned while being jounced on his grandpappy’s knee. I have even heard “Go Way from My Window” called a “song of Elizabethan origin.” I’m ready to admit I’m old — but not that old.

There is, of course, the other side of the ledger. To the thoroughbreds of the concert stage who have sung “Go Way” and some of my other songs I am deeply indebted. When they — and by “they” I mean people like Gladys Swarthout, Eleanor Steber, John Charles Thomas, Mack Harrell, and others — sing my music, or the music of any composer, they credit the source. If they sing folk music, they say so. And if they sing composition, they say so. And no stuff and nonsense about finding “this little gem” in some cozy little valley.



Folks with a legalistic turn of mind may be interested to know that “Go Way from My Window” was widely plagiarized in spite of the fact that it was copyright in 1934 as an unpublished manuscript. It was published in 1944 — five years after I had recorded it for Victor Red Seal.

As soon as the record was released, the trouble began. Charles O’Connell, then musical director for the Red Seal Division of RCA-Victor, warned me it would hap-

pen. “Johnnie,” he said, “you will soon begin to hear a lot of phony versions of your recorded items. That is what usually happens. Singers are such poor musicians, as a rule, they don’t buy printed music if they can avoid it. They buy records and learn their songs by ear. Of course, they have to buy copies of the music when they go to perform — that is, if they use piano accompaniment — but meanwhile they are going to sing your ditties by ear.”

Never was the statement better proved than by the history of “Black Is the Color of My True Love’s Hair.”

In 1932 I ran upon a group of shingle-rivers at Ary, Kentucky. Among them were a man and his wife who offered to swap songs with me. This is always the best way of getting songs from mountain people. So we swapped. One of their offerings was a rather dismal version of “Black Is the Color of My True Love’s Hair” — melodically dismal, though blessed with exquisite lyrics. I wrote down what they sang, and later spent a good deal of time devising what I hoped would be a more graceful tune. At first the result was a straight major key melody, which was widely performed as a duet. Later I revised the tune completely, and the result was a much more effective melody in the Mixolydian mode.

When my imitators got hold of this Mixolydian tune — that is, when they purchased the record — they must have been dismayed by its difficulty, because every one of them simplified it. The fact that the song was published and copyright in 1936 — three years before I recorded it for Victor Red Seal — was no hindrance. When I hear people tell me that “Black Is the Color of My True Love’s Hair” is in the public domain, I am vastly amused. Yes, the lyrics are in the public domain, and there are several public-domain tunes in the Library of Congress Folk Song Archive. But my heartbreaking Mixolydian melody is straight composition from the first note to the last. I lay no claim to the illiterate improvisations being offered hither and yon. But I do wish my plagiarizers had been a little more informed and could have sung the tune as written.

The pay-off was “Venezuela.” That is to say,

it paid off everyone but the composer. It might even have paid me off if I had known it was loaded. But I was a very young man when I wrote "Venezuela," and although I had sung dozens of folk ballads, much popular music, many Army songs, the tenor parts in nearly all the standard oratorio works, I was still unused to the sharp practices of the publishing business and a complete amateur at copyright law.

The story of "Venezuela" is all in the book — my notebook. The pages are yellow and the writing is faded, but it is all there.

The night was dark, and the fog-bound harbor of Boulogne, France, was full of ships. It was October, 1918, and the German Army was falling back. Everywhere English, French, and American soldiers were exhilarated by the prospects of victory. It was in the air — victory and fog.

Once upon a time, I had benefited an English flying officer named Lieutenant Bradley. He is now dead. He died in 1942, having been one of the few to whom so many were indebted. In October, 1918, Lieutenant Bradley took me in tow. We wandered about the port of Boulogne and saw the sights. One of the sights was a grain ship from South America — a tall sailing ship with a crew partly made up of Barbados Negroes. We visited the officers on board, and the crew sang as a gesture of entertainment. One of the songs they sang was a ribald item about a sailor who sailed into and out of a Venezuelan port, and meanwhile sailed into and out of a young lady's arms. When I got back to my quarters that night, all I could remember was that the departing sailor had warned his sweetheart that, as time passed, other sailors would come and go, and after them, still others.

I proceeded to write some lyrics and a little music, and Lieutenant Bradley thought it was awful. According to my diary, I rewrote the tune every day for about a week, and finally put it out of my mind. The good fortune of the entire matter is that I wrote the various versions of "Venezuela" on blank pages in my 1918 diary. In 1925, while preparing a book entitled *Singing Soldiers*, I used my diaries extensively for research. The notes on "Venezuela" turned up. I learned the song all over again and began to sing it to my friends.

When I offered the manuscript of *Songs My Mother Never Taught Me* to a New York publisher, he was aghast to discover that "Venezuela" was not included.

"But 'Venezuela' is composition," I said, "words and music. It is not folk music." (I had learned to use the term by then.)

"Folk music be damned," said he, striking the desk a resounding whack. "You want to sell your book, don't you?"

Yes, I said, I did want to sell the book. Verily, I did.

"Well, then, put 'Venezuela' in the book. And some of those others I've heard you sing around town. And let me tell you another thing, young man: if you want the New York publishers to take your stuff, you'd better label it all folk music."

"But it is all folk music," I insisted; "all except a few items like 'Go Way from My Window,' 'Venezuela,' and —"

"You can take my advice or leave it so far as your future publications are concerned," he went on. "But as of this date in September, 1928, I will recommend that my firm publish this manuscript — 'Bang Away, Lulu,' 'Aged in the Wood,' 'Songs My Mother Never Taught Me,' or whatever it is finally called — if you will include the items I have indicated and if you will offer them as soldiers' songs and not as composition. Do you want your advance?"

I needed my advance — my collaborators on this venture were not so impoverished as I. As I remember, the advance was about \$200. I ate well for several months. "Venezuela" became "folk music."

Since then, many a supper-club audience has wrung its collective hands over "Venezuela," and many a record has been sold. The supper-club business profits me not a penny, and the royalties on the records have never traveled as far as my farm in Clark County, Kentucky. What I expect to discover is that some enterprising young female has rewritten the lyrics so that she and a lot of other females can sing the song convincingly. It will take a lot of rewriting, but one should never underestimate the power or the ability of female folk singers.

"Venezuela" was finally published in *Songs My Mother Never Taught Me*, and after the original publishers went out of business, the rights to the book — and apparently to "Venezuela" — were acquired by another publisher, so that I seem to have no control whatever over what might have been a rather profitable piece of composition.

Thus three of my songs have been good enough to plagiarize — and I mean plagiarize in a big way. Perhaps I do not recognize the measure of my honors. In the seventeenth century, Andrew Fletcher said: "Give me the making of the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." I do not claim to have written the nation's songs, but I have written some songs which, duly plagiarized, have been taken to the nation's heart. Perhaps that's the way to do it.



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